

J. Miller Sc.

PARADISE LOST.

A

POEM

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

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M.DCC.LXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE LIFE of *MILTON*.

By Dr. NEWTON.

IT is agreed among all writers, that the family of Milton came originially from Milton in Oxfordſhire; but from which of the Miltons is not altogether ſo certain. Some ſay, and particularly Mr. Philips, that the family was of Milton near Abington in Oxfordſhire, where it had been a long time ſeated, as appears by the monument ſtill to be ſeen in Milton-church. But that Milton is not in Oxfordſhire, but in Barkſhire; and upon inquiry I find, that there are no ſuch monuments in that church, nor any remains of them. It is more probable therefore that the family came, as Mr. Wood ſays, from Milton near Halton and Thame in Oxfordſhire: where it flouriſhed ſeveral years, till at laſt the eſtate was ſequeſter'd, one of the family having taken the unfortunate ſide in the civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter. John Milton the poet's grand-father, was, according to Mr. Wood, an underranger or keeper of the foreſt of Shotover, near Halton in Oxfordſhire; he was of the religion of Rome, and ſuch a bigot that he diſinherited his ſon only for being a proteſtant. Upon this the ſon, the poet's father nam'd likewiſe John Milton, ſettled in London, and became a ſcrivener by the advice of a friend eminent in that profeſſion: but he was not ſo devoted to gain and to buſineſs, as to loſe all taſte of the politer arts, and was particularly ſkilled in muſic, in which he

was not only a fine performer, but is alſo celebrated for ſeveral pieces of his compoſition: and yet on the other hand he was not ſo fond of his muſic and amuſements, as in the leaſt to neglect his buſineſs, but by his diligence and œconomy acquired a competent eſtate, which enabled him afterwards to retire, and live in the country. He was by all accounts a very worthy man; and married an excellent woman, Sarah of the ancient family of the Bradſhaws, ſays Mr. Wood; but Mr. Philips, our author's nephew, who was more likely to know, ſays, of the family of the Caſtons derived originally from Wales. Whoever ſhe was, ſhe is ſaid to have been a woman of incomparable virtue and goodneſs; and by her her huſband had two ſons and a daughter.

The elder of the ſons was our famous poet, who was born in the year of our Lord 1608, on the 9th of December in the morning between 6 and 7 o'clock, in Bread Street London, where his father liv'd at the ſign of the ſpread eagle, which was alſo the coat of arms of the family. He was named John, as his father and grand-father had been before him; and from the beginning diſcovering the marks of an uncommon genius, he was deſigned for a ſcholar, and had his education partly under private tutors, and partly at a public ſchool. It has been often controverted whether a public or private education is beſt, but young Milton was ſo happy as to ſhare the advantages of both. It appears from the fourth of his Latin elegies, and from the firſt and fourth of his familiar epiſtles, that Mr. Thomas Young, who was afterwards paſtor of the company of Engliſh merchants reſiding at Hamburgh, was one of his private preceptors: and when he had made good progreſs in his ſtudies at home, he was ſent to St. Paul's ſchool to be fitted for the univerſity under the care of Mr. Gill, who was the maſter at that time, and to whoſe ſon are addreſſed ſome of his familiar epiſtles. In this early time of his life ſuch was his love of learning, and ſo great was his ambition to ſurpaſs his equals, that from his twelfth year he commonly continued his ſtudies till midnight, which (as he ſays himſelf in his ſecond Defenſe) was the firſt ruin of his eyes,

eyes, to whoſe natural debility too were added frequent head-akes: but all could not extinguiſh or abate his laudable paſſion for letters. It is very ſeldom ſeen, that ſuch application and ſuch a genius meet in the ſame perſon. The force of either is great, but both together muſt perform wonders.

He was now in the 17th year of his age, and was a very good claſſical ſcholar and maſter of ſeveral languages, when he was ſent to the univerſity of Cambridge, and admitted at Chriſt's College (as appears from the regiſter) on the 12th of February 1624-5, under the tuition of Mr. William Chappel, afterwards Biſhop of Cork and Roſs in Ireland. He continued above ſeven years at the univerſity, and took two degrees, that of Bachelor of Arts in 1628-9, and that of Maſter in 1632. It is ſomewhat remarkable, that tho' the merits of both our univerſities are perhaps equally great, and tho' poetical exerciſes are rather more encouraged at Oxford, yet moſt of our greateſt poets have been bred at Cambridge, as Spenſer, Cowley, Waller, Dryden, Prior, not to mention any of the leſſer ones, when there is a greater than all, Milton. He had given early proofs of his poetic genius before he went to the univerſity, and there he excelled more and more, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſeveral copies of verſes upon occaſional ſubjects, as well as by all his academical exerciſes, many, of which are printed among his other works, and ſhow him to have had a capacity above his years: and by his obliging behaviour added to his great learning and ingenuity he deſervedly gained the affection of many, and admiration of all. We do not find however that he obtained any preferment in the univerſity, or a fellowſhip in his own college; which ſeemeth the more extraordinary, as that ſociety has always encouraged learning and learned men, had the moſt excellent Mr. Mede at that time a fellow, and afterwards boaſteth the great names of Cudworth, and Burnet author of the Theory of the Earth, and ſeveral others. And this together with ſome Latin verſes of his to a friend, reflecting upon the univerſity ſeemingly on this account, might probably have given occaſion to the reproach

which was afterwards caſt upon him by his adverſaries, that he was expelled from the univerſity for irregularities committed there, and forced to fly to Italy: but he ſufficiently refutes this calumny in more places than one of his works; and indeed it is no wonder, that a perſon ſo engaged in religious and political controverſies as he was, ſhould be calumniated and abuſed by the contrary party.

He was deſigned by his parents for holy orders; and among the manuſcripts of Trinity College in Cambridge there are two draughts in Milton's own hand of a letter to a friend, who had importuned him to take orders, when he had attained the age of twenty-three: but the truth is, he had conceived early prejudices againſt the doctrin and diſciplin of the Church, and ſubſcribing to the articles was in his opinion ſubſcribing ſlave. This no doubt was a diſappointment to his friends, who though in comfortable were yet by no means in great circumſtances: and neither doth he ſeem to have had any inclination to any other profeſſion; he had too free a ſpirit to be limited and confined; and was for comprehending all ſciences, but profeſſing none. And therefore after he had left the univerſity in 1632, he retired to his father's houſe in the country; for his father had by this time quitted buſineſs, and lived at an eſtate which he had purchaſed at Horton near Colebrooke in Buckinghamſhire. Here he reſided with his parents for the ſpace of five years, and, as he himſelf has informed us, (in his ſecond Defenſe, and the 7th of his familiar Epiſtles) read over all the Greek and Latin authors, particularly the hiſtorians; but now and then made an excurſion to London, ſometimes to buy books or to meet his friends from Cambridge, and at other times to learn ſomething new in the mathematics or muſic, with which he was extremely delighted.

His retirement therefore was a learned retirement, and it was not long before the world reaped the fruits of it. It was in the year 1634 that his Maſk was preſented at Ludlow-Caſtle. There was formerly a preſident of Wales, and a ſort of a court kept at Ludlow, which has ſince been aboliſhed; and the preſident at

that

that time was the Earl of Bridgwater, before whom Milton's Maſk was preſented on Michaelmas night, and the principal parts, thoſe of the two brothers were perform'd by his Lordſhip's ſons the Lord Brackly and Mr. Thomas Egerton, and that of the lady by his Lordſhip's daughter the Lady Alice Egerton. The occaſion of this poem ſeemeth to have been merely an accident of the two brothers and the lady having loſt one another in their way to the caſtle: and it is written very much in imitation of Shakeſpear's Tempeſt, and the Faithful Shepherdeſs of Beaumont and Fletcher; and though one of the firſt, is yet one of the moſt beautiful of Milton's Compoſitions. It was for ſome time handed about only in manuſcript; but afterwards to ſatisfy the importunity of friends and to ſave the trouble of tranſcribing, it was printed at London, though without the author's name, in 1637, with a dedication to the Lord Brackly by Mr. H. Lawes, who compos'd the muſic, and play'd the part of the attendent Spirit. It was printed likewiſe at Oxford at the end of Mr. R's poems, as we learn from a Letter of Sir Henry Wotton to our author; but who that Mr. R. was, whether Randloph the poet or who elſe, is uncertain. It has lately, tho' with additions and alterations, been exhibited on the ſtage ſeveral times; and we hope the fine poetry and morality have recommended it to the audience, and not barely the authority of Milton's name; and we wiſh for the honour of the nation, that the like good taſte prevail'd in every thing.

In 1637 he wrote another excellent piece, his Lycidas, wherein he laments the untimely fate of a friend, who was unfortunately drown'd that ſame year in the month of Auguſt, on the Iriſh ſeas, in his paſſage from Cheſter. This friend was Mr. Edward King, ſon of Sir John King, Secretary of Ireland under Queen Elizabeth, King James I. and King Charles I; and was a fellow of Chriſt's College, and was ſo well beloved and eſteemed at Cambridge, that ſome of the greateſt names in the univerſity have united in celebrating his obſequies, and publiſh'd a collection of poems, Greek and Latin and Engliſh, ſacred to his memory. The Greek by H. More

&c; the Latin by T. Farnaby, J. Pearſon &c; the Engliſh by H. King, J. Beaumont, J. Cleaveland with ſeveral others; and judiciouſly the laſt of all as the beſt of all, is Milton's Lycidas. "On ſuch ſacrifices the "Gods themſelves ſtrow incenſe;" and one would almoſt wiſh ſo to have died, for the ſake of having been ſo lamented. But this poem is not all made up of ſorrow and tenderneſs; there is a mixture of ſatire and indignation; for in part of it the poet taketh occaſion to inveigh againſt the corruptions of the clergy, and ſeemeth to have firſt diſcovered his acrimony againſt Archbiſhop Laud, and to have threaten'd him with the loſs of his head, which afterwards happen'd to him thro' the fury of his enemies. At leaſt I can think of no ſenſe ſo proper to be given to the following verſes in Lycidas.

Beſides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſaid;
But that two-handed engin at the door
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.

About this time, as we learn from one of his familiar epiſtles, he had ſome thoughts of taking chambers at one of the Inns of Court, for he was not very well pleaſed with living ſo obſcurely in the country: but his mother dying, he prevailed with his father to let him indulge a deſire, which he had long entertained, of ſeeing foreign countries, and particularly Italy: and having communicated his deſign to Sir Henry Wotton, who had formerly been embaſſador at Venice, and was then Provoſt of Eton College, and having alſo ſent him his Maſk of which he had not yet publicy acknowledged himſelf the author, he received from him the following friendly letter dated from the College the 10th of April 1638.

SIR,

"It was a ſpecial favor, when You lately beſtowed "upon me here the firſt taſte of your acquaintance, tho' "no longer than to make me know, that I wanted more "time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly. And in "truth,

" truth, if I could then have imagin'd Your farther ſtay
" in theſe parts, which I underſtood afterwards by Mr. H.
" I would have been bold, in our vulgar phraſe, to
" mend my draught, for you left me with an extreme
" thirſt, and to have begged Your converſation again
" jointly with Your ſaid learned friend, at a poor meal
" or two, that we might have banded together ſome
" good authors of the ancient time, among which I
" obſerved You to have been familiar.

" Since Your going, You have charged me with new
" obligations, both for a very kind letter from You,
" dated the ſixth of this month, and for a dainty piece
" of entertainment, that came therewith; wherein I
" ſhould much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical
" did not raviſh with a certain Doric delicacy in your
" ſongs and odes, wherein I muſt plainly confeſs to
" have ſeen yet nothing parallel in our language, Ipſa
" mollities. But I muſt not omit to tell You, that I
" now only owe You thanks for intimating unto me,
" how modeſtly ſoever the true artificer. For the work
" itſelf I had view'd ſome good while before with ſingu-
" lar delight, having received it from our common
" friend Mr. R. in the very cloſe of the late R's poems
" printed at Oxford; whereunto it is added, as I now
" ſuppoſe, that the acceſſory might help out the prin-
" cipal, according to the art of ſtationers, and leave
" the reader con la bocca dolce.

" Now, Sir, concerning Your travels, wherein I may
" challenge a little more privilege of diſcourſe with You;
" I ſuppoſe, You will not blanch Paris in Your way.
" Therefore I have been bold to trouble You with a
" few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you ſhall eaſily find at-
" tending the young Lord S. as his governor; and you
" may ſurely receive from him good directions, for
" ſhaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he
" did reſide by my choice ſome time for the king, after
" mine own receſs from Venice.

" I ſhould think, that Your beſt line will be thro'
" the whole length of France to Marſeilles, and thence
" by ſea to Genoa, whence the paſſage into Tuſcany
" is as diurnal as a Graveſend barge. I haſten, as you

" do, to Florence or Sienna, the rather to tell You a " ſhort ſtory, from the intereſt You have given me in " Your ſafety.

" At Sienna I was tabled in the houſe of one Alberto " Scipione, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, " having been ſteward to the Duca di Pagliano, who " with all his family were ſtrangled, ſave this only man, " that eſcaped by foreſight of the tempeſt. With him " I had often much chat of thoſe affairs; into which " he took pleaſure to look back from his native har- " bour; and at my departure toward Rome, which had " been the center of his experience, I had won confi- " dence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry " myſelf ſecurely there, without offenſe of others, or of " my own conſcience: Signor Arrigo meo, ſays he, i " penſieri ſtretti, & il viſo ſciolto, that is, Your thoughts " cloſe, and Your countenance looſe, will go ſafely over " the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for ſo " I have found it) Your judgment doth need no com- " mentary; and therefore, Sir, I will commit You with " it to the beſt of all ſecurities, God's dear love, re- " maining Your friend, as much at command as any of " longer date. H. Wotton.

P. S. " Sir, I have expreſly ſent this by my foot- " boy to prevent Your departure, without ſome ac- " knowledgment from me of the receipt of Your obliging " letter, having myſelf thro' ſome buſineſs, I know not " how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part " where I ſhall underſtand You fixed, I ſhall be glad " and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties, " even for ſome fomentation of our friendſhip, too ſoon " interrupted in the cradle."

Soon after this he ſet out upon his travels, being of an age to make the proper improvements, and not barely to ſee ſights and to learn the languages, like moſt of our modern travelers, who go out boys, and return ſuch as we ſee, but ſuch as I do not chooſe to name. He was attended by only one ſervant, who accompanied him through all his travels; and he went

firſt to France, where he had recommendations to the Lord Scudamore, the Engliſh embaſſador there at that time; and as ſoon as he came to Paris, he waited upon his Lordſhip, and was received with wonderful civility; and having an earneſt deſire to viſit the learned Hugo Grotius, he was by his Lordſhip's means introduc'd to that great man, who was then embaſſador at the French court from the famous Chriſtina Queen of Sweden; and the viſit was to their mutual ſatisfaction; they were each of them pleaſed to ſee a perſon, of whom they had heard ſuch commendations. But at Paris he ſtayed not long; his thoughts and his wiſhes haſtened into Italy; and ſo after a few days he took leave of the Lord Scudamore, who very kindly gave him letters to the Engliſh merchants in the ſeveral places thro' which he was to travel, requeſting them to do him all the good offices which lay in their power.

From Paris he went directly to Nice, where he took ſhipping for Genoa, from whence he went to Leghorn, and thence to Piſa, and ſo to Florence, in which city he found ſufficient inducements to make a ſtay of two months. For beſides the curioſities and other beauties of the place, he took great delight in the company and converſation there, and frequented their academies as they are called, the meetings of the moſt polite and ingenious perſons, which they have in this, as well as in the other principal cities of Italy, for the exerciſe and improvement of wit and learning among them. And in theſe converſations he bore ſo good a part, and produced ſo many excellent compoſitions, that he was ſoon taken notice of, and was very much courted and careſſed by ſeveral of the nobility and prime wits of Florence. For the manner is, as he ſays himſelf in the preface to his ſecond book of the Reaſon of Church-government, that every one muſt give ſome proof of his wit and reading there, and his productions were received with written encomiums which the Italian is not forward to beſtow on men of this ſide the Alps. Jacomo Gaddi, Antonio Francini, Carlo Dati, Benedetto Bonmatthei, Cu'tellino, Freſcobaldi, Clementilli are reckoned among his particular friends. At Gaddi's

houſe the academies were held, which he conſtantly frequented. Antonio Francini compoſed an Italian ode in his commendation. Carlo Dati wrote a Latin eulogium of him, and correſponded with him after his return to England. Bonmatthei was at that time about publiſhing an Italian grammar; and the eighth of our author's familiar epiſtles, dated at Florence Sept. 10, 1638, is addreſſed to him upon that occaſion, commending his deſign, and adviſing him to add ſome obſervations concerning the true pronunciation of that language for the uſe of foreigners.

So much good acquaintance would probably have detained him longer at Florence, if he had not been going to Rome, which to a curious traveler is certainly the place the moſt worth ſeeing of any in the world. And ſo he took leave of his friends at Florence, and went from thence to Sienna, and from Sienna to Rome, where he ſtayed much about the ſame time that he had continued at Florence, feaſting both his eyes and his mind, and delighted with the fine paintings, and ſculptures, and other rarities and antiquities of the city, as well as with the converſation of ſeveral learned and ingenious men, and particularly of Lucas Holſtenius, keeper of the Vatican library, who received him with the greateſt humanity, and ſhowed him all the Greek authors, whether in print or in manuſcript, which had paſſed thro' his correction; and alſo preſented him to Cardinal Barberini, who at an entertainment of muſic, performed at his own expence, waited for him at the door, and taking him by the hand brought him into the aſſembly. The next morning he waited upon the Cardinal to return him thanks for his civilities, and by the means of Holſtenius was again introduced to his Eminence, and ſpent ſome time in converſation with him. It ſeems that Holſtenius had ſtudied three years at Oxford, and this might diſpoſe him to be more friendly to the Engliſh, but he took a particular liking and affection to Milton; and Milton, to thank him for all his favours, wrote to him afterwards from Florence the ninth of his familiar epiſtles. At Rome too Selvaggi made a Latin diſtich in honor of Milton, and Salſilli a Latin

Latin tetraſtich, celebrating him for his Greek and Latin and Italian poetry; and he in return preſented to Salſilli in his ſickneſs thoſe fine Scazons, or Iambic verſes having a ſpondee in the laſt foot, which are inſerted among his juvenile poems.

From Rome he went to Naples, in company with a certain hermit; and by his means was introduced to the acquaintance of Giovanni Baptiſta Manſo, Marquis of Villa, a Neapolitan nobleman, of ſingular merit and virtue, to whom Taſſo addreſſes his dialogue of friendſhip, and whom he mentions likewiſe in his Gieruſalemme Liberata with great honor. This nobleman was particularly civil to Milton, frequently viſited him at his lodgings, and went with him to ſhow him the Viceroy's palace, and whatever was curious or worth notice in the city: and moreover he honored him ſo far as to make a Latin diſtich in his praiſe, which is printed before our author's Latin poems, as is likewiſe the other of Selvaggi, and the Latin tetraſtich of Salſilli, together with the Italian ode and the Latin eulogium before mentioned. We may ſuppoſe that Milton was not a little pleaſed with the honors conferred upon him by ſo many perſons of diſtinction, and eſpecially by one of ſuch quality and eminence as the Marquis of Villa; and as a teſtimony of his gratitude he preſented to the Marquis at his departure from Naples his eclogue intitled Manſus, which is well worth reading among his Latin poems. So that it may be reckoned a peculiar felicity of the Marquis of Villa's life, to have been celebrated both by Taſſo and Milton, the one the greateſt modern poet of his own, and the other the greateſt of foreign nations.

Having ſeen the fineſt parts of Italy, Milton was now thinking of paſſing over into Sicily and Greece, when he was diverted from his purpoſe by the news from England, that things were tending to a civil war between the King and Parlament: for he thought it unworthy of himſelf to be taking his pleaſure abroad, while his countrymen were contending for liberty at home. He reſolved therefore to return by the way of Rome, tho' he was adviſed to the contrary by the merchants,

chants, who had received intelligence from their correſpondents, that the Engliſh Jeſuits there were forming plots againſt him, in caſe he ſhould return thither, by reaſon of the great freedom which he had uſed in all his diſcourſes of Religion. For he had by no means obſerved the rule, recommended to him by Sir Henry Wotton, of keeping his thoughts cloſe and his countenance open: He had viſited Galileo, a priſoner to the inquiſition, for aſſerting the motion of the earth, and thinking otherwiſe in aſtronomy than the Dominicans and Franciſcans thought: And tho' the Marquis of Villa had ſhown him ſuch diſtinguiſhing marks of favor at Naples, yet he told him at his departure that he would have ſhown him much greater, if he had been more reſerved in matters of religion. But he had a ſoul above diſſimulation and diſguiſe; he was neither afraid, nor aſhamed to vindicate the truth; and if any man had, he had in him the ſpirit of an old martyr. He was ſo prudent indeed, that he would not of his own accord begin any diſcourſe of religion; but at the ſame time he was ſo honeſt, that if he was queſtioned at all about his faith, he would not diſſemble his ſentiments, whatever was the conſequence. And with this reſolution he went to Rome the ſecond time, and ſtayed there two months more, neither concealing his name, nor declining openly to defend the truth, if any thought proper to attack him: and yet, God's good providence protecting him, he came ſafe to his kind friends at Florence, were he was received with as much joy and affection, as if he had returned into his own country.

Here likewiſe he ſtayed two months, as he had done before, excepting only an excurſion of a few days to Lucca: and then croſſing the Apennine, and paſſing thro' Bologna and Ferrara, he came to Venice, in which city he ſpent a month; and having ſhipped off the books which he had collected in his travels, and particularly a cheſt or two of choice muſic books of the beſt maſters floriſhing about that time in Italy, he took his courſe thro' Verona, Milan, and along the lake Leman to Geneva. In this city he tarried ſome time, meeting

meeting here with people of his own principles, and contracted an intimate friendſhip with Giovanni Deodati, the moſt learned profeſſor of divinity, whoſe annotations upon the Bible are publiſhed in Engliſh. And from thence returning thro' France, the ſame way that he had gone before, he arrived ſafe in England, after a peregrination of one year and about three months, having ſeen more, and learned more, and converſed with more famous men, and made more real improvements, than moſt others in double the time.

His firſt buſineſs after his return was to pay his duty to his father, and to viſit his other friends; but this pleaſure was much diminiſhed by the loſs of his dear friend and ſchoolfellow Charles Deodati in his abſence. While he was abroad, he heard it reported that he was dead; and upon his coming home he found it but too true, and lamented his death in an excellent Latin eclogue intitled Epitaphium Damonis. This Deodati had a father originally of Lucca, but his mother was Engliſh, but he was born and bred in England, and ſtudied Phyſic, and was an admirable ſcholar, and no leſs remarkable for his ſobriety and other virtues than for his great learning and ingenuity. One or two of Milton's familiar epiſtles are addreſſed to him; and Mr. Toland ſays that he had in his hands two Greek letters of Deodati to Milton, very handſomely written. It may be right for Scholars now and then to exerciſe themſelves in Greek and Latin; but we have much more frequent occaſion to write letters in our own native language, and in that therefore we ſhould principally endevor to excel.

Milton, ſoon after his return, had taken a lodging at one Ruſſel's, a taylor, in St. Bride's Churchyard; but he continued not long there, having not ſufficient room for his library and furniture; and therefore determined to take a houſe, and accordingly took a handſome garden-houſe in Alderſgate Street, ſituated at the end of an entry, which was the more agreeable to a ſtudious man for its privacy and freedom from noiſe and diſturbance. And in this houſe he continued ſeveral years, and his ſiſter's two ſons were put to board with

with him, firſt the younger and afterwards the elder; and ſome other of his intimate friends requeſted of him the ſame favor for their ſons, eſpecially ſince there was little more trouble in inſtructing half a dozen than two or three: and he, who could not eaſily deny any thing to his friend, and who knew that the greateſt men in all ages had delighted in teaching others the principles of knowledge and virtue, undertook the office, not out of any ſordid and mercenary views, but merely from a benevolent diſpoſition, and a deſire to do good. And his method of education was as much above the pedantry and jargon of the common ſchools, as his genius was ſuperior to that of a common ſchool-maſter. One of his nephews has given us an account of the many authors both Latin and Greek, which (beſides thoſe uſually read in the ſchools) thro' his excellent judgment and way of teaching were run over within no greater compaſs of time, than from ten to fifteen or ſixteen years of age. Of the Latin the four authors concerning huſbandry, Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius, Cornelius Celſus the phyſician, a great part of Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, the Architecture of Vitruvius, the Stratagems of Frontinus, and the philoſophical poets Lucretius and Manilius. Of the Greek Heſiod, Aratus's Phænomena and Dioſemeia, Dionyſius Afer de ſitu orbis, Oppian's Cynegetics and Halieutics, Quintus Calaber's poem of the Trojan war continued from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius's Argonautics, and in proſe Plutarch's Placita philoſophorum, and of the education of children, Xenophon's Cyropædia and Anabaſis, Ælian's Tactics, and the ſtratagems of Polyænus. Nor did this application to the Greek and Latin tongues hinder the attaining to the chief oriental languages, the Hebrew, Chaldee and Syriac, ſo far as to go thro' the Pentateuch or five books of Moſes in Hebrew, to make a good entrance into the Targum or Chaldee paraphraſe, and to underſtand ſeveral chapters of St. Matthew in the Syriac Teſtament; beſides the modern languages, Italian and French, and a competent knowledge of the mathematics and aſtronomy. The Sunday's exerciſe for his pupils was for the moſt part to read a chapter of the Greek

Greek Teſtament, and to hear his learned expoſition of it. The next work after this was to write from his dictation ſome part of a ſyſtem of divinity, which he had collected from the ableſt divines, who had written upon that ſubject. Such were his academic inſtitutions; and thus by teaching others he in ſome meaſure inlarged his own knowledge; and having the reading of ſo many authors as it were by proxy, he might poſſibly have preſerved his ſight, if he had not moreover been pepetually buſied in reading or writing ſomething himſelf. It was certainly a very recluſe and ſtudious life, that both he and his pupils led; but the young men of that age were of a different turn from thoſe of the preſent; and he himſelf gave an example to thoſe under him of hard ſtudy and ſpare diet; only now and then, once in three weeks or a month, he made a gaudy day with ſome young gentlemen of his acquaintance, the chief of whom, ſays Mr. Philips, were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, both of Gray's-Inn, and two of the greateſt beaus of thoſe times.

But he was not ſo fond of this academical life, as to be an indifferent ſpectator of what was acted upon the public ſtage of the world. The nation was now in a great ferment in 1641, and the clamor run high againſt the biſhops, when he joined loudly in the cry, to help the puritan miniſters, (as he ſays himſelf in his ſecond Defenſe) they being inferior to the biſhops in learning and eloquence; and publiſhed his two books, of Reformation in England, written to a friend. About the ſame time certain miniſters having publiſhed a treatiſe againſt epiſcopacy, in anſwer to the Humble Remonſtrance of Dr. Joſeph Hall Biſhop of Norwich, under the title of Smectymnuus, a word conſiſting of the initial letters of their names, Stephen Marſhal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurſtow; and Archbiſhop Uſher having publiſhed at Oxford a refutation of Smectymnuus, in a tract concerning the Original of Biſhops and Metropolitans; Milton wrote his little piece Of Prelatical Epiſcopacy, in oppoſition chiefly to Uſher, for he was for contending with the moſt powerful adverſary; there would be either

either leſs diſgrace in the defeat, or more glory in the victory. He handled the ſubject more at large in his next performance, which was the Reaſon of Church Government urged againſt Prelacy, in two books. And Biſhop Hall having publiſhed a defenſe of the Humble Remonſtrance, he wrote Animadverſions upon it. All theſe treatiſes he publiſhed within the courſe of one year, 1641, which ſhow how very diligent he was in the cauſe that he had undertaken. And the next year he ſet forth his Apology for Smectymnuus, in anſwer to the Confutation of his Animadverſions, written as he thought himſelf by Biſhop Hall or his ſon. And here very luckily ended a controverſy, which detained him from greater and better writings which he was meditating, more uſeful to the public, as well as more ſuitable to his own genius and inclination: but he thought all this while that he was vindicating eccleſiaſtical liberty.

In the year 1643, and the 35th of his age, he married; and indeed his family was now growing ſo numerous, that is wanted a miſtreſs at the head of it. His father, who had lived with his younger ſon at Reading, was, upon the taking of that place by the forces under the Earl of Eſſex, neceſſitated to come and live in London with this his elder ſon, with whom he continued in tranquility and devotion to his dying day. Some addition too was to be made to the number of his pupils. But before his father or his new pupils were come, he took a journey in the Whitſuntide vacation, and after a month's abſence returned with a wife, Mary the eldeſt daughter of Mr. Richard Powel, of Foreſthill near Shotover in Oxfordſhire, a Juſtice of the Peace, and a gentleman of good repute and figure in that county. But ſhe had not cohabited with her Huſband above a month, before ſhe was earneſtly ſolicited by her relations to come and ſpend the remaining part of the ſummer with them in the country. If it was not at her inſtigation that her friends made this requeſt, yet at leaſt it was agreeable to her inclination; and ſhe obtained her huſband's conſent upon a promiſe of returning at Michaelmas. And in the mean while his ſtudies went on very vigorouſly; and his chief diverſion, after the buſineſs of the day, was

now

and then in an evening to visit the Lady Margaret , daughter of the Earl of Marlborough, Lord High easurer of England, and President of the Privy ncil to King James I. This Lady, being a woman excellent wit and understanding, had a particular nor for our author, and took great delight in his versation; as likewise did her husband Captain Hob- , a very accomplished gentleman. And what a re- rd Milton again had for her, he has left upon re- d in a sonnet to her praise, extant among his other ems.

Michaelmas was now come, but he heard nothing his wife's return. He wrote to her, but received answer. He wrote again letter after letter, but ceived no answer to any of them. He then dis- tched a messenger with a letter, desiring her return; t she positively refused, and dismissed the messenger th contempt. Whether it was, that she had conceiv- any dislike to her husband's person or humor; or hether she could not conform to his retired and phi- sophical manner of life, having been accustomed to house of much gaiety and company; or whether eing of a Family strongly attached to the royal cause, e could not bear her husband's republican principles; whether she was overpersuaded by her relations, ho possibly might repent of having matched the ldest daughter of the family to a Man so distinguished or taking the contrary party, the King's head quarters eing in their neighbourhood at Oxford, and his Ma- esty having now some fairer prospect of success; whe- her any or all of these were the reasons of this ex- raordinary behaviour; however it was, it so highly ncensed her husband, that he thought it would be dis- honourable ever to receive her again after such a re- pulse, and he determined to repudiate her as she had n effect repudiated him, and to consider her no longer s his wife. And to fortify this his resolution, and at he same time to justify it to the world, he wrote the Doctrin and Disciplin of Divorce, wherein he endevors o prove, that indisposition, unfitness, or contrariety of mind,

mind, proceeding from any unchangeable cauſe in nature, hindering and ever likely to hinder the main benefits of conjugal ſociety, which are ſolace and peace, are greater reaſons of divorce than adultery or natural frigidity, eſpecially if there be no children, and there be mutual conſent for ſeparation. He publiſhed it at firſt without his name, but the ſtyle eaſily betrayed the author; and afterwards a ſecond edition, much augmented, with his name; and he dedicated it to the Parlament of England with the Aſſembly of Divines, that as they were then conſulting about the general reformation of the kingdom, they might alſo take this particular caſe of domeſtic liberty into their conſideration. And then, as it was objected, that his doctrin was a novel notion, and a paradox that no body had ever aſſerted before, he endevored to confirm his own opinion by the authority of others, and publiſhed in 1644 the Judgment of Martin Bucer &c. And as it was ſtill objected, that his doctrin could not be reconciled to Scripture, he publiſhed in 1645 his Tetrachordon or Expoſitions upon the four chief places in Scripture, which treat of marriage, or nullities in marriage. At the firſt appearing of the Doctrin and Diſciplin of Divorce the clergy raiſed a heavy outcry againſt it, and daily ſolicited the Parlament to paſs ſome cenſure upon it; and at laſt one of them, in a ſermon preached before the Lords and Commons on a day of humiliation in Auguſt 1644, roundly told them, that there was a Book abroad, which deſerved to be burnt, and that among their other ſins they ought to repent, that they had not yet branded it with ſome mark of their diſpleaſure. And Mr. Wood informs us, that upon Milton's publiſhing his three books of Divorce, the Aſſembly of Divines, that was then ſitting at Weſtminſter, took ſpecial notice of them; and notwithſtanding his former ſervices in writing againſt the Biſhops, cauſed him to be ſummoned before the Houſe of Lords: but that Houſe whether approving his doctrin, or not favouring his accuſers, ſoon diſmiſſed him. He was attacked too from the preſs as well as from the pulpit, in a pamphlet intitled Divorce

ivorce at pleaſure, and in another intitled an An-
ver to the Doctrin and Diſciplin of Divorce, which
as licenced and recommended by Mr. Joſeph Caryl,
famous Preſbyterian Divine, and author of a volu-
inous commentary on the book of Job: and Milton
his Colaſterion or Reply publiſhed in 1645 expoſ-
ulates ſmartly with the licencer, as well as handles
ery roughly the nameleſs author. And theſe provo-
ations, I ſuppoſe, contributed not a little to make
im ſuch an enemy to the Preſbyterians, to whom
e had before diſtinguiſhed himſelf a friend. He com-
oſed likewiſe two of his ſonnets on the reception his
ook of Divorce met with, but the latter is much the
etter of the two. To this account it may be added
rom Anthony Wood, that after the King's reſtoration,
hen the ſubject of divorce was under conſideration
ith the Lords upon the account of John Lord Roſs
r Roos his ſeparation from his wife Anne Pierpoint
ldeſt daughter to Henry Marquis of Dorcheſter,
e was conſulted by an eminent member of that
Houſe, and about the ſame time by a chief officer of
ate, as being the prime perſon who was knowing in
hat affair.

But while he was engaged in this controverſy of di-
orce, he was not ſo totally engaged in it, but he at-
ended to other things; and about this time publiſhed
is Letter of Education to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, who
rote ſome things about huſbandry, and was a Man of
onſiderable learning, as appears from the letters which
aſſed between him and the famous Mr. Mede, and
rom Sir William Petty's and Pell the mathematician's
riting to him, the former his treatiſe for the Advance-
ent of ſome particular parts of learning, and the latter
is Idea of the Mathematics, as well as from this letter
f our author. The letter of our author has uſually been
rinted at the end of his poems, and is as I may ſay the
heory of his own practice; and by the rules which he
as laid down for education we ſee in ſome meaſure the
ethod that he purſued in educating his own pupils.
And in 1644 he publiſhed his Areopagitica or ſpeech for
he liberty of unlicenced printing to the Parlament of
England.

England. It was written at the desire of several learn men, and is perhaps the best vindication, that has be published at any time or in any language, of that libe ty which is the basis and support of all other liberti the liberty of the press: but alas it had not the desir effect; for the Presbyterians were as fond of exercisi the licencing power, when they got it into their ow hands, as they had been clamorous before in inveighi against it, while it was in the hands of the Prelate And Mr. Toland is mistaken in saying, " that suc " was the effect of this piece, that the following ye " Mabol a licencer offered reasons against licencing " and at his own request was discharged that office. For neither was the licencer's name Mabol, but Gil bert Mabbot; neither was he discharged from his offic till May 1649, about five years afterwards, though pro bably he might be swayed by Milton's arguments, a every ingenious person must, who peruses and consider them. And in 1645 was published a collection of hi poems, Latin and English, the principal of which ar On the morning of Christ's nativity, L' Allegro, Il Pen seroso, Lycidas, the Mask &c &c. and if he had left no other monuments of his poetical genius behind him, these would have been sufficient to have rendered hi name immortal.

But without doubt his Doctrin of Divorce, and th maintenance of it principally engaged his thoughts a this period; and whether others were convinced or not by his arguments, he was certainly convinced himself that he was in the right; and as a proof of it he deter mined to marry again, and made his addresses to a young lady of great wit and beauty, one of the daughters of Dr. Davis. But intelligence of this coming to his wife, and the then declining estate of the King's cause, and consequently of the circumstances of Justice Powell's family, caused them to set all engins on work to restore the wife again to her husband. And his friends too for different reasons seem to have been as desirous of bringing about a reconciliation as her's, and this method of effecting it was concerted between them. He had a relation, one Blackborough, living in the lane of St. Martin's

Martin's Le Grand, whom he often viſited; and one day when he was viſiting there, it was contrived that the wife ſhould be ready in another room; and as he was thinking of nothing leſs, he was ſurpriſed to ſee her, whom he had expected never to have ſeen any more, falling down upon her knees at his feet, and imploring his forgiveneſs with tears. At firſt he ſhowed ſome ſigns of averſion, but he continued not long inexorable; his wife's intreaties, and the interceſſion of friends on both ſides ſoon wrought upon his generous nature, and procured a happy reconciliation with an act of oblivion of all that was paſt. But he did not take his wife home immediately; it was agreed that ſhe ſhould remain at a friend's till the houſe, that he had newly taken, was fitted for their reception; for ſome other Gentlemen of his acquaintance, having obſerved the great ſucceſs of his method of education, had recommended their ſons to his care; and his houſe in Alderſgate Street not being large enough, he had taken a larger in Barbican: and till this could be got ready, the place pitched upon for his wife's abode was the widow Webber's houſe in St. Clement's Churchyard, whoſe ſecond daughter had been married to the other brother many years before. The part that Milton acted in this whole affair, ſhowed plainly that he had a ſpirit capable of the ſtrongeſt reſentment, but yet more inclinable to pity and forgiveneſs: and neither in this was any injury done to the other lady, whom he was courting, for ſhe is ſaid to have been always averſe from the motion, not daring I ſuppoſe to venture in marriage with a man who was known to have a wife ſtill living. He might not think himſelf too at liberty as before, while his wife continued obſtinate; for his moſt plauſible argument for divorce proceeds upon a ſuppoſition, that the thing be done with mutual conſent.

After his wife's return his family was increaſed not only with children, but alſo with his wife's relations, her father and mother, her brothers and ſiſters, coming to live with him in the general diſtreſs and ruin of the royal party: and he was ſo far from reſenting their former

former ill treatment of him, that he generouſly protected them, and entertained them very hoſpitably, till their affairs were accommodated through his intereſt with the prevailing faction. And then upon their removal, and the death of his own father, his houſe looked again like the houſe of the Muſes: but his ſtudies had like to have been interrupted by a call to public buſineſs; for about this time there was a deſign of conſtituting him Adjutant General in the army under Sir William Waller; but the new modelling of the army ſoon following, that deſign was laid aſide. And not long after, his great houſe in Barbican being now too large for his family, he quitted it for a ſmaller in High Holborn, which opened backward into Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he proſecuted his ſtudies till the King's trial and death, when the Preſbyterians declaiming tragically againſt the King's execution, and aſſerting that his perſon was ſacred and inviolable, provoked him to write the Tenure of Kings and Magiſtrates, proving that it is lawful to call a Tyrant to account, and to depoſe and put him to death, and that they who of late ſo much blame depoſing are the men who did it themſelves; and he publiſhed it at the beginning of the year 1649, to ſatisfy and compoſe the minds of the people. Not long after this he wrote his Obſervations on the articles of peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Iriſh rebels. And in theſe and all his writings, whatever others of different parties may think, he thought himſelf an advocate for true liberty, for eccleſiaſtical liberty in his treatiſes againſt the biſhops, for domeſtic liberty in his books of divorce, and for civil liberty in his wrirings againſt the king in defenſe of the Parlament and People of England.

After this he retired again to his private ſtudies; and thinking that he had leiſure enough for ſuch a work, he applied himſelf to the writing of a hiſtory of England, which he intended to deduce from the earlieſt accounts down to his own times: and he had finiſhed four books of it, when neither courting nor expecting any ſuch preferment, he was invited by the Council of State to be their Latin Secretary for foreign affairs.

He ſerved in the ſame capacity under Oliver, and Richard, and the Rump, till the Reſtoration; and without doubt a better Latin pen could not have been found in the kingdom. For the Republic and Cromwell ſcorned to pay that tribute to any foreign Prince, which is uſually paid to the French king, of managing their affairs in his language; they thought it an indignity and meanneſs to which this or any free nation ought not to ſubmit; and took a noble reſolution neither to write any letters to any foreign ſtates not to receive any anſwers from them, but in the Latin tongue, which was common to them all. And it would have been well, if ſucceeding princes had followed their example; for in the opinion of very wiſe men, the univerſality of the French language will make way for the univerſality of the French monarchy.

But it was not only in foreign diſpatches that the government made uſe of his pen. He had diſcharged the buſineſs of his office a very little time, before he was called to a work of another kind. For ſoon after the King's death was publiſhed a book under his name intitled Εικων Βασιλικη or the royal image: and this book, like Cæſar's laſt will, making a deeper impreſſion, and exciting greater commiſeration in the minds of the people, than the King himſelf did while alive, Milton was ordered to prepare an anſwer to it, which was publiſhed by authority, and intitled Εικονοκλαστης or the image breaker, the famous ſurname of many Greek emperors, who in their zeal againſt idolatry broke all ſuperſtitious images to pieces. This piece was tranſlated into French; and two replies to it were publiſhed, one in 1651, and the other in 1692, upon the reprinting of Milton's book at Amſterdam. In this controverſy a heavy charge hath been alledged againſt Milton. Some editions of the King's book have certain prayers added at the end, and among them a prayer in time of captivity, which is taken from that of Pamela in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia: and it is ſaid, that this prayer was added by the contrivance and artifice of Milton, who together with Bradſhaw prevailed upon the printer to inſert it, that from thence he might take

occaſion to bring a ſcandal upon the King, and to blaſt the reputation of his book, as he hath attempted to do in the firſt ſection of his anſwer. This fact is related chiefly upon the authority of Henry Hills the printer, who had frequently affirmed it to Dr. Gill and Dr. Bernard his phyſicians, as they themſelves have teſtified. But Hills was not himſelf the printer who was dealt with in this manner, and conſequently he could have the ſtory only from hearſay: and tho' he was Cromwell's printer, yet afterwards he turned papiſt in the reign of James II. in order to be that King's printer; and it was at that time that he uſed to relate this ſtory; ſo that I think, little credit is due to his teſtimony. And indeed I cannot but hope and believe, that Milton had a ſoul above being guilty of ſo mean an action to ſerve ſo mean a purpoſe; and there is as little reaſon for fixing it upon him, as he had to traduce the King for profaning the duty of prayer "with "the polluted traſh of romances." For there are not many finer prayers in the beſt books of devotion; and the King might as lawfully borrow and apply it to his own occaſions, as the Apoſtle might make quotations from Heathen poems and plays: and it became Milton the leaſt of all men to bring ſuch an accuſation againſt the King, as he was himſelf particularly fond of reading romances, and has made uſe of them in ſome of the beſt and lateſt of his writings.

But his moſt celebrated work in proſe is his Defence of the people of England againſt Salmaſius, Defenſio pro populo Anglicano contra Claudii Anonymi, alias Salmaſii, Defenſionem Regiam. Salmaſius, by birth a Frenchman, ſucceeded the famous Scaliger as honorary Profeſſor of the Univerſity of Leyden, and had gained great reputation by his Plinian Exercitations on Solinus, and by his critical remarks on ſeveral Latin and Greek authors, and was generally eſteemed one of the greateſt and moſt conſummate ſcholars of that age; and is commended by Milton himſelf in his Reaſon of Church Government, and called the learned Salmaſius. And beſides his great learning he had extraordinary talents in railing. "This prince of ſcholars,

"as

" as ſome body ſaid of him, ſeemed to have erected " his throne upon a heap of ſtones, that he might have " them at hand to throw at every one's head who " paſſed by." He was therefore courted by Charles II. as the moſt able man to write a defence of the late King his father, and to traduce his adverſaries, and a hundred Jacobuſes were given him for that purpoſe, and the book was publiſhed in 1649, with this title, Defenſio Regia pro Carolo I. ad Carolum II. No ſooner did this book appear in England, but the Council of State unanimouſly appointed Milton, who was then preſent, to anſwer it; and he performed the taſk with amazing ſpirit and vigor, tho' his health, at that time, was ſuch, that he could hardly endure the fatigue of writing, and being weak in body he was forced to write by piece-meal, and to break off almoſt every hour, as he ſays himſelf in the Introduction. This neceſſarily occaſioned ſome delay, ſo that his Defence of the people of England was not made public till the beginning of the year 1651: and they who cannot read the original, may yet have the pleaſure of reading the Engliſh tranſlation by Mr. Waſhington of the Temple, which was printed in 1692, and is inſerted among Milton's works in the two laſt editions. It was ſomewhat extraordinary, that Salmaſius, a penſioner to a republic, ſhould pretend to write a defence of monarchy; but the States ſhowed their diſapprobation by publicly condemning his book, and ordering it to be ſuppreſſed. And on the other hand Milton's book was burnt at Paris, and at Toulouſe by the hands of the common hangman; but this ſerved only to procure it the more readers: it was read and talked of every where, and even they who were of different principles, yet could not but acknowledge that he was a good defender of a bad cauſe; and Salmaſius's book underwent only one impreſſion, while this of Milton paſſed thro' ſeveral editions. On the firſt appearance of it, he was viſited or invited by all the foreign miniſters at London, not excepting even thoſe of crowned heads; and was particularly honoured and eſteemed by Adrian Paaw, ambaſſador from the States of Holland. He was likewiſe highly complimented by letters from

the moſt learned and ingenious perſons in France and Germany; and Leonard Philaras, an Athenian born, and ambaſſador from the Duke of Parma to the French king, wrote a fine encomium of his Defence, and ſent him his picture, as appears from Milton's Letter to Philaras, dated at London in June, 1652. And what gave him the greateſt ſatisfaction, the work was highly applauded by thoſe, who had deſired him to undertake it; and they made him a preſent of a thouſand pounds, which in thoſe days of frugality was reckoned no inconſiderable reward for his performance. But the caſe was far otherwiſe with Salmaſius. He was then in high favour at the court of Chriſtina Queen of Sweden, who had invited thither ſeveral of the moſt learned men of all countries: but when Milton's Defence of the people of England was brought to Sweden, and was read to the Queen, at her own deſire, he ſunk immediately in her eſteem and the opinion of every body; and tho' he talked big at firſt, and vowed the deſtruction of Milton and the Parliament, yet finding that he was looked upon with coldneſs, he thought proper to take leave of the court; and he who came in honour, was diſmiſſed with contempt. He died ſome time afterwards at Spa in Germany, and it is ſaid more of a broken heart than of any diſtemper, leaving a poſthumous reply to Milton, which was not publiſhed till after the Reſtoration, and was dedicated to Charles II. by his ſon Claudius; but it has done no great honour to his memory, abounding with abuſe much more than argument.

Iſaac Voſſius was at Stockholm, when Milton's book was brought thither, and in ſome of his letters to Nicholas Heinſius, publiſhed by Profeſſor Burman in the third tome of his Sylloge Epiſtolarum, he ſays, that he had the only copy of Milton's book, that the Queen borrowed it of him, and was very much pleaſed with it, and commended Milton's wit and manner of writing in the preſence of ſeveral perſons, and that Salmaſius was very angry, and very buſy in preparing his anſwer, wherein he abuſed Milton as if he had been one of the vileſt catamites in Italy, and alſo criticized his Latin poems. Heinſius writes again to Voſſius from Holland, that

that he wondered that only one copy of Milton's book was brought to Stockholm, when three were ſent thither, one to the Queen, another to Voſſius, which he had received, and the third to Salmaſius; that the book was in every body's hands, and there had been four editions in a few months beſides the Engliſh one; that a Dutch tranſlation was handed about, and a French one was expected. And afterwards he writes from Venice, that Holſtenius had lent him Milton's Latin poems; that they were nothing, compared with the elegance of his Apology; that he had offended frequently againſt proſody, and here was a great opening for Salmaſius's criticiſm: but as to Milton's having been a catamite in Italy, he ſays, that it was a mere calumny; on the contrary he was diſliked by the Italians, for the ſeverity of his manners, and for the freedom of his diſcourſes againſt popery. And in others of his letters to Voſſius and to J. Fr. Gronovius from Holland, Heinſius mentions how angry Salmaſius was with him for commending Milton's book, and ſays, that Graſwinkelius had written ſomething againſt Milton, which was to have been printed by Elzevir, but it was ſuppreſſed by public authority.

The firſt reply that appeared was publiſhed in 1651, and intitled an Apology for the King and people, &c. Apologia pro rege & populo Anglicano contra Johannis Polipragmatici (alias Miltoni Angli) Defenſionem deſtructivam regis & populi Anglicani. It is not known who was the author of this piece. Some attribute it to one Janus a lawyer of Gray's-Inn, and others to Dr. John Bramhall, who was then Biſhop of Derry, and was made Primate of Ireland after the Reſtoration; but it is utterly improbable, that ſo mean a performance, written in ſuch barbarous Latin, and ſo full of ſolœciſms, ſhould come from the hands of a prelate of ſuch diſtinguiſhed abilities and learning. But whoever was the author of it, Milton did not think it worth his while to animadvert upon it himſelf, but employed the younger of his nephews to anſwer it; but he ſuperviſed and corrected the anſwer ſo much before it went to the preſs, that it may in a manner be called his own. It

came forth in 1652 under this title, Johannis Philippi Angli Reſponſio ad Apologiam anonymi cujuſdam tenebrionis pro rege & populo Anglicano infantiſſimam; and it is printed with Milton's works; and throughout the whole Mr. Philips treats Biſhop Bramhall with great ſeverity as the author of the Apology, thinking probably that ſo conſiderable an adverſary would make the anſwer more conſiderable.

Sir Robert Filmer likewiſe publiſhed ſome animadverſions upon Milton's Defence of the People, in a piece printed in 1652, and intitled Obſervations concerning the original of government, upon Mr. Hobbes's Leviathan, Mr. Milton againſt Salmaſius, and Hugo Grotius de Jure Belli: but I do not find that Milton or any of his friends took any notice of it; but Milton's quarrel was afterwards ſufficiently avenged by Mr. Locke, who wrote againſt Sir Robert Filmer's principles of government, more I ſuppoſe in condeſcenſion to the prejudices of the age, than out of any regard to the weight or importance of Filmer's arguments.

It is probable that Milton, when he was firſt made Latin Secretary, removed from his houſe in High-Holborn to be nearer Whitehall; and for ſome time he had lodgings at one Thompſon's, next door to the Bull-head tavern at Charing Croſs, opening into Spring-Garden, till the apartment, appointed for him in Scotland-Yard, could be got ready for his reception. He then removed thither; and there his third child, a ſon, was born and named John, who, thro' the ill uſage or bad conſtitution of the nurſe, died an infant. His own health too was greatly impaired; and for the benefit of the air, he removed from his apartment in Scotland-Yard to a houſe in Petty-France, Weſtminſter, which was next door to Lord Scudamore's, and opened into St. James's Park; and there he remained eight years, from the year 1652, till within a few weeks of the King's reſtoration. In this houſe he had not been ſettled long, before his firſt wife died in child-bed; and his condition requiring ſome care and attendance, he was eaſily induced after a proper interval of time to marry a ſecond, who was Catherine, daughter of Captain

tain Woodcock of Hackney; and ſhe too died in child-bed within a year after their marriage, and her child, who was a daughter, died in a month after her; and her huſband has done honour to her memory in one of his ſonnets.

Two or three years before this ſecond marriage, he had totally loſt his ſight, And his enemies triumphed in his blindneſs, and imputed it as a judgment upon him for writing againſt the King; but his ſight had been decaying ſeveral years before, thro' his cloſe application to ſtudy, and the frequent head-aches to which he had been ſubject from his childhood, and his continual tampering with phyſic, which perhaps was more pernicious than all the reſt; and he himſelf has informed us in his ſecond Defence, that when he was appointed by authority to write his Defence of the people againſt Salmaſius, he had almoſt loſt the ſight of one eye, and the phyſicians declared to him, that if he undertook that work, he would alſo loſe the ſight of the other; but he was nothing diſcouraged, and choſe rather to loſe both his eyes than deſert what he thought his duty. It was the ſight of his left eye that he loſt firſt; and at the deſire of his friend Leonard Philaras, the Duke of Parma's miniſter at Paris, he ſent him a particular account of his caſe, and of the manner of his growing blind, for him to conſult Thevenot the Phyſician, who was reckoned famous in caſes of the eyes. The letter is the fifteenth of his familiar epiſtles, is dated September 28, 1654; and is thus tranſlated by Mr. Richardſon.

" Since you adviſe me not to fling away all hopes " of recovering my ſight, for that you have a friend at " Paris, Thevenot the phyſician, particularly famous " for the eyes, whom you offer to conſult in my be- " half, if you receive from me an account by which he " may judge of the cauſes and ſymptoms of my diſeaſe, " I will do what you adviſe me to, that I may not ſeem " to refuſe any aſſiſtance that is offer'd, perhaps from " God.

" I think 'tis about ten years, more or leſs, ſince I " began to perceive that my eye-ſight grew weak and

" dim, and at the ſame time my ſpleen and bowels " to be oppreſs'd and troubled with Flatus; and in the " morning when I began to read, according to cuſ- " tom, my eyes grew painful immediately, and to re- " fuſe reading, but were refreſh'd after a moderate ex- " ercife of the body. A certain Iris began to ſurround " the light of the candle if I look'd at it; ſoon after " which, on the left part of the left eye (for that was " ſome years ſooner clouded) a miſt aroſe which hid " every thing on that ſide; and looking forward if I " ſhut my right eye, objects appeared ſmaller. My " other eye alſo, for theſe laſt three years, failing by " degrees, ſome months before all ſight was aboliſhed, " things which I looked upon ſeemed to ſwim to the " right and left; certain inveterate vapours ſeem to " poſſeſs my forehead and temples, which after meat " eſpecially, quite to evening, generally, urge and de- " preſs my eyes with a ſleepy heavineſs. Nor would " I omit that whilſt there was as yet ſome remainder " of ſight, I no ſooner lay down in my bed, and turn'd " on my ſide, but a copious light dazzled out of my " ſhut eyes; and as my ſight diminiſh'd every day, co- " lours gradually more obſcure flaſh'd out with vehe- " mence; but now that the lucid is in a manner wholly " extinct, a direct blackneſs, or elſe ſpotted, and, as " it were, woven with aſh-colour, is uſed to pour itſelf " in. Nevertheleſs the conſtant and ſettled darkneſs " that is before me as well by night as by day, ſeems " nearer to the whitiſh than the blackiſh; and the eye " rolling itſelf a little, ſeems to admit I know not what " little ſmallneſs of light as through a chink."

But it does not appear what anſwer he received; we may preſume, none that adminiſtered any relief. His blindneſs however did not diſable him entirely from performing the buſineſs of his office. An aſſiſtant was allowed him, and his ſalary as ſecretary ſtill continued to him.

And there was farther occaſion for his ſervice beſides dictating of letters. For the controverſy with Salmaſius did not die with him, and there was publiſhed at the Hague

Hague in 1652, a book intitled the Cry of the King's blood, &c. Regii ſanguinis Clamor ad cœlum adverſus Parricidas Anglicanos. The true author of this book was Peter du Moulin the younger, who was afterwards prebendary of Canterbury: and he tranſmitted his papers to Salmaſius; and Salmaſius intruſted them to the care of Alexander Morus, a French miniſter; and Morus publiſhed them with a dedication to King Charles II. in the name of Adrian Ulac the printer, from whence he came to be reputed the author of the whole. This Morus was the ſon of a learned Scotſman, who was preſident of the college, which the proteſtants had formerly at Caſtres in Languedoc; and he is ſaid to have been a man of a moſt haughty diſpoſition, and immoderately addicted to women, haſty, ambitious, full of himſelf and his own performances, and ſatirical upon all others. He was however eſteemed one of the moſt eminent preachers of that age among the proteſtants; but as Monſieur Bayle obſerves, his chief talent muſt have conſiſted in the gracefulneſs of his delivery, or in thoſe ſallies of imagination and quaint turns and illuſions, whereof his ſermons are full; for they retain not thoſe charms in reading which they were ſaid to have formerly in the pulpit. Againſt this man therefore, as the reputed author of Regii ſanguinis Clamor, &c. Milton publiſhed by authority his Second Defence of the people of England, Defenſio Secunda pro populo Anglicano, in 1654, and treats Morus with ſuch ſeverity as nothing could have excuſed, if he had not been provoked to it by ſo much abuſe poured upon himſelf. There is one piece of his wit, which had been publiſhed before in the news-papers at London, a diſtich upon Morus for getting Pontia the maid-ſervant of his friend Salmaſius with child.

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?

Upon this Morus publiſhed his Fides Publica in anſwer to Milton, in which he inſerted ſeveral teſtimonies of his orthodoxy and morals ſigned by the conſiſtories, academies, ſynods, and magiſtrates of the places where

he had lived; and diſowned his being the author of the book imputed to him, and appealed to two gentlemen of great credit with the Parliament party, who knew the real author. This brought Du Moulin, who was then in England, into great danger; but the government ſuffered him to eſcape with impunity, rather than they would publicly contradict the great patron of their cauſe. For he ſtill perſiſted in his accuſation, and endeavoured to make it good in his defence of himſelf, Autoris pro ſe Defenſio, which was publiſhed in 1655, wherein he oppoſed to the teſtimonies in favours of Morus other teſtimonies againſt him; and Morus replied no more.

After this controverſy was ended, he was at leiſure again to purſue his own private ſtudies, which were the Hiſtory of England before-mentioned, and a new Theſaurus of the Latin tongue, intended an an improvement upon that by Robert Stephens; a work which he had been long collecting from the beſt and pureſt Latin authors, and continued at times almoſt to his dying day; but his papers were left ſo confuſed and imperfect, that they could not be fitted for the preſs, tho' great uſe was made of them by the compilers of the Cambridge Dictionary printed in 1693. Theſe papers are ſaid to have conſiſted of three large volumes in folio; and it is a great pity that they are loſt, and no account is given what is become of the manuſcript. It is commonly ſaid too that at this time he began his famous poem of Paradiſe Loſt; and it is certain, that he was glad to be releaſed from thoſe controverſies, which detained him ſo long from following things more agreeable to his natural genius and inclination, though he was far from ever repenting of his writings in defence of liberty, but gloried in them to the laſt.

The only interruption now of his private ſtudies was the buſineſs of his office. In 1655 there was publiſhed in Latin a writing in the name of the Lord Protector, ſetting forth the reaſons of the war with Spain; and this piece is rightly adjudged to our author, both on account of the peculiar elegance of the ſtile, and becauſe it was his province to write ſuch things as Latin Secretary; and it is printed among his other proſe-works in the laſt

laſt edition. And for the ſame reaſons I am inclined to think, that the famous Latin verſes to Chriſtina Queen of Sweden, in the name of Cromwell, were made by our author rather than Andrew Marvel. In thoſe days they had admirable intelligence in the Secretary's office: and Mr. Philips relates a memorable inſtance or two upon his own knowledge. The Dutch was ſending a plenipotentiary to England to treat of peace; but the emiſſaries of the government had the art to procure a copy of his inſtructions in Holland, which were delivered by Milton to his kinſman who was then with him, to tranſlate them for the uſe of the Council, before the ſaid plenipotentiary had taken ſhipping for England; and an anſwer to all that he had in charge was prepared, and lay ready for him before he made his public entry into London. Another time a perſon came to London with a very ſumptuous train, pretending himſelf an agent from the Prince of Conde, who was then in arms againſt Cardinal Mazarine; but the government ſuſpecting him, ſet their inſtruments to work ſo ſucceſsfully, that in a few days they received intelligence from Paris, that he was a ſpy employed by Charles II. whereupon the very next morning Milton's kinſman was ſent to him with an order of Council, commanding him to depart the kingdom within three days, or expect the puniſhment of a ſpy. This kinſman was in all probability Mr. Philips, or his brother, who were Milton's nephews, and lived very much with him, and one or both of them were aſſiſtant to him in his office. His blindneſs no doubt was a great hindrance and inconvenience to him in his buſineſs, tho' ſometimes a political uſe might be made of it; as men's natural infirmities are often pleaded in excuſe for not doing what they have no great inclination to do. Thus when Cromwell, as we may collect from Whitlock, for ſome reaſons delayed artfully to ſign the treaty concluded with Sweden, and the Swediſh ambaſſador made frequent complaints of it, it was excuſed to him, becauſe Mr. Milton on account of his blindneſs proceeded ſlower in buſineſs, and had not yet put the articles of the treaty into Latin. Upon which the ambaſſador was

greatly ſurpriſed, that things of ſuch conſequence ſhould be intruſted to a blind man, for he muſt neceſſarily employ an amanuenſis, and that amanuenſis might divulge the articles; and ſaid it was very wonderful, that there ſhould be only one man in England who could write Latin, and he a blind man. But his blindneſs had not diminiſhed, but rather increaſed the vigour of his mind, and his ſtate-letters will remain as authentic memorials of thoſe times, to be admired equally by critics and politicians; and thoſe particularly about the ſufferings of the poor proteſtants in Piedmont, who can read without ſenſible emotion? This was a ſubject he had very much at heart, as he was an utter enemy to all ſorts of perſecution; and among his ſonnets there is a moſt excellent one upon the ſame occaſion.

But Oliver Cromwell being dead, and the government weak and unſettled in the hands of Richard and the Parliament, he thought it a ſeaſonable time to offer his advice again to the public; and in 1659 publiſhed a Treatiſe of civil power in eccleſiaſtical cauſes; and another tract intitled Conſiderations touching the likelieſt means to remove hirelings out of the church; both addreſſed to the Parliament of the commonwealth of England. And after the Parliament was diſſolved, he wrote a letter to ſome Stateſman, with whom he had a ſerious diſcourſe the night before, concerning the ruptures of the commonwealth; and another, as it is ſuppoſed, to General Monk, being a Brief Delineation of a free commonwealth, eaſy to be put in practice, and without delay. Theſe two pieces were communicated in manuſcript to Mr. Toland by a friend, who a little after Milton's death had them from his nephew; and Mr. Toland gave them to be printed in the edition of our author's proſe works in 1698. But Milton, ſtill finding that affairs were every day tending more and more to the ſubverſion of the commonwealth, and the reſtoration of the royal family, publiſhed his Ready and eaſy way to eſtabliſh a free commonwealth, and the excellence thereof, compared with the inconveniencies and dangers of re-admitting kingſhip in this nation. We are informed by Mr. Wood, that he publiſhed this piece in February

February 1659-60; and after this he publiſhed Brief notes upon a late ſermon intitled, the Fear of God and the King, preached by Dr. Matthew Griffith at Mercers Chapel, March 25, 1660: ſo bold and reſolute was he in declaring his ſentiments to the laſt, thinking that his voice was the voice of expiring liberty.

A little before the King's landing he was diſcharged from his office of Latin Secretary, and was forced to leave his houſe in Petty France, where he had lived eight years with great reputation, and had been viſited by all foreigners of note, who could not go out of the country without ſeeing a man who did ſo much honour to it by his writings, and whoſe name was as well known and as famous abroad as in his own nation; and by ſeveral perſons of quality of both ſexes, particularly the pious and virtuous Lady Ranelagh, whoſe ſon for ſome time he inſtructed, the ſame who was paymaſter of the forces in King William's time; and by many learned and ingenious friends and acquaintance, particularly Andrew Marvel, and young Laurence, ſon to the Preſident of Oliver's Council, to whom he has inſcribed one of his ſonnets, and Marchamont Needham the writer of Politicus, and above all Cyriac Skinner, whom he has honoured with two ſonnets. But now it was not ſafe for him to appear any longer in public, ſo that by the advice of ſome who wiſhed him well and were concerned for his preſervation, he fled for ſhelter to a friend's houſe in Bartholomew Cloſe near Weſt Smithfield, where he lay concealed till the worſt of the ſtorm was blown over. The firſt notice that we find taken of him, was on Saturday the 16th of June, 1660, when it was ordered by the Houſe of Commons, that his Majeſty ſhould be humbly moved to iſſue his proclamation for the calling in of Milton's two books, his Defence of the people and Iconoclaſtes, and alſo Goodwyn's book intitled the Obſtructors of Juſtice, written in juſtification of the murder of the late King, and to order them to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman. At the ſame time it was ordered, that the Attorney General ſhould proceed by way of indictment or information againſt Milton and Goodwyn in reſpect

of

of their books, and that they themſelves ſhould be ſent for in cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms attending the Houſe. On Wedneſday, June 27, an order of Council was made agreeable to the order of the Houſe of Commons for a proclamation againſt Milton's and Goodwyn's books: and the proclamation was iſſued the 13th of Auguſt following, wherein it was ſaid that the authors had fled or did abſcond: and on Monday Auguſt 27th, Milton's and Goodwyn's books were burnt according to the proclamation at the Old Bailey by the hands of the common hangman. On Wedneſday, Auguſt 29th, the act of indemnity was paſſed, which proved more favourable to Milton than could well have been expected; for tho' John Goodwyn Clerk was excepted among the twenty perſons, who were to have penalties inflicted upon them, not extending to life, yet Milton was not excepted at all, and conſequently was included in the general pardon. We find indeed that afterwards he was in cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms; but the time when he was taken into cuſtody, is not certain. He was not in cuſtody on the 12th of September, for that day a liſt of the priſoners in cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms was read in the Houſe, and Milton is not among them: and on the 13th of September the Houſe adjourned to the 6th of November. It is moſt propable therefore, that after the act of indemnity was paſſed, and after the Houſe had adjourned, he came out of his concealment, and was afterwards taken into cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms by virtue of the former order of the Houſe of Commons: but we cannot find that he was proſecuted by the Attorney General, nor was he continued in cuſtody very long; for on Saturday the 15th of December, 1660, it was ordered by the Houſe of Commons, that Mr. Milton now in cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms, ſhould be forthwith releaſed, paying his fees; and on Monday the 17th of December, a complaint being made that the Serjeant at Arms had demanded exceſſive fees for his impriſonment, it was referred to the committee of privileges and elections to examine this buſineſs, and to call Mr. Milton and the Serjeant before them, and to determine what was fit to be

be given to the Serjeant for his fees in this caſe; ſo courageous was he at all times in defence of liberty againſt all the incroachments of power, and though a priſoner, would yet be treated like a free-born Engliſhman. This appears to be the matter of fact, as it may be collected partly from the Journals of the Houſe of Commons, and partly from Kennet's Hiſtorical Regiſter: and the clemency of the government was ſurely very great towards him, conſidering the nature of his offences; for though he was not one of the King's judges and murderers, yet he contributed more to murder his character and reputation than any of them all: and to what therefore could it be owing, that he was treated with ſuch lenity, and was ſo eaſily pardoned? It is certain, there was not wanting powerful interceſſion for him both in Council and in Parliament. It is ſaid that Secretary Morrice and Sir Thomas Clargis greatly favoured him, and exerted their intereſt in his behalf; and his old friend Andrew Marvel, member of Parliament for Hull, formed a conſiderable party for him in the Houſe of Commons; and neither was Charles the Second (as Toland ſays) ſuch an enemy to the Muſes, as to require his deſtruction. But the principal inſtrument in obtaining Milton's pardon was Sir William Davenant, out of gratitude for Milton's having procured his releaſe, when he was taken priſoner in 1650. It was life for life. Davenant had been ſaved by Milton's intereſt, and in return Milton was ſaved by Davenant's interceſſion. This ſtory Mr. Richardſon relates upon the authority of Mr. Pope; and Mr. Pope had it from Betterton the famous actor, who was firſt brought upon the ſtage and patroniſed by Sir William Davenant, and might therefore derive the knowledge of this tranſaction from the fountain.

Milton having thus obtained his pardon, and being ſet at liberty again, took a houſe in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields; but he removed ſoon into Jewen-ſtreet, near Alderſgate-ſtreet; and while he lived there, being in his 53d or 54th year, and blind and infirm, and wanting ſomebody better than ſervants to tend and look after him, he employed his friend Dr. Paget to

chuſe

chuſe a proper conſort for him; and at his recommendation married his third wife, Elizabeth Minſhul, of a gentleman's family in Cheſhire, and related to Dr. Paget. It is ſaid that an offer was made to Milton, as well as to Thurloe, of holding the ſame place of Secretary under the King, which he had diſcharged with ſo much integrity and ability under Cromwell; but he perſiſted in refuſing it, tho' the wife preſſed his compliance; "Thou art in the right, ſays he; you, as "other women, would ride in your coach; for me, "my aim is to live and die an honeſt man." What is more certain is, that in 1661 he publiſhed his Accedence commenced Grammar, and a tract of Sir Walter Raleigh intitled Aphoriſms of State; as in 1658 he had publiſhed another piece of Sir Walter Raleigh intitled the Cabinet Council diſcabineted, which he printed from a manuſcript, that had lain many years in his hands, and was given him for a true copy by a learned man at his death, who had collected ſeveral ſuch pieces: an evident ſign, that he thought it no mean employment, nor unworthy of a man of genius, to be an editor of the works of great authors. It was while he lived in Jewen-ſtreet, that Elwood the quaker (as we learn from the hiſtory of his life written by his own hand) was firſt introduced to read to him; for having wholly loſt his ſight, he kept always ſome body or other to perform that office, and uſually the ſon of ſome gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he took in kindneſs, that he might at the ſame time improve him in his learning. Elwood was recommended to him by Dr. Paget, and went to his houſe every afternoon except Sunday, and read to him ſuch books in the Latin tongue, as Milton thought proper. And Milton told him, that if he would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and underſtand Latin authors, but to converſe with foreigners either abroad or at home, he muſt learn the foreign pronunciation; and he inſtructed him how to read accordingly. And having a curious ear, he underſtood by my tone, ſays Elwood, when I underſtood what I read, and when I did not; and he would ſtop me, and examine me, and open the

moſt

ſt difficult paſſages to me. But it was not long after
s third marriage, that he left Jewen-ſtreet, and re-
oved to a houſe in the Artillery-walk, leading to Bun-
ll-fields: and this was his laſt ſtage in this world; he
ntinued longer in this houſe than he had done in any
her, and lived here to his dying day: only when the
ague began to rage in London in 1665, he removed to
ſmall houſe in St. Giles Chalfont in Buckinghamſhire,
hich Elwood had taken for him and his family; and
ere he remained during that dreadful calamity; but
ſter the ſickneſs was over, and the city was cleanſed
nd made ſafely habitable again, he returned to his houſe
London.

His great work of Paradiſe Loſt had principally en-
aged his thoughts for ſome years paſt, and was now
ompleted. It is probable, that his firſt deſign of
riting an Epic Poem, was owing to his converſations
t Naples, with the Marquis of Villa, about Taſſo, and
is famous poem of the Delivery of Jeruſalem; and in
copy of verſes preſented to that nobleman before he
eft Naples, he intimated his intention of fixing upon
King Arthur for his hero. And in an eclogue, made
oon after his return to England upon the death of
is friend and ſchool-fellow Deodati, he propoſed the
ame deſign and the ſame ſubject, and declared his
mbition of writing ſomething in his native language,
hich might render his name illuſtrious in theſe iſlands,
hough he ſhould be obſcure and inglorious to the reſt
f the world. And in other parts of his works, after
e had engaged in the controverſies of the times, he
till promiſed to produce ſome noble poem or other at
fitter ſeaſon; but he doth not appear that he had
hen determined upon the ſubject, and King Arthur
ad another fate, being reſerved for the pen of Sir
Richard Blackmore. The firſt hint of Paradiſe Loſt
s ſaid to have been taken from an Italian tragedy;
nd it is certain, that he firſt deſigned it a tragedy
himſelf, and there are ſeveral plans of it in the form of
tragedy ſtill to be ſeen in the author's own manuſcript
preſerved in the library of Trinity College Cambridge.
And it is probable that he did not barely ſketch out

the

the plans, but alſo wrote ſome parts of the drama itſe
His nephew Philips informs us, that ſome of the ver
at the beginning of Satan's ſpeech, addreſſed to t
ſun in the fourth book, were ſhown to him and ſo
others as deſigned for the beginning of the traged
ſeveral years before the poem was begun: and ma
other paſſages might be produced, which plainly a
pear to have been originally intended for the ſcen
and are not ſo properly of the epic, as of the trag
ſtrain. It was not till after he was diſengaged from t
Salmaſian controverſy, which ended in 1655, that h
began to mold the Paradiſe Loſt in its preſent form
but after the Reſtoration, when he was diſmiſſed fro
public buſineſs, and freed from controverſy of ever
kind, he proſecuted the work with cloſer applicatio
Mr. Philips relates a very remarkable circumſtance i
the compoſure of this poem, which he ſays he ha
reaſon to remember, as it was told him by Milton him
ſelf, that his vein never happily flowed but from th
autumnal equinox to the vernal, and that what he at
tempted at other times was not to his ſatisfaction, tho
he courted his fancy never ſo much. Mr. Tolan
imagines that Philips might be miſtaken as to the time
becauſe our author, in his Latin elegy, written in hi
twentieth year, upon the approach of the ſpring, ſeem
eth to ſay juſt the contrary, as if he could not mak
any verſes to his ſatisfaction till the ſpring begun
and he ſays further, that a judicious friend of Milton'
informed him, that he could never compoſe well but in
ſpring and autumn. But Mr. Richardſon cannot com
prehend, that either of theſe accounts is exactly true,
or that a man with ſuch a work in his head can ſuſpend
it for ſix months together, or only for one; it may go
on more ſlowly, but it muſt go on; and this laying it
aſide is contrary to that eagerneſs to finiſh what was
begun, which he ſays was his temper, in his epiſtle to
Deodati, dated Sept. 2, 1637. After all, Mr. Philips,
who had the peruſal of the poem from the beginning,
by twenty or thirty verſes at a time, as it was com-
poſed, and having not been ſhown any for a conſi-
derable while as the ſummer came on, inquired of the
author

uthor the reaſon of it, could hardly be miſtaken with egard to the time: and it is eaſy to conceive, that he poem might go on much more ſlowly in ſummer than in other parts of the year; for notwithtanding all that poets may ſay of the pleaſures of that eaſon, I imagine moſt perſons find by experience, hat they can compoſe better at any other time, with more facility and with more ſpirit, than during the heat and langour of ſummer. Whenever the poem was wrote, it was finiſhed in 1665, and as Elwood ſays was ſhown to him that ſame year at St. Giles Chalfont, whither Milton had retired to avoid the plague, and it was lent to him to peruſe it and give his judgment of it: and conſidering the difficulties which the author lay under, his uneaſineſs on account of the public affairs and his own, his age and infirmities, his gout and blindneſs, his not being in circumſtances to maintain an amanuenſis, but obliged to make uſe of any hand that came next to write his verſes as he made them, it is really wonderful, that he ſhould have the ſpirit to undertake ſuch a work, and much more, that he ſhould ever bring it to perfection. And after the poem was finiſhed, ſtill new difficulties retarded the publication of it. It was in danger of being ſuppreſſed thro' the malice or ignorance of the licencer, who took exception at ſome paſſages, and particularly at that noble ſimile, in the firſt book, of the ſun in an eclipſe, in which he fancied that he had diſcovered treaſon. It was with difficulty too that the author could ſell the copy; and he ſold it at laſt only for five pounds, but was to receive five pounds more after the ſale of 1300 of the firſt impreſſion, and five pounds more after the ſale of as many of the ſecond impreſſion, and five more after the ſale of as many of the third, and the number of each impreſſion was not to exceed 1500. And what a poor conſideration was this for ſuch an ineſtimable performance! and how much more do others get by the works of great authors, than the authors themſelves! This original contract with Samuel Simmons the printer, is dated April 27, 1667, and is in the hands of Mr. Tonſon the bookſeller, as is likewiſe the manuſcript of the

the first book copied fair for the press, with the Imprimatur by Thomas Tomkyns, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury: so that though Milton was forced to make use of different hands to write his verses from time to time as he had occasion, yet we may suppose that the copy for the press was written all, or at least each book, by the same hand. The first edition in ten books, was printed in a small quarto; and before it could be disposed of, had three or more different title pages of the year 1667, 1668, and 1669. The first sort was without the name of Simmons, the printer, and began with the Poem immediately following the title page, without any Argument, or Preface, or Table of Errata: to others was prefixed a short Advertisement of the Printer to the Reader, concerning the Argument, and the reason why the poem rhimes not; and then followed the Argument of the several books, and the Preface concerning the kind of verse, and the Table of Errata: others again had the Argument, and the Preface, and the Table of Errata, without that short Advertisement of the Printer to the Reader: and this was all the difference between them, except now and then of a point or a letter, which were altered as the sheets were printing off. So that, notwithstanding these variations, there was still only one impression in quarto; and two years almost elapsed, before 1300 copies could be sold, or before the author was intitled to his second five pounds, for which his receipt is still in being, and is dated April 26, 1669. And this was probably all that he received; for he lived not to enjoy the benefits of the second edition, which was not published till the year 1674, and that same year he died. The second edition was printed in a small octavo, and was corrected by the author himself, and the number of books was augmented from ten to twelve, with the addition of some few verses: and this alteration was made with great judgment, not for the sake of such a fanciful beauty as resembling the number of books in the Æneid, but for the more regular disposition of the Poem, because the seventh and tenth books were before too long, and are more

fitly

tly divided each into two. The third edition was ublished in 1678; and it appears that Milton had left is remaining right in the copy to his widow, and ſhe greed with Simmons the printer to accept eight pounds n full of all demands, and her receipt for the money s dated December 21, 1680. But a little before this immons had covenanted to aſſign the whole right of opy to Brabazon Aylmer, the bookſeller, for twenty-ive pounds; and Aylmer afterwards ſold it to old acob Tonſon at two different times, one half on the 7th of Auguſt 1683, and the other half on the 24th of March 1690, with a conſiderable advance of the rice: and except one fourth of it, which has been aſſigned to ſeveral perſons, his family have enjoyed the ight of copy ever ſince. By the laſt aſſignment it ppears that the book was growing into repute, and iſing in valuation: and to what perverſeneſs could it e owing that it was not better received at firſt? We conceive there were principally two reaſons; the prejudices againſt the author on account of his principles and party; and many no doubt were offended with the novelty of a poem that was not in rhime. Rymer, who was a redoubted critic in thoſe days, would not ſo much as allow it to be a poem on this account, and declared war againſt Milton as well as againſt Shakeſpear; and threatened that he would write reflections upon the Paradiſe Loſt, which ſome (ſays he *) are pleaſed to call a poem, and would aſſert rhime againſt the ſlender ſophiſtry wherewith the author attacks it. And ſuch a man as Biſhop Burnet maketh it a ſort of objection to Milton, that he affected to write in blank verſe without rhime. And the ſame reaſon induced Dryden to turn the principal parts of Paradiſe Loſt into rhime in his Opera called the State of Innocence and Fall of Man; to tag his lines, as Milton himſelf expreſſed it, alluding to the faſhion then of wearing tags of metal at the end of their ribbons. We are told indeed by Mr. Richardſon, that Sir George Hungerford, an ancient member of Parliament, told him, that Sir John Denham came

* See Rymer's *Tragedies of the laſt age conſider'd*, p. 143.

into

into the Houſe one morning with a ſheet of Paradiſe Loſt wet from the preſs in his hand; and being aſked what he had there? ſaid that he had part of the nobleſt poem that ever was written in any language or in any age. However, it is certain that the book was unknown till about two years after, when the Earl of Dorſet produced it, as Mr. Richardſon was informed by Dr. Tancred Robinſon the phyſician, who had heard the ſtory often from Fleetwood Shephard himſelf, that the Earl, in company with Mr. Shephard, looking about for books in Little Britain, accidently met with Paradiſe Loſt; and being ſurpriſed at ſome paſſages in dipping here and there, he bought it. The bookſeller begged his Lordſhip to ſpeak it its favour if he liked it, for the impreſſion lay on his hands as waſte-paper. The Earl having read it, ſent it to Dryden, who in a ſhort time returned it with this anſwer, "This man "cuts us all out and the ancients too." Dryden's epigram upon Milton is too well known to be repeated; and thoſe Latin verſes by Dr. Barrow the phyſician, and the Engliſh ones by Andrew Marvel, Eſq; uſually prefixed to the Paradiſe Loſt, were written before the ſecond edition, and were publiſhed with it. But ſtill the poem was not generally known and eſteemed, nor met with the deſerved applauſe, till after the edition in folio, which was publiſhed in 1688, by ſubſcription. The Duke of Buckingham in his Eſſay on Poetry prefers Taſſo and Spenſer to Milton: and it is related in the life of the witty Earl of Rocheſter, that he had no notion of a better poet than Cowley. In 1686, or thereabout, Sir William Temple publiſhed the ſecond part of his Miſcellanies, and it may ſurpriſe any reader, that in his Eſſay on Poetry he taketh no notice at all of Milton; nay he ſaith expreſsly, that after Arioſto, Taſſo, and Spenſer, he knoweth none of the Moderns who have made any atchievements in heroic poetry worth recording. And what can we think, that he had not read or heard of the Paradiſe Loſt, or that the author's politics had prejudiced him againſt his poetry? It was happy that all great men were not of his mind. The bookſeller was adviſed and encouraged to undertake the

o edition by Mr. Sommers, afterwards Lord Som-
rs, who not only ſubſcribed himſelf, but was zealous
promoting the ſubſcription: and in the liſt of ſub-
ibers we find ſome of the moſt eminent names of
t time, as the Earl of Dorſet, Waller, Dryden, Dr.
drich, Mr. Atterbury, and among the reſt Sir Roger
Eſtrange, though he had formerly written a piece in-
ed No Blind Guides, &c. againſt Milton's Notes upon
. Griffith's ſermon. There were two editions more
folio, one I think in 1692, the other in 1695, which
s the ſixth edition; for the poem was now ſo well
eived, that notwithſtanding the price of it was four
nes greater than before, the ſale increaſed double the
mber every year; as the bookſeller, who ſhould beſt
ow, has informed us in his dedication of the ſmaller
tions to Lord Sommers. Since that time not only
rious editions have been printed, but alſo various notes
d tranſlations. The firſt perſon who wrote annota-
ns upon Paradiſe Loſt was P. H. or Patrick Hume,
whom we know nothing, unleſs his name may lead
to ſome knowledge of his country; but he has the
rit of being the firſt (as I ſay) who wrote notes upon
radiſe Loſt, and his notes were printed at the end of
folio edition in 1695. Mr. Addiſon's Spectators
on the ſubject contributed not a little to eſtabliſhing
e character, and illuſtrating the beauties of the poem.
1732 appeared Dr. Bentley's new edition with notes;
d the year following Dr. Pearce publiſhed his Review
the text, in which the chief of Dr. Bentley's emen-
tions are conſidered, and ſeveral other emendations
d obſervations are offered to the public. And the
ar after that, Meſſieurs Richardſon, father and ſon,
bliſhed their Explanatory Notes and Remarks. The
em has alſo been tranſlated into ſeveral languages,
tin, Italian, French, and Dutch; and propoſals
ve been made for tranſlating it into Greek. The
tch tranſlation is in blank verſe, and printed at Har-
n. The French have a tranſlation by Monſ. Dupré
St. Maur; but nothing ſhoweth the weakneſs and
perfection of their language more, than that they
ve few or no good poetical verſions of the greateſt
poets;

poets; they are forced to tranſlate Homer, Virgil, and Milton into proſe: blank verſe, their language has not harmony and dignity enough to ſupport; their tragedies, and many of their comedies are in rhime. Rolli, the famous Italian-maſter here in England, made an Italian tranſlation; and Mr. Richardſon, the ſon, ſaw another at Florence in manuſcript by the learned Abbé Salvini, the ſame who tranſlated Addiſon's Cato into Italian. One William Hog or Hogæus tranſlated Paradiſe Loſt, Paradiſe Regain'd, and Samſon Agoniſtes into Latin verſe in 1690; but this verſion is very unworthy of the originals. There is a better tranſlation of the Paradiſe Loſt by Mr. Thomas Power, fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, the firſt book of which was printed in 1691, and the reſt in manuſcript is in the library of that College. The learned Dr. Trapp has alſo publiſhed a tranſlation into Latin verſe; and the world is in expectation of another, that will ſurpaſs all the reſt, by Mr. William Dobſon of New College in Oxford. So that by one means or other Milton is now conſidered as an Engliſh claſſic; and the Paradiſe Loſt is generally eſteemed the nobleſt and moſt ſublime of modern poems, and equal at leaſt to the beſt of the ancient; the honour of this country, and the envy and admiration of all others!

In 1670 he publiſhed his Hiſtory of Britain, that part eſpecially now called England. He began it above twenty years before, but was frequently interrupted by other avocations; and he deſigned to have brought it down to his own times, but ſtopped at the Norman conqueſt; for indeed he was not well able to purſue it any farther by reaſon of his blindneſs, and he was engaged in other more delightful ſtudies; having a genius turned for poetry rather than hiſtory. When his Hiſtory was printed, it was not printed perfect and entire; for the licencer expunged ſeveral paſſages, which reflecting upon the pride and ſuperſtition of the Monks in the Saxon times, were underſtood as a concealed ſatire upon the Biſhops in Charles the ſecond's reign. But the author himſelf gave a copy of his unlicenced papers to the Earl of Angleſea, who, as well as ſeveral

of the nobility and gentry, conſtantly viſited him: and in 1681 a conſiderable paſſage which had been ſuppreſſed at the beginning of the third book, was publiſhed, containing a character of the Long Parlament and Aſſembly of Divines in 1641, which was inſerted in its proper place in the laſt edition of 1738. Biſhop Kennet begins his Complete Hiſtory of England with this work of Milton, as being the beſt draught, the cleareſt and moſt authentic account of thoſe early times: and his ſtile is freer and eaſier than in moſt of his other works, more plain and ſimple, leſs figurative and metaphorical, and better ſuited to the nature of Hiſtory, has enough of the Latin turn and idiom to give it an air of antiquity, and ſometimes riſes to a ſurpriſing dignity andmajeſty.

In 1670 likewiſe his Paradiſe Regain'd and Samſon Agoniſtes were licenſed together, but were not publiſhed till the year following. It is ſomewhat remarkable, that theſe two poems were not printed by Simmons, the ſame who printed the Paradiſe Loſt, but by J. M. for one Starkey in Fleet-ſtreet: and what could induce Milton to have recourſe to another printer? was it becauſe the former was not enough encouraged by the ſale of Paradiſe Loſt to become a purchaſer of the other copies? The firſt thought of Paradiſe Regain'd was owing to Elwood the quaker, as he himſelf relates the occaſion in the hiſtory of his life. When Milton had lent him the manuſcrip of Paradiſe Loſt at St. Giles Chalfont, as we ſaid before, and he returned it, Milton aſked him how he liked it, and what he thought of it; "Which I modeſtly, but freely told "him, ſays Elwood; and after ſome further diſcourſe, "about it, I pleaſantly ſaid to him, Thou haſt ſaid "much of Paradiſe Loſt, but what haſt thou to ſay "of Paradiſe Found? He made me no anſwer, but ſat "ſome time in a muſe; then broke off that diſcourſe, "and fell upon another ſubject." When Elwood afterwards waited upon him in Londons, Milton ſhowed him his Paradiſe Regain'd, and in a pleaſant tone ſaid to him, "This is owing to You, for You put it into my "head by the queſtion You put me at Chalfont, which

" before I had not thought of." It is commonly reported, that Milton himſelf preferred this poem to the Paradiſe Loſt; but all that we can aſſert upon good authority is, that he could not endure to hear this poem cried down ſo much as it was, in compariſon with the other. For certainly it is very worthy of the author, and contrary to what Mr. Toland relates, Milton may be ſeen in Paradiſe Regain'd as well as in Paradiſe Loſt; if it is inferior in poetry, I know not whether it is not ſuperior in ſentiment; if it is leſs deſcriptive, it is more argumentative; if it doth not ſometimes riſe ſo high, neither doth it ever ſink ſo low; and it has not met with the approbation it deſerves, only becauſe it has not been more read and conſidered. His ſubject indeed is confined, and he has a narrow foundation to build upon; but he has raiſed as noble a ſuperſtructure, as ſuch little room and ſuch ſcanty materials would allow. The great beauty of it is the contraſt between the two characters of the Tempter and our Saviour, the artful ſophiſtry and ſpecious inſinuations of the one refuted by the ſtrong ſenſe and manly eloquence of the other. This poem has alſo been tranſlated into French together with ſome other pieces of Milton, Lycidas, L'Allegro, Il Penſeroſo, and the Ode on Chriſt's nativity: and in 1732 was printed a Critical Diſſertation with notes upon Paradiſe Regain'd, pointing out the beauties of it, and written by Mr. Meadowcourt, Canon of Worceſter: and the very learned and ingenious Mr. Jortin has added ſome obſervations upon this work at the end of his excellent Remarks upon Spenſer, publiſhed in 1734: and indeed this poem of Milton, to be more admired, needs only to be better known. His Samſon Agoniſtes is the only tragedy that he has finiſhed, tho' he has ſketched out the plans of ſeveral, and propoſed the ſubjects of more, in his manuſcript preſerved in Trinity College library: and we may ſuppoſe that he was determined to the choice of this particular ſubject by the ſimilitude of his own circumſtances to thoſe of Samſon blind and among the Philiſtines. This I conceive to be the laſt of his poetical pieces; and it his written in the very ſpirit of the Ancients, and

equals,

uals, if not exceeds, any of the moſt perfect tragedies, hich were ever exhibited on the Athenian ſtage, when reece was in its glory. As this work was never in-nded for the ſtage, the diviſion into acts and ſcenes is nitted. Biſhop Atterbury had an intention of getting r. Pope to divide it into acts and ſcenes, and of having acted by the King's Scholars at Weſtminſter: but his mmitment to the tower put an end to that deſign. It s ſince been brought upon the ſtage in the form of an ratorio; and Mr. Handel's muſic is never employed to eater advantage, than when it is adapted to Milton's ords. That great artiſt has done equal juſtice to our thor's L'Allegro and Il Penſeroſo, as if the ſame ſpirit ſſeſſed both maſters, and as if the God of muſic and of rſe was ſtill one and the ſame.

There are alſo ſome other pieces of Milton, for he ntinued publiſhing to the laſt. In 1672 he publiſhed rtis Logicæ plenior Inſtitutio ad Petri Rami methodum ncinnata, an Inſtitution of Logic after the method of trus Ramus; and the year following, a treatiſe of e religion and the beſt means to prevent the growth popery, which had greatly increaſed thro' the con-vance of the King, and the more open encourage-nt of the Duke of York: and the ſame year his ems, which had been printed in 1645, were reprinted h the addition of ſeveral others. His familiar epiſtles d ſome academical exerciſes, Epiſtolarum familiari-Lib. I. & Proluſiones quædam Oratoriæ in Collegio riſti habitæ, were printed in 1674; as was alſo his nſlation out of Latin into Engliſh of the Poles De-ration concerning the election of their King John III. ting forth the virtues and merits of that prince. He ote alſo a brief Hiſtory of Muſcovy, collected from relations of ſeveral travellers; but it was not printed after his death in 1682. He had likewiſe his ſtate-ters tranſcribed at the requeſt of the Daniſh reſident, neither were they printed till after his death in 76, and were tranſlated into Engliſh in 1694; and that tranſlation a life of Milton was prefixed by his hew Mr. Edward Philips, and at the end of that his excellent ſonnets to Fairfax, Cromwell, Sir,

Henry Vane, and Cyriac Skinner on his blindneſs were firſt printed. Beſides theſe works which were publiſhed, he wrote his ſyſtem of divinity, which Mr. Toland ſays, was in the hands of his friend Cyriac Skinner, but where at preſent is uncertain. And Mr. Philips ſays that he had prepared for the preſs an anſwer to ſome little ſcribbling quack in London, who had writen a ſcurrilous libel againſt him; but whether by the diſſuaſion of friends, as thinking him a fellow not worth his notice, or for what other cauſe, Mr. Philips knoweth not, this anſwer was never publiſhed. And indeed the beſt vindicator of him and his writings hath been Time. Poſterity hath univerſally paid that honor to his merits, which was denied him by great part of his contemporaries.

After a life thus ſpent in ſtudy and labors for the public he died of the gout at his houſe in Bunhill Row on or about the 10th of November 1674, when he had within a month completed the ſixty ſixth year of his age. It is not known when he was firſt attacked by the gout, but he was grievouſly afflicted with it ſeveral of the laſt years of his life, and was weakened to ſuch a degree, that he died without a groan, and thoſe in the room perceived not when he expired. His body was decently interred near that of his father (who had died very aged about the year 1647) in the chancel of the Church of St. Giles's Cripplegate; and all his great and learned friends in London, not without a friendly concourſe of the common people, paid their laſt reſpects in attending it to the grave. Mr. Fenton in his ſhort but elegant account of the life of Milton, ſpeaking of our author's having no monument, ſays that "he deſired a friend to enquire at St. Giles's "Church; where the ſexton ſhowed him a ſmall mo-"nument, which he ſaid was ſuppoſed to be Milton's; "but the inſcription had never been legible ſince he "was employed in that office, which he has poſſeſſed "about forty years. This ſure could never have hap-"pened in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, unleſs the epitaph "had been induſtriouſly eraſed: and that ſuppoſition, "ſays Mr. Fenton, carries with it ſo much inhuma-"nity,

" nity, that I think we ought to believe it was not " erected to his memory." It is evident that it was not erected to his memory, and that the ſexton was miſtaken. For Mr. Toland in his account of the life of Milton ſays, that he was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's church, " where the piety of his admirers will " ſhortly erect a monument becoming his worth and the " encouragement of letters in King William's reign." This plainly implies that no monument was erected to him at that time, and this was written in 1698: and Mr. Fenton's account was firſt publiſhed, I think, in 1725; ſo that not above twenty ſeven years intervened from the one account to the other; and conſequently the ſexton, who it is ſaid had been poſſeſſed of his office about forty years, muſt have been miſtaken, and the monument muſt have been deſigned for ſome other perſon, and not for Milton. A monument indeed has been erected to his memory in Weſtminiſter Abbey by Auditor Benſon in the year 1737; but the beſt monument of him is his writings.

In his youth he was eſteemed extremely handſome, ſo that while he was a ſtudent at Cambridge, he was called the Lady of Chriſt's College. He had a very fine ſkin and freſh complexion; his hair was of a light brown, and parted on the foretop hung down in curls waving upon his ſhoulders; his features were exact and regular; his voice agreeable and muſical; his habit clean and neat; his deportment erect and manly. He was middle ſized and well proportioned, neither tall nor ſhort, neither too lean nor too corpulent, ſtrong and active in his younger years, and though afflicted with frequent head-akes, blindneſs, and gout, was yet a comely and well-looking man to the laſt. His eyes were of a light blue colour, and from the firſt are ſaid to have been none of the brighteſt; but after he loſt the ſight of them, (which happened about the 43d year of his age) they ſtill appeared without ſpot or blemiſh, and at firſt view and at a little diſtance it was not eaſy to know that he was blind. Mr. Richardſon had an account of him from an ancient clergyman in Dorſetſhire, Dr. Wright, who found him in a ſmall houſe,

which had (he thinks) but one room on a floor; it that, up one pair of ſtairs, which was hung with a ruſty green, he ſaw John Milton ſitting in an elbow chair, with black clothes, and neat enough, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk ſtones; among other diſcourſe he expreſſed himſelf to this purpoſe, that was he free from the pain of the gout, his blindneſs would be tolerable. But there is the leſs need to be particular in the deſcription of his perſon, as the idea of his face and countenance is pretty well known from the numerous prints, pictures, buſts, medals, and other repreſentations which have been made of him. There are two pictures of greater value than the reſt, as they are undoubted originals, and were in the poſſeſſion of Milton's widow; the firſt was drawn when he was about twenty one, and is at preſent in the collection of the Right Honourable Arthur Onſlow Eſq; late Speaker of the Houſe of Commons; the other in crayons was drawn when he was about ſixty two, and was in the collection of Mr. Richardſon, but has ſince been purchaſed by Mr. Tonſon. Several prints have been made from both theſe pictures; and there is a print done, when he was about ſixty two or ſixty three, after the life by Faithorn, which tho' not ſo handſome, may yet perhaps be as true a reſemblance, as any of them. It is prefix'd to ſome of our author's pieces, and to the folio edition of his proſe works in three volumes printed in 1698.

In his way of living he was an example of ſobriety and temperance. He was very ſparing in the uſe of wine or ſtrong liquors of any kind. Let meaner poets make uſe of ſuch expedients to raiſe their fancy and kindle their imagination. He wanted not any artificial ſpirits; he had a natural fire, and poetic warmth enough of his own. He was likewiſe very abſtemious in his diet, not faſtidiouſly nice or delicate in the choice of his diſhes, but content with any thing that was moſt in ſeaſon, or eaſieſt to be procured, eating and drinking, (according to the diſtinction of the philoſopher) that he might live, and not living that he might eat and drink. So that probably his gout deſcended by inheritance

inheritance from one or other of his parents; or if it was of his own acquiring, it muſt have been owing to his ſtudious and ſedentary life. And yet he delighted ſometimes in walking and uſing exerciſe, but we hear nothing of his riding or hunting; and having early learned to fence, he was ſuch a maſter of his ſword, that he was not afraid of reſenting an affront from any man; and before he loſt his ſight, his principal recreation was the exerciſe of his arms; but after he was confined by age and blindneſs, he had a machine to ſwing in for the preſervation of his health. In his youth he was accuſtomed to ſit up late at his ſtudies, and ſeldom went to bed before midnight; but afterwards, finding it to be the ruin of his eyes, and looking on this cuſtom as very pernicious to health at any time, he uſed to go to reſt early, ſeldom later than nine, and would be ſtirring in the ſummer at four, and in the winter at five in the morning; but if he was not diſpoſed to riſe at his uſual hours, he ſtill did not lie ſleeping, but had ſome body or other by his bed ſide to read to him. At his firſt riſing he had uſually a chapter read to him out of the Hebrew Bible, and he commonly ſtudied all the morning till twelve, then uſed ſome exerciſe for an hour, afterwards dined, and after dinner played on the organ, and either ſung himſelf or made his wife ſing, who (he ſaid) had a good voice but no ear; and then he went up to ſtudy again till ſix, when his friends came to viſit him and ſat with him perhaps till eight; then he went down to ſupper; which was uſually olives or ſome light thing; and after ſupper he ſmoked his pipe, and drank a glaſs of water, and went to bed. He loved the country, and commends it, as poets uſually do; but after his return from his travels, he was very little there, except during the time of the plague in London. The civil war might at firſt detain him in town; and the pleaſures of the country were in a great meaſure loſt to him, as they depend moſtly upon ſight, whereas a blind man wanteth company and converſation, which is to be had better in populous cities. But he was led out ſometimes for the benefit of the freſh air, and in warm ſunny weather

he uſed to ſit at the door of his houſe near Bunhill Fields, and there as well as in the houſe received the viſits of perſons of quality and diſtinction; for he was no leſs viſited to the laſt both by his own countrymen and foreigners, than he had been in his floriſhing condition before the Reſtoration.

Some objections indeed have been made to his temper; and I remember there was a tradition in the univerſity of Cambridge, that he and Mr. King (whoſe death he laments in his Lycidas) were competitors for a fellowſhip, and when they were both equal in point of learning, Mr. King was preferred by the college for his character of good nature, which was wanting in the other; and this was by Milton grievouſly reſented. But the difference of their ages, Milton being at leaſt four years elder, renders this ſtory not very probable; and beſides Mr. King was not elected by the college, but was made fellow by a royal mandate, ſo that there can be no truth in the tradition; but if there was any, it is no ſign of Milton's reſentment, but a proof of his generoſity, that he could live in ſuch friendſhip with a ſucceſsful rival, and afterwards ſo paſſionately lament his deceaſe. His method of writing controverſy is urged as another argument of his want of temper: but ſome allowance muſt be made for the cuſtoms and manners of the time. Controverſy, as well as war, was rougher and more barbarous in thoſe days, than it is in theſe. And it is to be conſidered too, that his adverſaries firſt began the attack; they loaded him with much more perſonal abuſe, only they had not the advantage of ſo much wit to ſeaſon it. If he had engaged with more candid and ingenuous diſputants, he would have preferred civility and fair argument to wit and ſatir; "to do ſo was my choice, and to have done "thus was my chance," as he expreſſes himſelf in the concluſion of one of his controverſial pieces. All who have written any accounts of his life agree, that he was affable and inſtructive in converſation, of an equal and chearful temper; and yet I can eaſily believe, that he had a ſufficient ſenſe of his own merits, and contempt enough for his adverſaries.

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His merits indeed were ſingular; for he was a man not only of wonderful genius, but of immenſe learning and erudition; not only an incomparable poet, but a great mathematician, logician, hiſtorian, and divine. He was a maſter not only of the Greek and Latin, but likewiſe of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, as well as of the modern languages, Italian, French, and Spaniſh. He was particularly ſkilled in the Italian, which he always preferred to the French language, as all the men of letters did at that time in England; and he not only wrote elegantly in it, but is highly commended for his writings by the moſt learned of the Italians themſelves, and eſpecially by the members of that celebrated academy called della Cruſca, which was eſtabliſhed at Florence for the refining and perfecting of the Tuſcan language. He had read almoſt all authors, and improved by all, even by romances, of which he had been fond in his younger years; and as the bee can extract honey out of weeds, ſo (to uſe his own words in his Apology for Smectymnuus) "thoſe "books, which to many others have been the fuel of "wantonneſs and looſe living, proved to him ſo many "incitements to the love and obſervation of virtue." His favorite author after the Holy Scriptures was Homer. Homer he could repeat almoſt all without book; and he was adviſed to undertake a tranſlation of his works, which no doubt he would have executed to admiration. But (as he ſays of himſelf in his poſtſcript to the Judgment of Martin Bucer) "he never could delight in "long citations, much leſs in whole traductions." And accordingly there are few things, and thoſe of no great length, which he has ever tranſlated. He was poſſeſſed too much of an original genius to be a mere copyer. "Whether it be natural diſpoſition, "ſays he, or education in me, or that my mother bore "me a ſpeaker of what God made my own, and not "a tranſlator." And it is ſomewhat remarkable, that there is ſcarce any author, who has written ſo much, and upon ſuch various ſubjects, and yet quotes ſo little from his contemporary authors, or ſo ſeldom mentions any of them. He praiſes Selden indeed in

more places than one, but for the reſt he appears diſpoſed to cenſure rather than commend. After his ſeverer ſtudies, and after dinner as we obſerved before, he uſed to divert and unbend his mind with playing upon the organ or baſs-viol, which was a great relief to him after he had loſt his ſight; for he was a maſter of muſic as was his father, and he could perform both vocally and inſtrumentally, and it is ſaid that he compoſed very well, tho' nothing of this kind is handed down to us. It is alſo ſaid that he had ſome ſkill in painting as well as in muſic, and that ſome where or other there is a head of Milton drawn by himſelf: but he was bleſſed with ſo many real excellences, that there is no want of fictitious ones to raiſe and adorn his character. He had a quick apprehenſion, a ſublime imagination, a ſtrong memory, a piercing judgment, a wit always ready, and facetious or grave as the occaſion required: and I know not whether the loſs of his ſight did not add vigour to the faculties of his mind. He at leaſt thought ſo, and often comforted himſelf with that reflection.

But his great parts and learning have ſcarcely gained him more admirers, than his political principles have raiſed him enemies. And yet the darling paſſion of his ſoul was the love of liberty; this was his conſtant aim and end, however he might be miſtaken in the means. He was indeed very zealous in what was called the good old cauſe, and with his ſpirit and his reſolution it is ſomewhat wonderful, that he never ventured his perſon in the civil war; but tho' he was not in arms he was not unactive, and thought, I ſuppoſe, that he could be of more ſervice to the cauſe by his pen than by his ſword. He was a thorough republican, and in this he thought like a Greek or Roman, as he was very converſant with their writings. And one day Sir Robert Howard, who was a friend to Milton as well as to the liberties of his country, and was one of his conſtant viſitors to the laſt, inquired of him how he came to ſide with the republicans. Milton anſwered among other reaſons, becauſe theirs was the moſt frugal government; for the trappings of a monarchy might

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et up an ordinary commonwealth. But then his at-achment to Cromwell muſt be condemned, as being neither conſiſtent with his republican principles, nor with his love of liberty. And I know no other way of accounting for his conduct, but by preſuming (as I think we may reaſonably preſume) that he was far from entirely approving of Cromwell's proceedings, but conſidered him as the only perſon who could reſcue the nation from the tyranny of the Preſbyterians, who he ſaw were erecting a worſe dominion of their own upon the ruins of prelatical epiſcopacy; and of all things he dreaded ſpiritual ſlavery, and therefore cloſed with Cromwell and the Independents, as he expected under them greater liberty of conſcience. And tho' he ſerved Cromwell, yet it muſt be ſaid for him, that he ſerved a great maſter, and ſerved him ably, and was not want-ng from time to time in giving him excellent good dvice, eſpecially in his ſecond Defenſe: and ſo little eing ſaid of him in all Secretary Thurloe's ſtate-papers, appears that he had no great ſhare in the ſecrets and ntrigues of government; what he diſpatched was little ore than matters of neceſſary form, letters and an-wers to foreign ſtates; and he may be juſtified for cting in ſuch a ſtation, upon the ſame principles as ir Matthew Hale for holding a Judge's commiſſion nder the uſurper: and in the latter part of his life he requently expreſſed to his friends his entire ſatisfaction f mind, that he had conſtantly employed his ſtrength nd faculties in the defenſe of liberty, and in oppoſition o ſlavery.

In matters of religion too he has given as great ffenſe, or even greater, than by his political princi-les. But ſtill let not the infidel glory: no ſuch man as ever of that party. He had the advantage of a ious education, and ever expreſſed the profoundeſt everence of the Deity in his words and actions, was oth a Chriſtian and a Proteſtant, and ſtudied and dmired the Holy Scriptures above all other books hatſoever: and in all his writings he plainly ſhoweth religious turn of mind, as well in verſe as in proſe, well in his works of an earlier date as in thoſe of

later compoſition. When he wrote the doctrin an Diſciplin of Divorce, he appears to have been Calviniſt; but afterwards he entertained a more fa vorable opinion of Arminius. Some have inclined t believe, that he was an Arian; but there are mor expreſs paſſages in his works to overthow this opinion than any there are to confirm it. For in the conclu ſion of his treatiſe of Reformation he thus ſolemnl invokes the Trinity; "Thou therefore that ſitteſt i "light and glory unapproachable, Parent of Angel "and Men! next thee I implore Omnipotent King "Redeemer of that loſt remnant whoſe nature tho "didſt aſſume, ineffable and everlaſting Love! An "thou the third ſubſiſtence of divine infinitude illu "mining Spirit, the joy and ſolace of created things "one Tri-perſonal Godhead! look upon this th "poor, and almoſt ſpent and expiring Church &c." And in his tract of Prelatical Epiſcopacy he endevor to prove the ſpuriouſneſs of ſome epiſtles attributed to Ignatius, becauſe they contained in them hereſies one of which hereſies is, that "he condemns them "for miniſters of Satan, who ſay that Chriſt is Go "above all." And a little after in the ſame tract he objects to the authority of Tertullian, becauſe he went about to "prove an imparity between God the Father, "and God the Son." And in the Paradiſe Loſt we ſhall find nothing upon this head, that is not perfectly agreeable to Scripture. The learned Dr. Trapp, who was as likely to cry out upon hereſy as any man, aſſerts that the poem is orthodox in every part of it; or otherwiſe he would not have been at the pains of tranſlating it. Neque alienum videtur a ſtudiis viri theologi poema magna ex parte theologicum; omni ex parte (rideant, per me licet, atque ringantur athei & infideles) orthodoxum. Milton was indeed a diſſenter from the Church of England, in which he had been educated, and was by his parents deſigned for holy orders, as we related before; but he was led away by early prejudices againſt the doctrin and diſciplin of the Church; and in his younger years was a favorer of the Preſbyterians; in his middle age he was beſt pleaſed with the Independents

pendents and Anabaptiſts, as allowing greater liberty of conſcience than others, and coming neareſt in his opinion to the primitive practice; and in the latter part of his life he was not a profeſſed member of any particular ſect of Chriſtians, he frequented no public worſhip, nor uſed any religious rite in his family. Whether ſo many different forms of worſhip as he had ſeen, had made him indifferent to all forms; or whether he thought that all Chriſtians had in ſome things corrupted the purity and ſimplicity of the Goſpel; or whether he diſliked their endleſs and uncharitable diſputes, and that love of dominion and inclination to perſecution, which he ſaid was a piece of Popery inſeparable from all Churches; or whether he believed, that a man might be a good Chriſtian without joining in any communion; or whether he did not look upon himſelf as inſpired, as wrapt up in God, and above all forms and ceremonies, it is not eaſy to determine: *to his own maſter he ſtandeth or falleth:* but if he was of any denomination, he was a ſort of a Quieteſt, and was full of the interior of religion tho' he ſo little regarded the exterior; and it is certain was to the laſt an enthuſiaſt rather than an infidel. As enthuſiaſm made Norris a poet, ſo poetry might make Milton an enthuſiaſt.

His circumſtances were never very mean, nor very great; for he lived above want, and was not intent upon accumulating wealth; his ambition was more to enrich and adorn his mind. His father ſupported him in his travels, and for ſome time after. Then his pupils muſt have been of ſome advantage to him, and brought him either a certain ſtipend or conſiderable preſents at leaſt; and he had ſcarcely any other method of improving his fortune, as he was of no profeſſion. When his father died, he inherited an elder ſon's ſhare of his eſtate, the principal part of which I believe was his houſe in Bread-ſtreet: And not long after, he was appointed Latin Secretary with a ſalary of 200 *l.* a year; ſo that now he was in opulent circumſtances for a man, who had always led a frugal and temperate life, and was at little unneceſſary expenſe beſides buying of books.

books. Though he was of the victorious party, yet he was far from ſharing in the ſpoils of his country. On the contrary (as we learn from his ſecond Defenſe) he ſuſtained great loſſes during the civil war, and was not at all favoured in the impoſition of taxes, but ſometimes paid beyond his due proportion. And upon a turn of affairs he was not only deprived of his place, but alſo loſt 2000*l.* which he had for ſecurity and improvement put into the Exciſe Office. He loſt likewiſe another conſiderable ſum for want of proper care and management, as perſons of Milton's genius are ſeldom expert in money matters. And in the fire of London his houſe in Bread-ſtreet was burnt, before which accident foreigners have gone out of devotion (ſays Wood) to ſee the houſe and chamber where he was born. His gains were inconſiderable in proportion to his loſſes; for excepting the thouſand pounds, which were given him by the government for writing his Defenſe of the people againſt Salmaſius, we may conclude that he got very little by the copies of his works, when it doth not appear that he received any more then ten pounds for Paradiſe Loſt. Some time before he died he ſold the greateſt part of his library, as his heirs were not qualified to make a proper uſe of it, and as he thought that he could diſpoſe of it to greater advantage than they could after his deceaſe. And finally by one means or other he died worth one thouſand five hundred pounds beſides his houſhold goods, which was no incompetent ſubſiſtence for him, who was as great a philoſopher as a poet.

To this account of Milton it may be proper to add ſomething concerning his family. We ſaid before, that he had a younger brother and a ſiſter. His brother Chriſtopher Milton was a man of totally oppoſite principles; was a ſtrong royaliſt, and after the civil war made his compoſition through his brother's intereſt; had been entered young a ſtudent in the Inner Temple, of which houſe he lived to be an ancient bencher; and being a profeſſed papiſt, was in the reign of James II. made a judge and knighted; but ſoon obtained his quietus by reaſon of his age and infirmities, and retired

to

to Ipſwich, where he lived all the latter part of his life. His ſiſter Anne Milton had a conſiderable fortune given her by her father in marriage with Mr. Edward Philips (ſon of Mr. Edward Philips of Shrewſbury) who coming young to London was bred up in the Crown Office in Chancery, and at length became ſecondary of the office under Mr. Bembo. By him ſhe had, beſides other children who died infants, two ſons Edward and John, whom we have heard frequent occaſion to mention before. Among our author's juvenile poems there is a copy of verſes on the death of a fair infant, a nephew, or rather niece of his, dying of a cough; and this being written in his 17th year, as it is ſaid in the title, it may naturally be inferred that Mrs. Philips was elder than either of her brothers. She had likewiſe two daughters, Mary who died very young, and Anne who was living in 1694, by a ſecond huſband Mr. Thomas Agar, who ſucceeded his intimate friend Mr. Philips in his place in the Crown Office, which he enjoyed many years, and left to Mr. Thomas Milton, ſon of Sir Chriſtopher before mentioned. As for Milton himſelf he appears to have been no enemy to the fair ſex by having had three wives. What fortune he had with any of them is no where ſaid, but they were gentlemen's daughters; and it is remarkable that he married them all maidens, for (as he ſays in his Apology for Smectymnuus, which was written before he married at all) he "thought with them, who both "in prudence and elegance of ſpirit would chooſe a "virgin of mean fortunes honeſtly bred before the "wealthieſt widow." But yet he ſeemeth not to have been very happy in any of his marragies; for his firſt wife had juſtily offended him by her long abſence and ſeparation from him; the ſecond, whoſe love, ſweetneſs, and goodneſs he commends, lived not a twelvemonth with him; and his third wife is ſaid to have been a woman of a moſt violent ſpirit, and a hard mother in law to his children. She died very old, about twenty years ago, at Nantwich in Cheſhire; and from the accounts of thoſe who had ſeen her, I have learned, that ſhe confirmed ſeveral things which have been related before;

before; and particularly that her huſband uſed to compoſe his poetry chiefly in winter, and on his waking in a morning would make her write down ſometimes twenty or thirty verſes: and being aſked whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil, ſhe underſtood is as an imputation upon him for ſtealing from thoſe authors, and anſwered with eagerneſs, that he ſtole from no body but the Muſe who inſpired him; and being aſked by a lady preſent who the Muſe was, replied, it was God's grace, and the Holy Spirit that viſited him nightly. She was likewiſe aſked whom he approved moſt of our Engliſh poets, and anſwered, Spenſer, Shakeſpear, and Cowley: and being aſked what he thought of Dryden, ſhe ſaid Dryden uſed ſometimes to viſit him, but he thought him no poet, but a good rhimiſt: but this was before Dryden had compoſed his beſt poems, which made his name ſo famous afterwards. She was wont moreover to ſay, that her huſband was applied to by meſſage from the King, and invited to write for the Court, but his anſwer was, that ſuch a behaviour would be very inconſiſtent with his former conduct, for he had never yet employed his pen againſt his conſcience. By his firſt wife he had four children, a ſon who died an infant, and three daughters who ſurvived him; by his ſecond wife he had only one daughter, who died ſoon after her mother, who died in childbed; and by his laſt wife he had no children at all. His daughters were not ſent to ſchool, but were inſtructed by a miſtreſs kept at home for that purpoſe: and he himſelf, excuſing the eldeſt on account of an impediment in her ſpeech, taught the two others to read and pronounce Greek and Latin, and ſeveral other languages, without underſtanding any but Engliſh, for he uſed to ſay that one tongue was enough for a woman: but this employment was very irkſome to them, and this together with the ſharpneſs and ſeverity of their mother in law made them very uneaſy at home; and therefore they were all ſent abroad to learn things more proper for them, and particularly imbroidery in gold and ſilver. As Milton at his death left his affairs very much in the power of his widow,

idow, tho' ſhe acknowledged that he died worth one houſand five hundred pounds, yet ſhe allowed but one undred pounds to each of his three daughters. Anne he eldeſt was decrepit and deformed, but had a very andſome face; ſhe married a maſter-builder, and died n childbed of her firſt child, who died with her. Mary he ſecond lived and died ſingle. Deborah the youngeſt in her father's life time went over to Ireland with a lady, and afterwards was married to Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spittle Fields, and died in Auguſt 1727 in the 76th year of her age. She is ſaid o have been a woman of good underſtanding and genteel behaviour, though in low circumſtances. As he had been often called upon to read Homer and Ovid's Metamorphoſis to her father, ſhe could have repeated a conſiderable number of verſes from the beginning of both thoſe poets, as Mr. Ward profeſſor of Rhetoric in Greſham College, relates upon his own knowledge: and another Gentleman has informed me, hat he has heard her repeat ſeveral verſes likewiſe out of Euripides. Mr. Addiſon and the other gentlemen, who had opportunities of ſeeing her, knew her immediately to be Milton's daughter by the ſimilitude of her countenance to her father's picture: and Mr. Addiſon made her a handſome preſent of a purſe of guineas, with a promiſe of procuring for her ſome annual proviſion for her life; but his death happening ſoon after, ſhe loſt the benefit of his generous deſign. She received preſents likewiſe from ſeveral other gentlemen, and Queen Caroline ſent her fifty pounds by the hands of Dr. Freind the phyſician. She had ten children, ſeven ſons and three daughters; but none of them had any children, except one of her ſons named Caleb, and one of her daughters named Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St. George, in the Eaſt Indies, where he married, and had two ſons, Abraham and Iſaac; the elder of whom came to England with the late governor Harriſon, but returned upon advice of his father's death, and whether he or his brother be now living is uncertain. Elizabeth, the youngeſt child of Mrs. Clarke, was married to Mr. Thomas Foſter a weaver in Spittle Fields

Fields, and had ſeven children, who are all dead; ſhe herſelf is aged about ſixty, and weak and infi She ſeemeth to be a good plain ſenſible woman, and confirmed ſeveral particulars related above, and infor me of ſome others, which ſhe had often heard from mother: that her grandfather loſt two thouſand pou by a money-ſcrivener, whom he had intruſted with ſum, and likewiſe an eſtate at Weſtminſter of ſixty pou a year, which belonged to the Dean and Chapter, was reſtored to them at the Reſtoration: that he very temperate in his eating and drinking, but wha had he always loved to have of the beſt: that he ſeld went abroad in the latter part of his life, but was viſi even then by perſons of diſtinction, both foreigners others: that he kept his daughters at a great diſtan and would not allow them to learn to write, which thought unneceſſary for a woman: that her mother his greateſt favorite, and could read in ſeven or ei languages, tho' ſhe underſtood none but Engliſh: t her mother inherited his head-akes and diſorders, a had ſuch a weakneſs in her eyes, that ſhe was forced make uſe of ſpectacles from the age of eighteen; a ſhe herſelf, ſhe ſays, has not been able to read a chap in the Bible theſe twenty years: that ſhe was miſtak in informing Mr. Birch, what he had printed upon h authority, that Milton's father was born in France; a a brother of hers who was then living was very ang with her for it, and like a true born Engliſhman r ſented it highly, that the family ſhould be thought bear any relation to France: that Milton's ſecond wi did not die in childbed, as Mr. Philips and Tola relate, but above three months after of a conſumption and this too Mr. Birch relates upon her authority; b in this particular ſhe muſt be miſtaken as well as the other, for our author's ſonnet on his deceaſed wi plainly implies that ſhe did die in childbed. She know nothing of her aunt Philips or Agar's deſcendents, b believes that they are all extinct: as is likewiſe S Chriſtopher Milton's family, the laſt of which, ſhe ſay were two maiden ſiſters, Mrs. Mary and Mrs. Catharin Milton, who lived and died at Highgate; but unknow

o her, there is a Mrs. Milton living in Grosvenor-street, he grandaughter of Sir Christopher, and the daughter of Mr. Thomas Milton before mentioned: and she herself is the only survivor of Milton's own family, unless there be some in the East Indies, which she very much questions, for she used to hear from them sometimes, but has heard nothing now for several years; so that in all probability Milton's whole family will be extinct with her, and he can live only in his writings. And such is the caprice of fortune, this grandaughter of a man, who will be an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for some years with her husband kept a little chandler's or grocer's shop for their subsistence, lately at the lower Holloway in the road between Highgate and London, and at present in Cock Lane not far from Shoreditch Church. Another thing let me mention, that is equally to the honour of the present age. Though Milton received not above ten pounds at two different payments for the copy of Paradise Lost, yet Mr. Hoyle author of the treatise on the Game of Whist, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to the bookseller, as I have been informed, for two hundred guineas.

As we have had occasion to mention more than once Milton's manuscripts preserved in the library of Trinity College in Cambridge, it may not be ungrateful to the reader, if we give a more particular account of them, before we conclude. There are, as we said, two draughts of a letter to a friend who had importuned him to take orders, together with a sonnet on his being arrived to the age of twenty three: and by there being two draughts of this letter with several alterations and additions, it appears to have been written with great care and deliberation; and both the draughts have been published by Mr. Birch in his Historical and Critical Account of the life and writings of Milton. There are also several of his poems, Arcades, At a solemn music, On time, Upon the circumcision, the Mask, Lycidas, with five or six of his sonnets, all in his own hand writing: and there are some others of his sonnets written by different hands, being most of them

them compoſed after he had loſt his ſight. It is curiou to ſee the firſt thoughts and ſubſequent corrections o ſo great poet as Milton: but it is remarkable in thes manuſcript poems, that he doth not often make hi ſtops, or begin his lines with great letters. There ar likewiſe in his own hand-writing different plans o Paradiſe Loſt in the form of a tragedy: and it is a agreeable amuſement to trace the gradual progreſs an improvement of ſuch a work from its firſt dawnings i the plan of a tragedy to its full luſtre in an epic poem And together with the plans of Paradiſe Loſt there ar the plans or ſubjects of ſeveral other intended tragedies ſome taken from the Scripture, others from the Britiſ or Scottiſh hiſtories: and of the latter the laſt mention ed is Macbeth, as if he had an inclination to try hi ſtrength with Shakeſpear; and to reduce the play more to the unities he propoſes "beginning at the arrival o "Malcolm at Macduff; the matter of Duncan may b "expreſſed by the appearing of his ghoſt." Theſe manuſcripts of Milton were found by the learned Mr Profeſſor Maſon among ſome other old papers, which he ſays, belonged to Sir Henry Newton Puckering, who was a conſiderable benefactor to the library: and for the better preſervation of ſuch truly valuable reliques, they were collected together, and handſomely bonnd in a thin folio by the care and at the charge of a perſon who is now very eminent in his profeſſion, and was always a lover of the Muſes, and at that time a fellow of Trinity College, Mr, Clarke, one of his Majeſty's counſel.

On PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In ſlender book his vaſt deſign unfold,
Meſſiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while miſdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I ſaw him ſtrong)
The ſacred truths to fable and old ſong,
So Sampſon grop'd the temple's poſts in ſpite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his ſight.
Yet as I read, ſoon growing leſs ſevere,
Lik'd his project, the ſucceſs did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way ſhould find,
O'er which lame faith leads underſtanding blind;
Leſt he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was eaſy he ſhould render vain.
Or if a work ſo infinite he ſpann'd,
Jealous I was that ſome leſs ſkilful hand
(Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And by illimitating would excel)
Might hence preſume the whole creation's day
To change in ſcenes, and ſhow it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor deſpiſe
My cauſeleſs, yet not impious, ſurmiſe.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labors to pretend a ſhare.
Thou haſt not miſs'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper doſt omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majeſty which through thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'ſt of in ſuch ſtate
As them perſerves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us ſeiſe,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much gravity and eaſe;

And

And above human flight doſt ſoar aloft
With plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft.
The bird nam'd from that Paradiſe you ſing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where could'ſt thou words of ſuch a compaſs find?
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expenſe of mind?
Juſt Heav'n thee like Tireſias to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loſs of ſight.
Well might'ſt thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhime, of thy own ſenſe ſecure;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and ſpells,
And like a pack-horſe tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our buſhy points appear,
The poets tag them, we for faſhion wear.
I too tranſported by the mode offend,
And while I meant to praiſe thee muſt commend.
Thy verſe created like thy theme ſublime,
In number, weight, and meaſure, needs not rhime.

ANDREW MARVEL.

THE

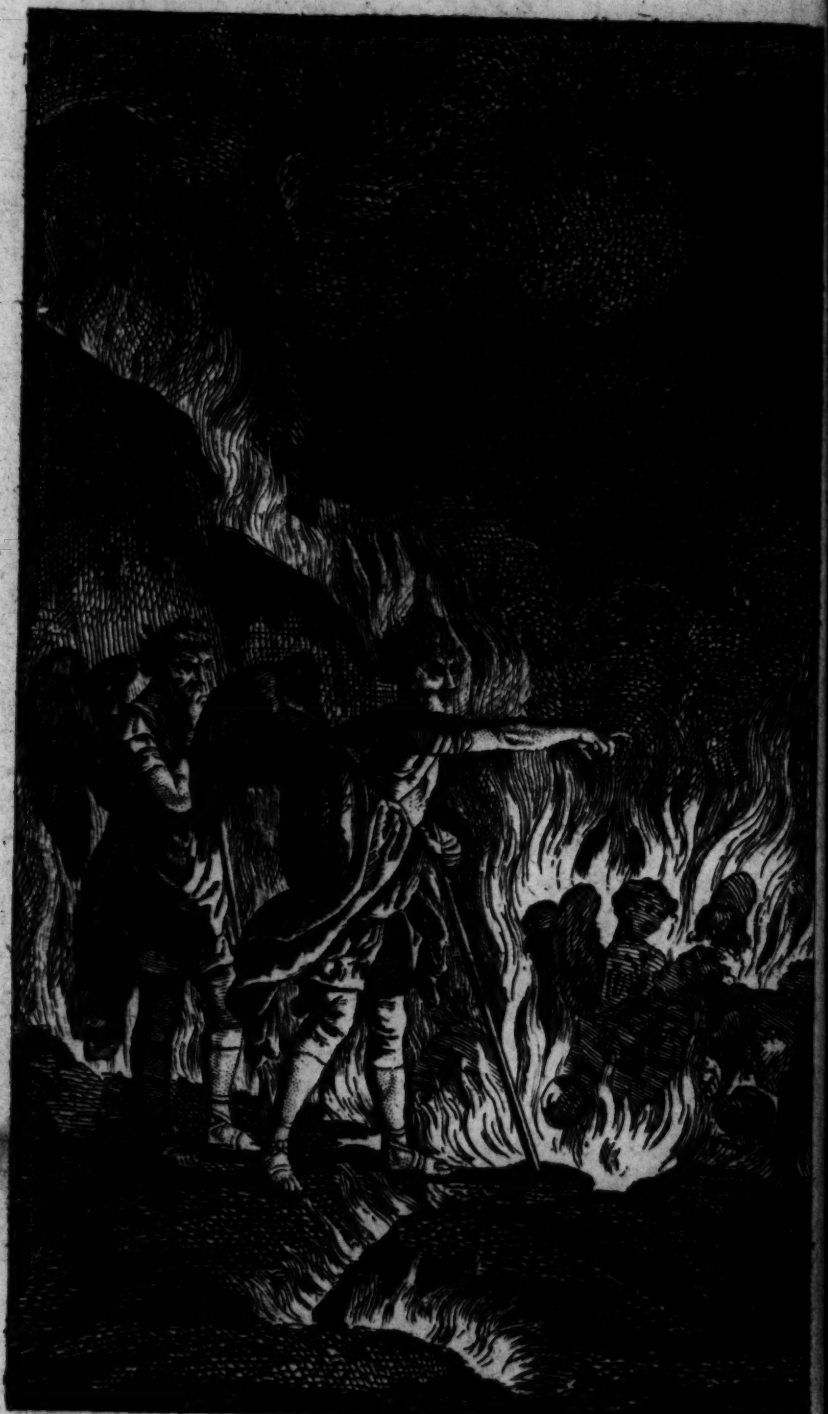
THE VERSE.

THE meaſure is Engliſh heroic verſe without rhime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in La-; rhime being no neceſſary adjunct or true ornament poem or good verſe, in longer works eſpecially, but invention of a barbarous age, to ſet off wretched tter and lame meter; graced indeed ſince by the uſe ſome famous modern poets, carried away by cuſtom, much to their own vexation, hindrance, and con-int to expreſs many things otherwiſe, and for the moſt t worſe than elſe they would have expreſſed them. t without cauſe therefore ſome both Italian and Spaniſh ts of prime note have rejected rhime both in longer ſhorter works, as have alſo long ſince our beſt Eng- tragedies, as a thing of itſelf, to all judicious ears, ial and of no true muſical delight; which conſiſts y in apt numbers, fit quantity of ſyllables, and the ſe variouſly drawn out from one verſe into another, in the jingling ſound of like endings, a fault avoided the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good ora-y. This neglect then of rhime ſo little is to be taken a defect, though it may ſeem ſo perhaps to vulgar ders, that it rather is to be eſteemed an example ſet, firſt in Engliſh, of ancient liberty recovered to he-c poem, from the troubleſome and modern bondage rhiming.

The ARGUMENT of Book I.

This first book proposes, first in brief, the whole sub-
ject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon o
Paradise wherein he was placed: Then touches th
prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan
in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and draw-
ing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the
command of God, driven out of Heaven with all his
crew into the great deep. Which action passed over,
the Poem hasses into the midst of things, presenting
Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell, described
here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may
be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet ac-
cursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called
Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the
burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a
certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him
who next in order and dignity lay by him: they con-
fer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his le-
gions, who lay till then in the same manner confound-
ed: They rise, their numbers, array of battle, their
chief leaders named, according to the idols known af-
terwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To
these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with
hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of
a new world and new kind of creature to be created,
according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven:
for that Angels were long before this visible creation,
was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find
out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine
thereon, he refers to a full council. What his asso-
ciates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of
Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the in-
fernal Peers there sit in council.

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F. Hayman in. et del. J. M. sc.

Book 1.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, till one greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Roſe out of Chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spi'rit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for thou know'ſt; thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſatt'ſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raiſe and ſupport;
That to the height of this great argument

I may assert eternal providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell; say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will,
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel-angels; by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory' above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once, as far as angels ken, he views

The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and welt'ring by his side
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th' arch-enemy,
And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
If thou beest he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright! if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ru'in: into what pit thou seest
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,

Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward luſtre, that fix'd mind,
And high diſdain from ſenſe of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightieſt rais'd me to contend;
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of ſpirits arm'd,
That durſt diſlike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmoſt pow'r with adverſe pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And ſhook his throne. What though the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; th' unconquerable will, L. 253
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield,
And what is elſe not to be overcome;
That glory never ſhall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm ſo late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy' and ſhame beneath
This downfall; ſince by fate the ſtrength of gods
And this empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail;
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,
We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.
So ſpake th' apoſtate angel, though in pain;
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer.
O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers,
That led th' embattel'd Seraphim to war

Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high ſupremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I ſee, and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us heav'n, and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heav'nly eſſences
Can periſh: for the mind and ſpi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigour ſoon returns,
Though all our glory' extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.
But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch could have o'erpow'r'd ſuch force as ours)
Have left us this our ſpi'rit and ſtrength entire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his buſineſs be
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſh'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal puniſhment?
Whereto with ſpeedy words th' arch-fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miſerable
Doing or ſuffering: but of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our taſk,
But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
As bei'ng the contrary to his high will
Whom we reſiſt. If then his providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labour muſt be to pervert that end,

And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtin'd aim.
But ſee the angry victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the gates of heav'n: the ſulphurous hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.
Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves,
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there;
And re-aſſembling our afflicted powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our enemy, our own loſs how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what reſolution from deſpair.
  Thus Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den

y ancient Tarſus held, or that ſea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th' ocean ſtream:
Him haply ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of ſome ſmall night founder'd ſkiff
Deeming ſome iſland, oft, as ſeamen tell,
With fix'd anchor in his ſcaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night
Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays:
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor even thence
Had ris'n, or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others; and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhown
On man by him ſeduc'd; but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i'th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air,
That felt unuſual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thund'ring Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd intrails thence conceiving fire,

Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke: ſuch reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſs'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'ſcap'd the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal power.
Is this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
Said then the loſt arch-angel, this the ſeat
That we muſt change for heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celeſtial light? Be' it ſo, ſince he
Who now is ſov'reign can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from him is beſt,
Whom reas'on hath equall'd, force hath made ſupreme
Above his equals. Farewel happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundeſt hell
Receive thy new poſſeſſor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itſelf
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet

Regain'd in heav'n, or what more left in hell?
So Satan ſpake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus anſwer'd. Leader of thoſe armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their ſureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
As we ere while, aſtounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious height.
He ſcarce had ceas'd when the ſuperior fiend
Was moving tow'ard the ſhore; his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
At evening from the top of Feſolé,
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands,
Rivers or moutains in her ſpotty globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
Of ſome great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle, not like thoſe ſteps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with fire:
Nathleſs he ſo endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed ſea he ſtood, and call'd
His legions, angel-forms, who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
In Vallombroſa, where th' Etrurian ſhades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or ſcatter'd ſedge

Aſlote, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-ſea coaſt, whoſe waves o'erthrew
Buſiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſued
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floting carcaſes
And broken chariot-wheels: ſo thick beſtrown
Abject and loſt lay theſe, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell reſounded. Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now loſt,
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeize
Eternal ſpi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repoſe
Your wearied virtue, for the eaſe you find
To ſlumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject poſture have ye ſworn
To' adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from heav'n-gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n.
They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they ſoon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's ſon, in Egypt's evil day,

Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad angels ſeen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires;
Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th' up-lifted ſpear
Of their great ſultan waving to direct
Their courſe, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous ſons
Came like a deluge on the ſouth, and ſpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian ſands.
Forthwith from every ſquadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haſte where ſtood
Their great commander; godlike ſhapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And pow'rs that erſt in heaven ſat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the ſons of Eve
Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high ſufferance for the tri'al of man,
By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted to forſake
God their Creator, and th' inviſible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,

And various idols through the Heathen world.
Say, muſe, their names then known, who firſt, who laſt,
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof.
The chief were thoſe who from the pit of hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their ſeats long after next the ſeat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durſt abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his ſanctuary itſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſs'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worſhipp'd in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Baſan, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt Arnon. Nor content with ſuch
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right againſt the temple' of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleaſant valley' of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, th' obſcene dread of Moab's ſons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of ſouthmoſt Abarim; in Heſebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond

The flow'ry dale of Sibma, clad with vines,
And Eleälé, to th' Aſphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Iſrael in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
Yet thence his luſtful orgies he enlarg'd
Ev'n to that hill of ſcandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; luſt hard by hate;
Till good Joſiah drove them thence to hell.
With theſe came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Aſhtaroth; thoſe male,
Theſe feminine. For ſpirits when they pleaſe
Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their eſſence pure;
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumbrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chuſe
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their aery purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For thoſe the race of Iſrael oft forſook
Their living ſtrength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To beſtial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, ſunk before the ſpear
Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop
Came Aſtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Aſtarte, queen of heav'n, with creſcent horns;
To whoſe bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and ſongs,
In Sion alſo not unſung, where ſtood
Her temple on th' offenſive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whoſe heart, though large,

Beguil'd by fair idolatreſſes, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damſels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a ſummer's day;
While ſmooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when, by the viſion led,
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one,
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhippers:
Dagon his name, ſea-monſter, upward man
And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coaſt
Of Paleſtine, in Gath, and Aſcalon,
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier-bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whoſe delightful ſeat
Was fair Damaſcus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid ſtreams.
He alſo' againſt the houſe of God was bold:
A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz, his ſottiſh conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to diſparage, and diſplace,
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquiſh'd. After theſe appear'd
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Oſiris, Iſis, Orus, and their train,
With monſtrous ſhapes and ſorceries abus'd

Fanatic Egypt, and her prieſts, to ſeek
Their wand'ring gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms,
Rather than human. Nor did Iſrael 'ſcape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that ſin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah; who in one night, when he paſs'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one ſtroke
Both her firſt-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came laſt, than whom a ſpi'rit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more groſs to love
Vice for itſelf: to him no temple ſtood
Or altar ſmok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the prieſt
Turns atheiſt, as did Eli's ſons, who fill'd
With luſt and violence the houſe of God?
In courts and palaces he alſo reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noiſe
Of ri'ot aſcends above the loftieſt towers,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
Of Belial, flown with inſolence and wine.
Witneſs the ſtreets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hoſpitable door
Expos'd a matron, to avoid worſe rape.
Theſe were the prime in order and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's iſſue held
Gods, yet confeſs'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
Their boaſted parents: Titan, Heav'n's firſt-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeiz'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's ſon, like meaſure found;
So Jove uſurping reign'd: theſe firſt in Crete

And Ida known; thence on the ſnowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their higheſt heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Heſperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmoſt iſles.
All theſe and more came flocking; but with looks
Down-caſt and damp, yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſome glimpſe of joy, to' have found their chief
Not in deſpair, to' have found themſelves not loſt
In loſs itſelf; which on his count'nance caſt
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears.
Then ſtrait commands that at the warlike ſound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty ſtandard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering ſtaff unfurl'd
Th' imperial enſign, which full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor ſtreaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luſtre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds:
At which the univerſal hoſt up ſent
A ſhout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand banners riſe into the air
With orient colours waving: with them roſe
A foreſt huge of ſpears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ſerried ſhields in thick array,
Of depth immeaſurable: anon they move

perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes, and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow', and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose. He through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories: for never since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes, though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond;

Or whom Biſerta ſent from Afric ſhore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread commander: he, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not loſt
All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory' obſcur'd: as when the ſun new riſen
Looks through the horizontal miſty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipſe, diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' arch-angel: but his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliſs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of ſpirits for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n, and from eternal ſplendours flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they ſtood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the foreſt-oaks, or mountain-pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blaſted heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice, in ſpite of ſcorn,
Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt

Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.
O myriads of immortal ſpi'rits, O powers
Matchleſs, but with th' Almighty; and that ſtrife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,
Foreſeeing or preſaging, from the depth
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe?
For who can yet believe, though after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied heav'n, ſhall fail to re-aſcend,
Self-rais'd, and repoſſeſs their native ſeat?
For me be witneſs all the hoſt of heaven,
If counſels different, or danger ſhunn'd
By me, have loſt our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in heav'n, till then as one ſecure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Conſent or cuſtom, and his regal ſtate
Put forth at full, but ſtill his ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains,
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the ſons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:

For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial ſpi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature: peace is deſpair'd,
For who can think ſubmiſſion? War then, war
Open or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd.
He ſpake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Againſt the High'eſt, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of heaven.
There ſtood a hill not far, whoſe griſly top
Belch'd fire and rolling ſmoke; the reſt entire
Shone with a gloſſy ſcurf, undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of ſulphur. Thither wing'd with ſpeed
A numerous brigade haſten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers with ſpade and pickax arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or caſt a rampart. Mammon led them on;
Mammon, the leaſt erected ſpi'rit that fell
From heav'n; for e'en in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy elſe enjoy'd
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treaſures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a ſpacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that ſoil may beſt
Deſerve the precious bane. And here let thoſe

Who boaſt in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame,
And ſtrength and art, are eaſily outdone
By ſpirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with inceſſant toil
And hands innumerable ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a ſecond multitude
With wond'rous art founded the maſſy ore,
Severing each kind, and ſcumm'd the bullion droſs:
A third as ſoon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By ſtrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ, from one blaſt of wind,
To many a row of pipes the ſound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a temple, where pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with boſſy ſculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo ſuch magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or ſeat
Their kings, when Egypt with Aſſyria ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fix'd her ſtately height; and ſtrait the doors
Opening their brazen folds diſcover wide
Within, her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets, fed

With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work ſome praiſe,
And ſome the architect: his hand was known
In heav'n by many a towred ſtructure high,
Where ſcepter'd angels held their reſidence,
And ſat as princes; whom the ſúpreme King
Exalted to ſuch pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
In ancient Greece; and in Auſonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the cryſtal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A ſummer's day; and with the ſetting ſun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling ſtar,
On Lemnos th' Æ'gean iſle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before: nor ought avail'd him now
T' have built in heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'ſcape
By all his engines, but was headlong ſent
With his induſtrious crew to build in hell.
  Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of ſov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's ſound, throughout the hoſt proclaim
A ſolemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their ſummons call'd
From every band and ſquared regiment
By place or choice the worthieſt; they anon
With hundreds, and with thouſands, trooping came
Attended: all acceſs was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the ſpacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair

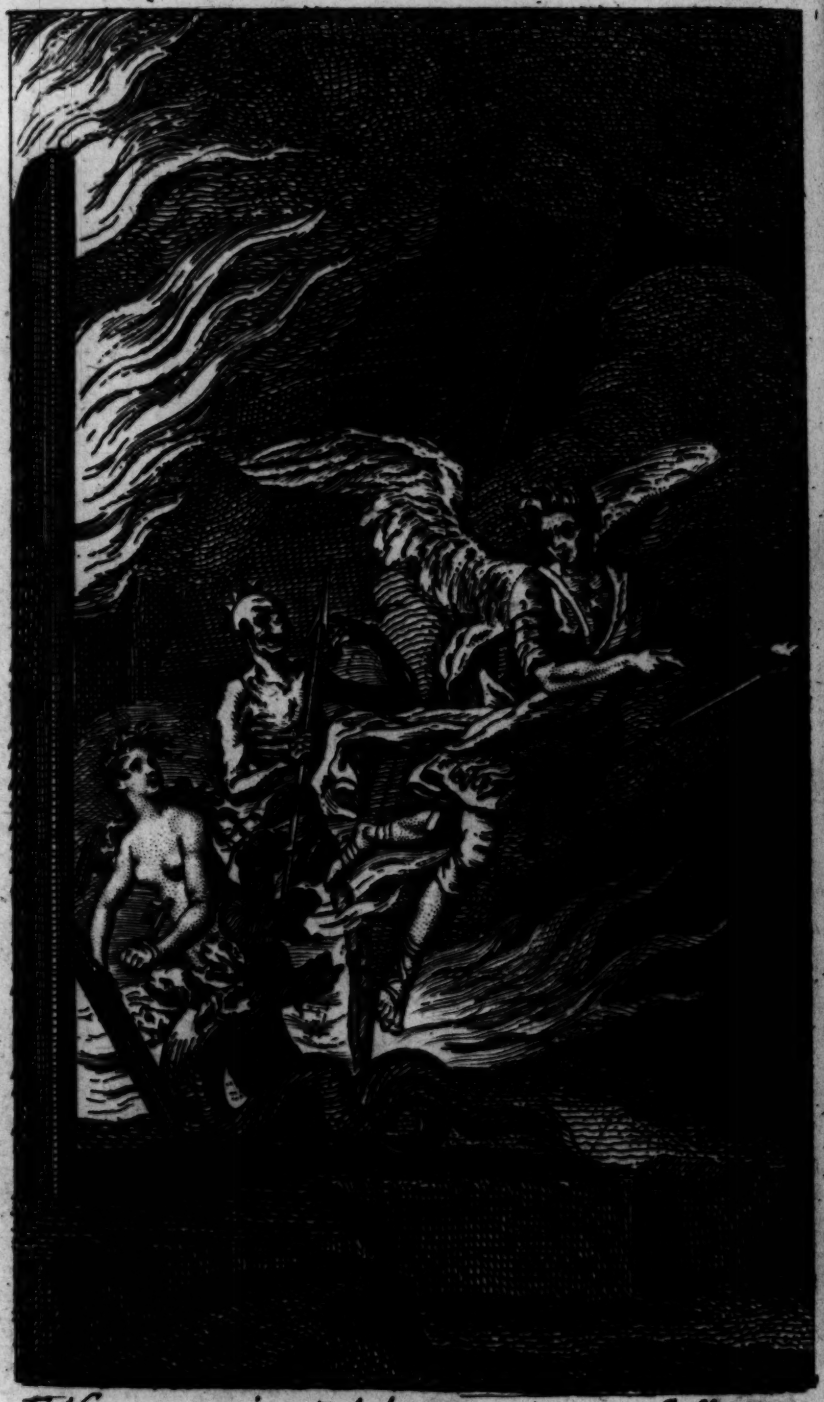
Defy'd the beſt of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or carreer with lance)
Thick ſwarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Bruſh'd with the hiſs of ruſling wings. As bees
In ſpring-time, when the ſun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In cluſters; they among freſh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the ſmoothed plank,
The ſuburb of their ſtraw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their ſtate-affairs. So thick the airy croud
Swarm'd and were ſtraiten'd; till the ſignal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who ſeem'd
In bigneſs to ſurpaſs earth's giant ſons,
Now leſs than ſmalleſt dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberleſs, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
Whoſe midnight-revels by a foreſt-ſide
Or fountain ſome belated peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees; while over-head the moon
Sits arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale courſe; they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund muſic charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal ſpi'rits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large,
Though without number ſtill, amidſt the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimenſions like themſelves,
The great Seraphic lords and Cherubim
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat,
A thouſand demi-gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full. After ſhort ſilence then,
And ſummons read, the great conſult began.

The end of the firſt book.

The ARGUMENT of Book II.

The conſultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: ſome adviſe it, others diſſuade. A third propoſal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to ſearch the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal or not much inferior to themſelves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who ſhall be ſent on this difficult ſearch: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the reſt betake them ſeveral ways, and to ſeveral employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He paſſes on his journey to hell-gates, finds them ſhut, and who ſat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and diſcover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven; with what difficulty he paſſes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the ſight of this new world which he ſought.

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Book 2.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high, inſatiate to purſue
Vain war with heav'n; and, by ſucceſs untaught,
His proud imaginations thus diſplay'd.
Pow'rs and dominions, deities of heaven;
For ſince no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppreſs'd and fall'n,
I give not heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial virtues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate.
Me though juſt right, and the fix'd laws of heaven
Did firſt create your leader; next, free choice;
With what beſides, in council or in fight,
Hath been atchiev'd of merit; yet this loſs
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſh'd in a ſafe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate

In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior: but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the Thund'rer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? Where there is then no good
For which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
From faction: for none ſure will claim in hell
Precedence; none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heav'n, we now return
To claim our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper than proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us; and by what beſt way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can adviſe, may ſpeak.
He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, ſcepter'd king,
Stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt ſpirit
That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by deſpair:
His truſt was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ſtrength; and rather than be leſs,
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worſe
He reck'd not; and theſe words thereafter ſpake.
My ſentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need; or when they need, not now.
For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in arms, and longing wait
The ſignal to aſcend, ſit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of ſhame,
The priſon of his tyranny who reigns

y our delay? No, let us rather chooſe,
rm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force reſiſtleſs way,
urning our tortures into horrid arms
gainſt the torturer; when to meet the noiſe
f his almighty engine he ſhall hear
fernal thunder: and for lightning, ſee
lack fire and horror ſhot with equal rage
mong his Angels; and his throne itſelf
ix'd with Tartarean ſulphur, and ſtrange fire,
is own invented torments. But perhaps
he way ſeems difficult and ſteep to ſcale
ith upright wing againſt a higher foe.
t ſuch bethink them, if the ſleepy drench,
f that forgetful lake benumb not ſtill,
hat in our proper motion we aſcend
p to our native ſeat: deſcent and fall
o us is adverſe. Who but felt of late,
hen the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
ſulting, and purſued us through the deep,
ith what compulſion and laborious flight
e ſunk thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſy then;
h' event is fear'd; ſhould we again provoke
ur ſtronger, ſome worſe way his wrath may find
o our deſtruction: if there be in hell
ar to be worſe deſtroy'd. What can be worſe
han to dwell here, driv'n out from bliſs, condemn'd
this abhorred deep to utter woe;
here pain of unextinguiſhable fire
uſt exerciſe us without hope of end,
e vaſſals of his anger, when the ſcourge
exorably, and the torturing hour
lls us to penance? More deſtroy'd than thus,
e ſhould be quite aboliſh'd, and expire.
hat fear we then? what doubt we to incenſe

His utmoſt ire? which to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, and reduce
To nothing this eſſential; happier far,
Than miſerable to have eternal being:
Or if our ſubſtance be indeed divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r ſufficient to diſturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inacceſſible, his fatal throne:
Which if not victory, is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Deſp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous
To leſs than gods. On th' other ſide uproſe
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer perſon loſt not heav'n; he ſeem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:
But all was falſe and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt counſels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice induſtrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous, and ſlothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with perſuaſive accent thus began.

Belial — I.B: 490

I ſhould be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reaſon to perſuade immediate war,
Did not diſſuade me moſt, and ſeem to caſt
Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs;
When he who moſt excels in fact of arms,
In what he counſels, and in what excels,
Miſtruſtful, grounds his courage on deſpair,
And utter diſſolution, as the ſcope
Of all his aim, after ſome dire revenge.
Firſt, what revenge? The tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd

Vith armed watch, that render all acceſs
mpregnable: oft on the bord'ring deep
camp their legions; or, with óbſcure wing,
cout far and wide into the realm of night,
corning ſurpriſe. Or could we break our way
y force, and at our heels all Hell ſhould riſe
Vith blackeſt inſurrection, to confound
Heav'n's pureſt light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
it unpolluted; and th' ethereal mold,
ncapable of ſtain, would ſoon expel
Her miſchief, and purge off the baſer fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
s flat deſpair: we muſt exaſperate
Th' almighty victor to ſpend all his rage,
And that muſt end us; that muſt be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
n the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
s doubtful; that he never will, is ſure.
Will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wiſh, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger ſaves
To puniſh endleſs? Wherefore ceaſe we then?
Say they who counſel war; we are decreed,
Reſerv'd, and deſtin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we ſuffer more,
What can we ſuffer worſe? Is this then worſt,
Thus ſitting, thus conſulting, thus in arms?

What, when we fled amain, purſued, and ſtruck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and beſought
The deep to ſhelter us? this hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that ſure was worſe.
What if the breath that kindled thoſe grim fires,
Awak'd, ſhould blow them into ſev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her ſtores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell ſhould ſpout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Deſigning or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the ſport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever ſunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeleſs end? this would be worſe.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye
Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's height
All theſe our motions vain ſees, and derides;
Not more almighty to reſiſt our might
Than wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to ſuffer here
Chains and theſe torments? Better theſe than worſe,
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To ſuffer, as to do,

Our ſtrength is equal, nor the law unjuſt
That ſo ordains: this was at firſt reſolv'd,
If we were wiſe, againſt ſo great a foe
Contending, and ſo doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when thoſe who at the ſpear are bold
And ventrous, if that fail them, ſhrink, and fear,
What yet they know muſt follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy', or bonds, or pain,
The ſentence of their conqu'ror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
Our ſúpreme foe in time may much remit
His anger; and perhaps thus far remov'd,
Not mind us not offending, ſatisfy'd
With what is puniſh'd; whence theſe raging fires
Will ſlacken, if his breath ſtir not their flames.
Our purer eſſence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour; or inur'd, not feel;
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper, and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkneſs light;
Beſides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting; ſince our preſent lot appears
For happy, though but ill; for ill, not worſt;
If we procure not to ourſelves more woe.
Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reaſon's garb
Counſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon ſpake.
Either to diſinthrone the King of heaven
We war, if war be beſt, or to regain
Our own right loſt: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlaſting Fate ſhall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the ſtrife:
The former vain to hope, argues as vain

The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heav'n's bound, unleſs heav'n's Lord ſupreme
We overpow'r? Suppoſe he ſhould relent,
And publiſh grace to all, on promiſe made
Of new ſubjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his preſence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his godhead ſing
Forc'd Halleluiah's; while he lordly ſits
Our envied ſov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambroſial odours and ambroſial flowers,
Our ſervile offerings? This muſt be our taſk
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearifome
Eternity ſo ſpent in worſhip paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then purſue,
By force impoſſible, by leave obtain'd,
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our ſtate
Of ſplendid vaſſalage; but rather ſeek
Our own good from ourſelves, and from our own
Live to ourſelves, though in this vaſt receſs,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the eaſy yoke
Of ſervile pomp. Our greatneſs will appear
Then moſt conſpicuous, when great things of ſmall,
Uſeful of hurtful, proſpe'rous of adverſe
We can create; and in what place ſo e'er
Thrive under ev'il, and work eaſe out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkneſs do we dread? How oft amidſt
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chooſe to reſide, his glory unobſcur'd,
And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſt'ring their rage, and heav'n reſembles hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light

Imitate when we pleaſe? This deſert ſoil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, gems and gold:
Nor want we ſkill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n ſhow more?
Our torments alſo may in length of time
Become our elements; theſe piercing fires
As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which muſt needs remove
The ſenſible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counſels, and the ſettled ſtate
Of order, how in ſafety beſt we may
Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where; diſmiſſing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I adviſe.
He ſcarce had finiſh'd, when ſuch murmur fill'd
Th' aſſembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The ſound of bluſt'ring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the ſea, now with hoarſe cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whoſe bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempeſt: ſuch applauſe was heard
As Mammon ended, and his ſentence pleas'd,
Adviſing peace: for ſuch another field
They dreaded wore than hell: ſo much the fear
Of thunder and the ſword of Michaël
Wrought ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
To found this nether empire, which might riſe,
By policy, and long procéſs of time,
In emulation oppoſite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher ſat, with grave
Aſpéct he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
A pill'ar of ſtate; deep on his front ingraven
Deliberation ſat, and public care;
And princely counſel in his face yet ſhone,

Majeſtic though in ruin: ſage he ſtood
With Atlantean ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as night,
Or ſummer's noon tide air, while thus he ſpake.
Beelzebub. Thrones and imperial pow'rs, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues; or theſe titles now
Muſt we renounce, and, changing ſtyle, be call'd
Princes of hell? for ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue', and build up here
A growing empire; doubtleſs, while we dream,
And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon; not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heav'n's high juriſdiction, in new league
Banded againſt his throne; but to remain
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be ſure,
In height or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom loſe no part
By our revolt; but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron ſceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden thoſe in heaven.
What ſit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchſaf'd or ſought; for what peace will be given
To us inſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But, to our pow'r, hoſtility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though ſlow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqu'ror leaſt
May reap his conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoice

In doing, what we moſt in ſuffering feel?
Nor will occaſion want, nor ſhall we need
With dang'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whoſe high walls fear no aſſault or ſiege,
Or ambuſh from the deep. What if we find
Some eaſier enterpriſe? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not) another world, the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though leſs
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,
That ſhook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold
Or ſubſtance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakneſs, how attempted beſt,
By force or ſubtlety. Though heav'n be ſhut,
And heav'n's high arbitrator ſit ſecure
In his own ſtrength, this place may lie expos'd,
The utmoſt border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be atchiev'd
By ſudden onſet, either with hell-fire
To waſte his whole creation; or poſſeſs
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Aboliſh his own works. This would ſurpaſs
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confuſion, and our joy upraiſe
In his diſturbance; when his darling ſons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, ſhall curſe

Their frail original, and faded bliſs,
Faded ſo ſoon. Adviſe if this be worth
Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his deviliſh counſel, firſt devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could ſpring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite
The great Creator? But their ſpite ſtill ſerves
His glory to augment. The bold deſign
Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal ſtates, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full aſſent
They vote: whereat his ſpeech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things reſolv'd, which from the loweſt deep
Will once more lift us up, in ſpite of fate,
Nearer our ancient ſeat; perhaps in view
Of thoſe bright confines, whence, with neighb'ring arms
And opportune excurſion, we may chance
Re-enter heav'n; or elſe in ſome mild zone
Dwell not unviſited of heav'n's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the ſoft delicious air,
To heal the ſcar of theſe corroſive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But firſt whom ſhall we ſend
In ſearch of this new world? whom ſhall we find
Sufficient? who ſhall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
And through the palpable obſcure find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vaſt abrupt, ere he arrive

The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own dismay,
Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime
Of those heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer, or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
O progeny of heav'n, empyreal thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undismay'd; long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?

But I ſhould ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial ſov'reignty, adorn'd
With ſplendor, arm'd with pow'r, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the ſhape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I aſſume
Theſe royalties, and not refuſe to reign,
Refuſing to accept as great a ſhare
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and ſo much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the reſt
High honour'd ſits? Go therefore, mighty powers,
Terror of heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here ſhall be our home, what beſt may eaſe
The preſent miſery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm,
To reſpite, or deceive, or ſlack the pain
Of this ill manſion: intermit no watch
Againſt a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coaſts of dark deſtruction ſeek
Deliv'rance for us all: this enterpriſe
None ſhall partake with me. Thus ſaying roſe
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, leſt, from his reſolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erſt they fear'd;
And ſo refus'd, might in opinion ſtand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe:
Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the High'eſt in heaven:

Nor fail'd they to expreſs how much they prais'd,
That for the general ſafety he deſpis'd
His own: for neither do the ſpirits damn'd
Loſe all their virtue; leſt bad men ſhould boaſt
Their ſpecious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,
Or cloſe ambition varniſh'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful conſultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchleſs chief:
As when from mountain-tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the north-wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
Heav'n's chearful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landſkip ſnow, or ſhower;
If chance the radiant ſun with farewel ſweet
Extend his evening-beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O ſhame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only diſagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and ſtrife,
Among themſelves, and levy cruel wars,
Waſting the earth, each other to deſtroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not helliſh foes enow beſides,
That, day and night, for his deſtruction wait.
The Stygian council thus diſſolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midſt came their mighty paramount, and ſeem'd
Alone th' antagoniſt of heav'n, nor leſs
Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp ſupreme,
And God-like imitated ſtate; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd,
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their ſeſſion ended they bid cry

With trumpets regal ſound the great reſult;
Tow'ards the four winds four ſpeedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the ſounding alchemy,
By heralds voice explain'd; the hollow' abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the hoſt of hell
With deaf'ning ſhout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at eaſe their minds, and ſomewhat rais'd
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Diſband, and wand'ring, each his ſeveral way
Purſues, as inclination or ſad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime,
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their ſpears
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
Others, with vaſt Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th' invenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Theſſalian pines;
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic ſea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapleſs fall

y doom of battle; and complain that fate
ree virtue ſhould inthrall to force or chance.
heir ſong was partial; but the harmony
What could it leſs when ſpi'rits immortal ſing?)
ıſpended hell, and took with raviſhment
he thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet,
or eloquence the ſoul, ſong charms the ſenſe,)
thers apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
f providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
x'd fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute;
nd found no end, in wand'ring mazes loſt.
f good and evil much they argu'd then,
f happineſs and final miſery,
ſſion and apathy, and glory' and ſhame;
in wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy:
t, with a pleaſing ſorcery, could charm
n for a while, or anguiſh, and excite
lacious hope, or arm th' obdured breaſt
th ſtubborn patience, as with triple ſteel.
other part, in ſquadrons and groſs bands,
bold adventure to diſcover wide
at diſmal world, if any clime perhaps
ght yield them eaſier habitation, bend
r ways their flying march, along the banks
four infernal rivers, that diſgorge
the burning lake their baleful ſtreams;
horred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Acheron, of ſorrow, black and deep;
ytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
d on the rueful ſtream; fierce Phlegethon,
ſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
off from theſe, a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
e, the river of oblivion, rolls
watry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,

Forthwith his former ſtate and be'ing forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual ſtorms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin ſeems
Of ancient pile; all elſe deep ſnow and ice;
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Caſius old,
Where armies whole have ſunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce;
From beds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice
Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean ſound
Both to and fro, their ſorrow to augment,
And wiſh and ſtruggle, as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and ſo near the brink:
But Fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
Meduſa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In cónfus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands
With ſhudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghaſt,
View'd firſt their lamentable lot, and found
No reſt: through many a dark and dreary vale
They paſs'd, and many a region dolorous,

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of death,
A univerſe of death; which God by curſe
Created ev'il, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and hydra's, and chimæra's dire.
Mean while the adverſary' of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of high'eſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and tow'ards the gates of hell
Explores his ſolitary flight: ſometimes
He ſcours the right hand coaſt, ſometimes the left;
Now ſhaves with level wing the deep, then ſoars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
As when far off at ſea a fleet deſcry'd,
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Cloſe ſailing from Bengala, or the iſles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their ſpicy drugs; they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, ſtemming nightly tow'ard the pole: ſo ſeem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At laſt appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof;
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were braſs,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock;
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd. Before the gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd woman to the waſte, and fair;
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold
Voluminous and vaſt; a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceaſing bark'd.

With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If ought diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd,
Within unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the ſea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe Trinacrian ſhore;
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In ſecret, riding through the air ſhe comes,
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant-blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipſes at their charms. The other ſhape,
If ſhape it might be call'd that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb;
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And ſhook a dreadful dart; what ſeem'd his head,
The likeneſs of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving, onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides; hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he, nor ſhunn'd;
And with diſdainful look thus firſt began.
Whence and what art thou, execrable ſhape,
That dar'ſt, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to paſs,
That be aſſur'd, without leave aſk'd of thee:
Retire, or taſte thy folly', and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with ſpi'rits of heaven.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,

Who firſt broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's ſons,
Conjúr'd againſt the Hig'heſt; for which both thou
And they, outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd
To waſte eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'ſt thou thyſelf with ſpi'rits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn,
Where I reign king; and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy puniſhment,
Falſe fugitive, and to thy ſpeed add wings
Leſt with a whip of ſcorpions I purſue
Thy ling'ring, or with one ſtroke of this dart
Strange horror ſeize thee', and pangs unfelt before.
So ſpake the griſly terror, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other ſide
Incens'd with indignation Satan ſtood
Unterrify'd; and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend; and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front,
Hovering a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; ſo match'd they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſs that ſat

Faſt by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.
O father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy only ſon? What fury', O ſon,
Poſſeſſes thee, to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy father's head? and know'ſt for whom:
For him who ſits above, and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.
She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh peſt
Forbore; then theſe to her Satan return'd.
So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented, ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale firſt met, thou call'ſt
Me father, and that phantaſm call'ſt my ſon:
I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.
T' whom thus the portreſs of hell-gate reply'd.
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt heav'n's King,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth; till on the left ſide op'ning wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a goddeſs arm'd,
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
All th' hoſt of heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid

At firſt, and call'd me Sin, and for a ſign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyſelf in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war aroſe,
And fields were fought in heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could elſe?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory; to our part loſs and rout,
Through all the empyréan: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I alſo; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my opening. Penſive here I ſat
Alone; but long I ſat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth iſſu'd, brandiſhing his fatal dart
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out, Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded, Death.
I fled; but he purſu'd, (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt than rage) and, ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother, all diſmay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot

These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish'd; and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought off; know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of spi'rits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole; and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense

To ſearch with wand'ring queſt a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere now
Created, vaſt and round; a place of bliſs
In the pourlieus of heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upſtart creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd,
Leſt heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought
Than this more ſecret, now deſign'd, I haſte
To know; and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd,
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famine ſhould be fill'd; and bleſs'd his maw
Deſtin'd to that good hour: no leſs rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her ſire.
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heav'n's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
Theſe adamantine gates; againſt all force
Death ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,
Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To ſit in hateful office here confin'd
Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly-born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compaſs'd round,
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou

My being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end
Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And tow'ards the gate rolling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew;
Which but herſelf, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of maſſy ir'on or ſolid rock with eaſe
Unfaſtens: on a ſudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to ſhut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt,
Under ſpread enſigns marching, might paſs through
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a furnace-mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in ſudden view appear
The ſecrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimenſion, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place are loſt; where eldeſt Night
And Chaos, anceſtors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs wars, and by confuſion ſtand.
For hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for maſt'ry, and to battle bring

Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with small), than when Bellona storms,
With all her batt'ring engines bent to raze
Some capital city'; or less than if this frame
Of heav'n were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour

Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud,
Inſtinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury ſtay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and ſail.
As when a gryphon, through the wilderneſs
With winged courſe, o'er hill or moory dale,
Purſues the Arimaſpian, who by ſtealth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded gold; ſo eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way;
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds, and voices all confus'd
Borne through the hollow dark, aſſaults his ear,
With loudeſt vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or ſpirit of the nethermoſt abyſs
Might in that noiſe reſide, of whom to aſk
Which way the neareſt coaſt of darkneſs lies
Bord'ring on light; when ſtrait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat ſable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his reign; and by them ſtood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next, and Chance
And Tumult, and Confuſion all embroil'd,
And Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye powers
And ſpirits of this nethermoſt abyſs,

Chaos and ancient Night, I come no ſpy,
With purpoſe to explore or to diſturb
The ſecrets of your realm; but by conſtraint
Wand'ring this darkſome deſert, as my way
Lies through your ſpacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek
What readieſt path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heav'n; or if ſome other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
Poſſeſſes lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my courſe:
Directed, no mean recompenſe it brings
To your behoof; if I that region loſt,
All uſurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkneſs, and your ſway,
(Which is my preſent journey), and once more
Erect the ſtandard there of ancient Night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the anarch old,
With faltring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd,
Anſwer'd. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head againſt heav'n's King, though overthrown.
I ſaw, and heard; for ſuch a numerous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and heav'n-gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve
That little which is left ſo to defend,
Encroach'd on ſtill through your inteſtine broils
Weak'ning the ſcepter of old Night: firſt hell,
Your dungeon, ſtretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heav'n and earth, another world,

Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain,
To that ſide heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and ſpeed;
Havock, and ſpoil, and ruin are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan ſtay'd not to reply,
But glad that now his ſea ſhould find a ſhore,
With freſh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanſe; and through the ſhock
Of fighting elements, on all ſides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beſet
And more indanger'd, than when Argo paſs'd
Through Boſporus, betwixt the juſtling rocks:
Or when Ulyſſes on the larboard ſhunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool ſteer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
But he once paſs'd, ſoon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, ſuch was the will of Heaven,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyſs, whoſe boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continu'd, reaching th' utmoſt orb
Of this frail world; by which the ſpi'rits perverſe
With eaſy intercourſe paſs to and fro,
To tempt or puniſh mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by ſpecial grace.
But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the boſom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her utmoſt works a broken foe,

With tumult leſs, and with leſs hoſtile din;
That Satan with leſs toil, and now with eaſe,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten veſſel holds
Gladly the port, though ſhrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waſte, reſembling air,
Weighs his ſpread wings, at leiſure to behold
Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undertermin'd ſquare or round,
With opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd
Of living ſaphir, once his native ſeat;
And faſt by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigneſs as a ſtar
Of ſmalleſt magnitude, cloſe by the moon.
Thither full fraught with miſchiveous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curſed hour he hies

The end of the ſecond book.

The ARGUMENT of Book III.

God ſitting on his throne ſees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; ſhews him to the Son who ſat at his right hand; foretells the ſucceſs of Satan in preverting mankind; clears his own juſtice and wiſdom from all imputation, having created man free, and able enough to have withſtood his tempter; yet declares his purpoſe of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him, ſeduced. The Son of God renders praiſes to his Father for the manifeſtation of his gracious purpoſe towards man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the ſatisfaction of divine juſtice. Man hath offended the majeſty of God by aſpiring to Godhead; and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, muſt die, unleſs ſome one can be found ſufficient to anſwer for his offence, and undergo his puniſhment. The Son of God freely offers himſelf a ranſom for man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him: they obey; and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermoſt orb; where wandering he firſt finds a place, ſince called the limbo of vanity: what perſons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of heaven, deſcrib'd aſcending by ſtairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his paſſage thence to the orb of the ſun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but firſt changes himſelf into the ſhape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous deſire to behold the new creation, and man, whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights firſt on mount Niphates.

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Book 3.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

HAIL, holy light, offspring of heav'n firſt born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam!
May I expreſs thee' unblam'd? ſince God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? before the ſun,
Before the Heav'n's thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
Thee I reviſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,
I ſung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to reaſcend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,

Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the Muſes haunt
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides;
And Tireſias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with a univerſal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſdom at once entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou, celeſtial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence
Purge and deſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.
Now had th' almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyréan where he ſits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the ſanctities of heaven
Stood thick as ſtars, and from his ſight receiv'd

Beatitude paſt utterance: on his right
The radiant image of his glory ſat,
His only Son. On earth he firſt beheld
Our two firſt parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
In bliſsful ſolitude. He then ſurvey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coaſting the wall of heav'n on this ſide night,
In the dun air ſublime; and ready now
To ſtoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outſide of this world, that ſeem'd
Firm land imboſom'd, without firmament;
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his proſpect high,
Wherein paſt, preſent, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreſeeing ſpake.
Only begotten Son, ſeeſt thou what rage
Tranſports our adverſary? whom no bounds
Preſcrib'd, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyſs
Wide interrupt, can hold; ſo bent he ſeems
On deſperate revenge, that ſhall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all reſtraint broke looſe, he wings his way
Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'ards the new-created world,
And man there plac'd, with purpoſe to aſſay
If him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
By ſome falſe guile pervert: and ſhall pervert;
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: ſo will fall,
He, and his faithleſs progeny. Whoſe fault?
Whoſe but his own? Ingrate, he had of me

All he could have: I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal powers
And ſp'rits, both them who ſtood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
Of true allegiance, conſtant faith or love,
Where only what they needs muſt do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praiſe could they receive?
What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid,
When will and reaſon (reaſon alſo' is choice)
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoil'd,
Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd neceſſity,
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can juſtly accuſe
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predeſtination over-rul'd
Their will, diſpos'd by abſolute decree,
Or high foreknowledge. They themſelves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow' of fate,
Or ought by me immutably foreſeen,
They treſpaſs, authors to themſelves in all,
Both what they judge, and what they chuſe; for ſo
I form'd them free: and free they muſt remain,
Till they inthrall themſelves; I elſe muſt change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themſelves ordain'd their fall.
The firſt ſort by their own ſuggeſtion fell,
Self tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: man falls, deceiv'd
By th' other firſt: man therefore ſhall find grace,
The other none: in mercy' and juſtice both,
Through heav'n and earth, ſo ſhall my glory' excel;

But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.
Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the blessed spi'rits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially expres'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace;
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake.
O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace;
For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Incompass'd shall resound thee ever bless'd.
For should man finally be lost, should man,
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.
To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone

My word, my wiſdom, and effectual might,
All haſt thou ſpoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpoſe hath decreed.
Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchſaf'd: once more I will renew
His lapſed pow'rs, though forfeit, and inthrall'd
By ſin to foul exorbitant deſires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even ground againſt his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have choſen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the reſt; ſo is my will:
The reſt ſhall hear my call, and oft be warn'd
Their ſinful ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes
Th' incenſed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their ſenſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoften ſtony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with ſincere intent,
Mine ear ſhall not be ſlow, mines eye not ſhut,
And I will place within them as a guide,
My umpire Conſcience whom if they will hear,
Light after light, well us'd, they ſhall attain,
And to the end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
This my long ſufferance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may ſtumble on, and deeper fall:
And none but ſuch from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; man diſobeying
Diſloyal breaks his feälty, and ſins
Againſt the high ſupremacy of heaven,

Affecting godhead, and ſo loſing all,
To expiate his treaſon hath nought left;
But to deſtruction ſacred and devote,
He, with his whole poſterity, muſt die;
Die he or juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say, heav'nly pow'rs, where ſhall we find ſuch love?
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and juſt th' unjuſt to ſave?
Dwells in all heaven charity ſo dear?
He aſk'd; but all the heav'nly quire ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
Patron or interceſſor none appear'd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſom ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to death and hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,
His deareſt meditation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is paſt, man ſhall find grace;
And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought?
Happy for man, ſo coming: he her aid
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins, and loſt;
Atonement for himſelf, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage:

Under his gloomy pow'r I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſh'd; thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs
Life in myſelf for ev'r; by thee I live,
Though now to death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpoted ſoul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil;
Death his death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample air, in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and ſhow
The pow'rs of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Pleas'd, out of heaven ſhalt look down, and ſmile;
While, by thee rais'd, I ruin all my foes,
Death laſt, and with his carcaſe glut the grave;
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
Shall enter heav'n, long abſent, and return,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd,
And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhone
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration ſeiz'd
All heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd.
O thou in heaven and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear
To me are all my works; nor man the leaſt,

Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: Be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crimes makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd, and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem, what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss,
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all, to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory' abounds;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt

With thee thy manhood alſo to this throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt reign
Both God and man, Son both of God and man,
Anointed univerſal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy merits; under thee, as head ſupreme,
Thrones, princedoms, pow'rs, dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When thou attended gloriouſly from heaven
Shalt in the ſky appear, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds,
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt ages, to the general doom
Shall haſten; ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep.
Then all thy ſaints aſſembled, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd ſhall ſink
Beneath thy ſentence; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New heav'n and earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell;
And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal ſcepter ſhalt lay by,
For regal ſcepter then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be all in all. But all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.
No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſs'd voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hoſanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent,

ow'ards either throne they bow, and to the ground
ith ſolemn adoration down they caſt
heir crowns, inwove with amarant and gold;
mmortal amarant, a flow'r which once
Paradiſe, faſt by the tree of life,
egan to bloom; but ſoon for man's offence
o heav'n remov'd, where firſt it grew, there grows,
nd flow'rs aloft ſhading the fount of life,
nd where the river of bliſs through midſt of heav'n
olls o'er Elyſian flow'rs her amber ſtream:
ith theſe, that never fade, the ſpi'rits elect
nd their reſplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams;
ow in looſe garlands thick thrown off, the bright
vement, that like a ſea of jaſper ſhone,
purpled with celeſtial roſes ſmil'd.
en crown'd again, their golden harps they took;
arps ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
ke quivers hung, and with preamble ſweet
charming ſymphony their introduce
eir ſacred ſongs, and waken raptures high;
o voice extempt, no voice but well could join
lodious part, ſuch concord is in heaven.
Thee, Father, firſt they ſung omnipotent,
mutable, immortal, infinite,
rnal King; thee author of all being,
untain of light, thyſelf inviſible
idſt the glorious brightneſs where thou ſitſt
ron'd inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
e full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
awn round about thee like a radiant ſhrine,
rk with exceſſive bright thy ſkirts appear;
t dazzle heav'n, that brighteſt Seraphim
proach not, but with both wings veil their eyes,
ee next they ſang of all creation firſt,
gotten Son, divine ſimilitude,
whoſe conſpicuous count'nance, without cloud

Made visible, th' almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He heav'n of heav'ns, and all the pow'rs therein,
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aspiring dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy pow'rs with loud acclaim
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on man: him through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity' inclin'd:
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found less than divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.
Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacuous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, inclos'd
From Chaos, and th' inroad of darkness old,

Satan alighted walks. A globe far off
It ſeem'd, now ſeems a boundleſs continent
Dark, waſte, and wild, under the frown of night
Starleſs expos'd, and ever-threat'ning ſtorms
Of Chaos bluſt'ring round, inclement ſky;
Save on that ſide which from the wall of heaven,
Though diſtant far, ſome ſmall reflection gains
Of glimmering air leſs vex'd with tempeſt loud.
Here walk'd the fiend at large in ſpacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whoſe ſnowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Diſlodging from a region ſcarce of prey,
To gorge the fleſh of lambs or yeanling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard the ſprings
On Ganges or Hydaſpes, Indian ſtreams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineſes drive
With ſails and wind their cany waggons light:
So on this windy ſea of land, the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeleſs, to be found was none;
None yet, but ſtore hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aëreal vapours flew
Of all things tranſitory and vain, when ſin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or laſting fame,
Or happineſs in this or th' other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful ſuperſtition and blind zeal,
Nought ſeeking but the praiſe of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All th' unaccompliſh'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monſtrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Diſſolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

Till final diſſolution, wander here;
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as ſome have dream'd;
Thoſe argent fields more likely habitants,
Tranſlated ſaints, or middle ſpirits, hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd ſons and daughters born
Firſt from the ancient world thoſe giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and ſtill with vain deſign
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came ſingle; he who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elyſium, leap'd into the ſea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryo's, and idiots, eremits, and friers
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that ſtray'd ſo far to ſeek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven;
And they who to be ſure of Paradiſe,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciſan think to paſs diſguis'd;
They paſs the planets ſeven, and paſs the fix'd,
And that cryſtalline ſphere whoſe balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that firſt mov'd:
And now Saint Peter at heav'n's wicket ſeems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heav'n's aſcent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent croſs wind from either coaſt
Blows them tranſverſe, ten thouſand leagues awry
Into the devious air: then might ye ſee
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, toſt,
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, diſpenſes, pardons, bulls,
The ſport of winds: all theſe upwhirl'd aloft

Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
The paradise of fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd;
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
His travell'd steps: far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heav'n, a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of heav'n.
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to heav'n sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by easy' ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times

Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the promis'd land to God ſo dear;
By which, to viſit oft thoſe happy tribes,
On high beheſts his angels to and fro
Paſs'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërſaba, where the holy land
Borders on Eygpt and th' Arabian ſhore,
So wide the opening ſeem'd, where bounds where ſet
To darkneſs, ſuch as bound the ocean-wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower ſtair,
That ſcal'd by ſteps of gold to heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the ſudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a ſcout
Through dark and deſert ways with peril gone
All night, at laſt by break of chearful dawn
Obtains the brow of ſome high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye diſcovers unaware
The goodly proſpect of ſome foreign land
Firſt ſeen, or ſome renown'd metropolis
With gliſt'ring ſpires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the riſing ſun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder ſeiz'd, though after heaven ſeen,
The ſp'rit malign, but much more envy ſeiz'd,
At ſight of all this world beheld ſo fair.
Round he ſurveys (and well might, where he ſtood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended ſhade) from eaſtern point
Of Libra, to the fleecy ſtar that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic ſeas
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth; and without longer pauſe
Down right into the world's firſt region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with eaſe
Through the pure marble air his oblique way,
Amongſt innumerable ſtars, that ſhone

ars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
r other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
ike those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
ortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales;
hrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
e stay'd not to inquire. Above them all
he golden sun, in splendor likest heaven,
llur'd his eye; thither his course he bends
hrough the calm firmament, (but up or down,
y centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,
r longitude), where the great luminary
loof the vulgar constellations thick,
hat from his lordly eye keep distance due,
ispenses light from far; they as they move
heir starry dance in numbers that compute
ays, months, and years, tow'ards his all-chearing lamp
urn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
y his magnetic beam, that gently warms
he universe, and to each inward part
ith gentle penetration, though unseen,
hoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;
o wond'rously was set his station bright.
here lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
stronomer in the sun's lucent orb
hrough his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.
he place he found beyond expression bright,
ompar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone;
ot all parts like, but all alike inform'd
ith radiant light, as glowing ir'on with fire:
f metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
f stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
uby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
n Aaron's breastplate, and a stone besides
magin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
hat stone, or like to that which here below
hilosophers in vain so long have sought,

In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various ſhapes old Proteus from the ſea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic ſun, ſo far from us remote,
Produces, with terreſtrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark ſo many precious things
Of colour glorious, and effect ſo rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For ſight no obſtacle found here, nor ſhade,
But all ſun-ſhine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward ſtill direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body' opaque can fall; and th' air,
No where ſo clear, ſharpen'd his viſual ray
To objects diſtant far, whereby he ſoon
Saw within ken a glorious angel ſtand,
The ſame whom John ſaw alſo in the ſun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightneſs hid;
Of beaming ſunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious on his ſhoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on ſome great charge employ'd
He ſeem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the ſpi'rit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradiſe, the happy ſeat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But firſt he caſts to change his proper ſhape,
Which elſe might work him danger or delay:
And now a ſtripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face

outh ſmil'd celeſtial, and to every limb
itable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd:
nder a coronet his flowing hair
curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
many a colour'd plume, ſprinkled with gold;
s habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
fore his decent ſteps a ſilver wand.
drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
e he drew nigh, his radiant viſage turn'd,
moniſh'd by his ear, and ſtrait was known
' archangel Uriel, one of the ſeven
ho in God's preſence, neareſt to his throne,
nd ready at command, and are his eyes
at run through all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
ar his ſwift errands, over moiſt and dry,
er ſea and land: him Satan thus accoſts.
Uriel, for thou of thoſe ſev'n ſpi'rits that ſtand
ight of God's high throne, gloriouſly bright,
e firſt art wont his great authentic will
erpreter through higheſt heav'n to bring,
here all his ſons thy embaſſy attend;
d here art likelieſt by ſupreme decree
e honour to obtain; and as his eye,
viſit oft this new creation round;
ſpeakable deſire to ſee, and know
theſe his wond'rous works, but chiefly man,
chief deſight and favour, him for whom
theſe his works ſo wond'rous he ordain'd,
h brought me from the quires of Cherubim
ne thus wand'ring. Brighteſt Seraph, tell
which of all theſe ſhining orbs hath man
fixed ſeat, or fixed ſeat hath none,
all theſe ſhining orbs his choice to dwell;
t I may find him, and with ſecret gaze
pen admiration him behold,
whom the great Creator hath beſtow'd

Worlds, and on whom hath all theſe graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The univerſal Maker we may praiſe;
Who juſtly hath driv'n out his rebel-foes
To deepeſt hell, and, to repair that loſs,
Created this new happy race of men
To ſerve him better: wiſe are all his ways.
So ſpake the falſe diſſembler unperceiv'd;
For neither man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only' evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through heav'n and earth:
And oft though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems: which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the ſun, and held
The ſharpeſt-ſighted ſpi'rit of all in heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impoſtor foul,
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus return'd.
Fair Angel, thy deſire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great work-maſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only' in heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleaſant to know, and worthieſt to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wiſdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their cauſes deep?
I ſaw when at his word the formleſs maſs,

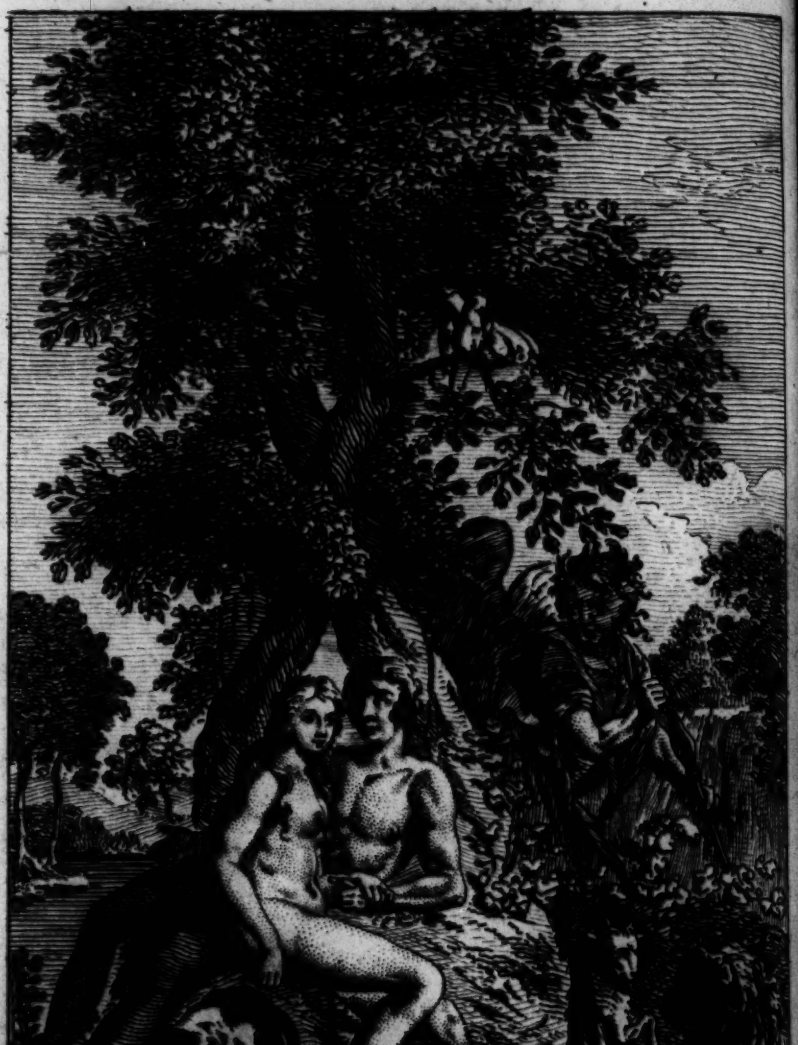
This world's material mold, came to a heap:
Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
Light ſhone, and order from diſorder ſprung:
Swift to their ſeveral quarters haſted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quinteſſence of heaven
Flew upward, ſpirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to ſtars
Numberleſs, as thou ſeeſt, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his courſe;
The reſt in circuit walls this univerſe.
Look downward on that globe, whoſe hither ſide,
With light from hence, though but reflected, ſhines;
That place is earth, the ſeat of man; that light
His day, which elſe, as th' other hemiſphere,
Night would invade: but there the neighb'ring moon
(So call that oppoſite fair ſtar) her aid
Timely' interpoſes, and her monthly round
Still ending, ſtill renewing, through mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That ſpot to which I point is Paradiſe,
Adam's abode, thoſe lofty ſhades his bower;
Thy way thou canſt not miſs, me mine requires.
Thus ſaid, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to ſuperior ſpi'rits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'ard the coaſt of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,
Throws his ſteep flight in many an airy wheel;
Nor ſtay'd, till on Niphates top he lights.

The end of the third book.

The ARGUMENT of Book IV.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place wh
he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he u
dertook alone against God and man, falls into ma
doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, env
and despair; but at length confirms himself in ev
journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect a
situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in t
shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest
the garden, to look about him. The garden describ
Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at th
excellent form and happy state; but with resolution
work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence g
thers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them
eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends
found his temptation, by seducing them to transgre
then leaves them a while, to know further of th
state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descen
ing on a sun-beam, warns Gabriel, who had in char
the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had esca
the deep, and pass'd at noon by his sphere in the sha
of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after
his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promi
to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Ad
and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bow
describ'd; their evening worship. Gabriel drawi
forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round
Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bow
lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm
Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the
of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring hi
though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questione
he scornfully answers; prepares resistance, but h
der'd by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

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F. Hayman in. et del. J. M. so.

Book 4.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

O For that warning voice, which he who ſaw
The Apocalyps heard cry in heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our firſt parents had been warn'd
The coming of their ſecret foe, and ſcap'd,
Haply ſo ſcap'd his mortal ſnare: for now
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuſer of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt battle, and his flight to hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his ſpeed, though bold,
Far off, and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,
Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breaſt,
And like a deviliſh engine back recoils
Upon himſelf; horror and doubt diſtract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom ſtir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, not from hell
One ſtep, no more than from himſelf, can fly
By change of place: now conſcience wakes deſpair,
That ſlumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt be

Worſe; of worſe deeds worſe ſufferings muſt enſue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleaſant, his griev'd look he fixes ſad;
Sometimes tow'ards heav'n, and the full-blazing ſun,
Which now ſat high in his meridian tower:
Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began.
O thou that, with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O ſun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride, and worſe ambition, threw me down,
Warring in heav'n againſt heav'n's matchleſs King.
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs, than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompenſe, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I ſdeind ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me high'eſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burthenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd;
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
(a) By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burthen then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other power

(a) French — Sir, we have known together in Orleans

Post — Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.
Cymb. a. 1. Sc. 5.

As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt. Whom haſt thou then, or what, to' accuſe,
But heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is hell; myſelf am hell;
And, in the loweſt deep, a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I ſuffer ſeems a heaven.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentence, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the ſpi'rits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes, and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem and ſcepter high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery: ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would height recall high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe,
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher: therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us outcaſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorſe: all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good. by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, ſhall know.
Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and deſpair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd viſage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from ſuch diſtempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he ſoon aware,
Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the firſt
That practis'd falſehood under ſaintly ſhow,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whoſe eye purſu'd him down
The way he went, and on the Aſſyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spi'rit of happy ſort: his geſtures fierce
He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her incloſure green,

As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs; whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, groteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd; and over head up grew
Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene; and as the ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradiſe up ſprung:
Which to our general ſire gave proſpect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt trees, loaden with faireſt fruit,
Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd:
On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhow'r'd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That landſkip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
Sabean odours from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the Bleſs'd; with ſuch delay
Well pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a league
Chear'd with the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles:
So entertain'd thoſe odorous ſweets the fiend,
Who came their bane; though with them better pleas'd
Than Aſmodëus with the fiſhy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the ſpouſe

Of Tobit's ſon, and with a vengeance ſent
From Media poſt to Egypt, there faſt bound.
Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage hill
Satan had journey'd on, penſive and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick intwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of ſhrubs and tangling buſhes had perplex'd
All path of man or beaſt that paſs'd that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd eaſt
On th' other ſide: which when th' arch-felon ſaw,
Due entrance he diſdain'd, and, in contempt,
At one ſlight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or higheſt wall, and ſheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
Watching where ſhepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurled cotes amid the field ſecure,
Leaps o'er the fence with eaſe into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the caſh
Of ſome rich burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial doors,
Croſs-barr'd and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this firſt grand thief into God's fold;
So ſince into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree, and higheſt there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life,
Thereby regain'd, but ſat deviſing death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For proſpect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to their meaneſt uſe.

Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human ſenſe expos'd,
In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heav'n on earth: for bliſsful Paradiſe
Of God the garden was, by him in th' eaſt
Of Eden planted; Eden ſtretch'd her line
From Auran eaſtward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the ſons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telaſſar: in this pleaſant ſoil
His far more pleaſant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold: and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew faſt by;
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggy hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mold high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darkſome paſſage now appears;
And now divided into four main ſtreams,
Runs diverſe, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that ſaphir fount the criſped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent ſhades

Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning-sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noontide-bow'rs. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only', and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Prosérpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise

Of Eden ſtrive; nor that Nyſeian iſle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid ſon
Young Bacchus, from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abaſſin kings their iſſue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by ſome ſuppos'd
True Paradiſe under the Ethiop line
By Nilus head, inclos'd with ſhining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Aſſyrian garden; where the fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to ſight, and ſtrange.
Two of far nobler ſhape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majeſty, ſeem'd lords of all:
And worthy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd),
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd:
For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For ſoftneſs ſhe, and ſweet attractive grace;
He for God only, ſhe for God in him.
His fair large front and eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſt'ring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the ſlender waiſt
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,

Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works, honour diſhonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With ſhows inſtead, mere ſhows of ſeeming pure,
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity, and ſpotleſs innocence!
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the lovelieſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain-ſide
They ſat them down; and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labour than ſuffic'd
To recommend cool zephyr, and made eaſe
More eaſy, wholſome thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to their ſupper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downy bank damaſk'd with flowers:
The ſavoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirſted, ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beſeems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them friſking play'd
All beaſts of th' earth, ſince wild, and of all chaſe
In wood or wilderneſs, foreſt or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tygers, ounces, pards,

Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldly elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboſcis; cloſe the ſerpent fly
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs
Couch'd, and now fill'd with paſture gazing ſat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the ſun
Declin'd was haſting now with prone career
To th' ocean-iſles, and in the aſcending ſcale
Of heav'n the ſtars that uſher evening roſe:
When Satan ſtill in gaze, as firſt he ſtood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd ſpeech recover'd ſad.
O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliſs thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mold, earth-born perhaps,
Not ſpirits, yet to heav'nly ſpirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts purſue
With wonder, and could love, ſo lively ſhines
In them divine reſemblance, and ſuch grace
The hand that form'd them on their ſhape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy;
Happy, but for ſo happy ill ſecur'd
Long to continue, and this high ſeat your heav'n
Ill fenc'd for heaven to keep out ſuch a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I ſeek
And mutual amity, ſo ſtrait, ſo cloſe,
That I with you muſt dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not pleaſe,
Like this fair Paradiſe, your ſenſe; yet ſuch

Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: hell ſhall unfold,
To entertain you two, her wideſt gates,
And ſend forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like theſe narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And ſhould I at your harmleſs innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reaſon juſt,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what elſe, though damn'd, I ſhould abhor.
So ſpake the fiend, and with neceſſity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his deviliſh deeds.
Then from his lofty ſtand on that high tree
Down he alights among the ſportful herd
Of thoſe four-footed kinds, himſelf now one,
Now other, as their ſhape ſerv'd beſt his end
Nearer to view his prey, and uneſpy'd
To mark what of their ſtate he more might learn,
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he ſtalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tyger, who by chance hath ſpy'd
In ſome purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches cloſe, then riſing changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground,
Whence ruſhing he might ſureſt ſeize them both,
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam, firſt of men,
To firſt of women, Eve, thus moving ſpeech,
Turn'd him, all ear to hear new utterance flow.
Sole partner, and ſole part, of all theſe joys,
Dearer thyſelf than all; needs muſt the power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good

As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep
This one, this eaſy charge, of all the trees
In Paradiſe that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'ſt
God hath pronounc'd it death to taſte that tree,
The only ſign of our obedience left,
Among ſo many ſigns of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, air, and ſea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful taſk,
To prune theſe growing plants, and tend theſe flowers;
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thyſelf canſt no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd

Under a ſhade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a mur'ring ſound
Of waters iſſu'd from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſw'ring looks
Of ſympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair creature, is thyſelf;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou ar
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart,
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;

Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.
So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father; half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid; he in delight,
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms,
Smil'd with ſuperior love, as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flow'rs; and preſs'd her matron lip
With kiſſes pure. Aſide the devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them aſkance, and to himſelf thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two,
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden ſhall enjoy their fill
Of bliſs on bliſs; while I to hell am thruſt,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce deſire,
Among our other torments not the leaſt,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it ſeems;
One fatal tree there ſtands, of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taſte. Knowledge forbidden?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. Why ſhould their Lord
Envy them that? can it be ſin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only ſtand
By ignorance? is that their happy ſtate,
The proof of their obedience, and their faith?
A fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds

With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste, and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring spi'rit of heav'n, by fountain-side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began [roam.
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his
Mean while in utmost longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his evening-rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarm'd youth of heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impress'd the air, and shows the mariner

om what point of his compaſs to beware
mpetuous winds: he thus began in haſte.
Gabriel, to thee thy courſe by lot hath given
harge and ſtrict watch, that to this happy place
o evil thing approach or enter in.
his day at height of noon came to my ſphere
ſpirit, zealous, as he ſeem'd, to know
ore of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
od's lateſt image: I deſcrib'd his way,
nt all on ſpeed, and mark'd his airy gait;
t in the mount that lies from Eden north,
here he firſt lighted, ſoon diſcern'd his looks
ien from heav'n, with paſſions foul obſcur'd:
ine eye purſu'd him ſtill, but under ſhade
ſt ſight of him: one of the baniſh'd crew,
ear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raiſe
w troubles; him thy care muſt be to find.
To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
iel, no wonder if thy perfect ſight,
id the ſun's bright circle where thou ſitt'ſt,
far and wide: in at this gate none paſs
e vigilance here plac'd, but ſuch as come
ll known from heav'n; and ſince meridian hour
creature thence: if ſpi'rit of other ſort,
minded, have overleap'd theſe earthy bounds
purpoſe, hard thou know'ſt it to exclude
ritual ſubſtance with corporeal bar.
if within the circuit of theſe walks,
whatſoever ſhape he lurk, of whom
ou tell'ſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.
o promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
urn'd on that bright beam, whoſe point now rais'd
e him ſlope downward to the ſun now fall'n
eath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
redible how ſwift, had thither roll'd
rnal, or this leſs volúbile earth,

By ſhorter flight to th' eaſt, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple' and gold
The clouds that on his weſtern throne attend.
Now came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſaphirs: Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve. Fair conſort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt,
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labour and reſt, as day and night, to men
Succeſſive; and the timely dew of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt;
Man hath his daily work of body' or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity.
And the regard of heav'n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be riſen,
And at our preſent labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,

That lie beſtrown, unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe:
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us reſt.
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty' adorn'd.
My author and diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargu'd I obey: ſo God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge, and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons, and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe? for whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?
To whom our general anceſtor reply'd.
Daughter of God and man, accompliſh'd Eve,
Theſe have their courſe to finiſh round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minift'ring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by night regain

Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In nature and all things; which theſe ſoft fires
Not only' enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe:
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often, from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight-air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.
  Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bow'r: it was a place
Chos'n by the ſov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful uſe; the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhy ſhrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roſes, and jeſſamin,
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and wrought
Moſaic; underfoot the violet,

Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here,
Beaſt, bird, inſect, or worm, durſt enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In ſhadier bower
More ſacred and ſequeſter'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never ſlept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in cloſe receſs,
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs
Eſpouſed Eve deck'd firſt her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial angel to our ſire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to th' unwiſer ſon
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, ſhe inſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
And ſtarry pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.

This ſaid unanimous, and other rites
Obſerving none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes beſt, into their inmoſt bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
Theſe troubleſome diſguiſes which we wear,
Strait ſide by ſide were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair ſpouſe, nor Eve the rites
Myſterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites auſterely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increaſe; who bids abſtain,
But our deſtroyer, foe to God and man?
Hail wedded love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offspring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from men,
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Far be' it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets,
Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent, or paſt, as ſaints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight-ball,
Or ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.

Theſe, lull'd by nightingales, embracing ſlept;
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Show'r'd roſes, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bleſs'd pair; and O yet happieſt, if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no more.
Now had night meaſur'd with her ſhadowy cone
Half way up hill this vaſt ſublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth iſſuing at th' accuſtom'd hour, ſtood arm'd
To their night-watches in warlike parade;
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus ſpake.
Uzziel, half theſe draw off, and coaſt the ſouth
With ſtricteſt watch; theſe other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full weſt. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the ſhield, half to the ſpear.
From theſe, two ſtrong and ſubtle ſpi'rits he call'd
That near him ſtood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd ſpeed
Search through this garden, leave unſearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where thoſe two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps aſleep, ſecure of harm.
This evening from the ſun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of ſome infernal ſpirit ſeen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) eſcap'd
The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, ſeize faſt, and hither bring.
So ſaying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; theſe to the bow'r direct,
In ſearch of whom they ſought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, cloſe at the ear of Eve,
Aſſaying by his deviliſh art to reach
The organs of her fancy', and with them forge
Illuſions as he liſt, phantaſms and dreams;
Or if, inſpiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal ſpirits, that from pure blood ariſe

Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raiſe
At leaſt diſtemper'd, diſcontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate deſires,
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his ſpear
Touch'd lightly; for no falſehood can endure
Touch of celeſtial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeneſs: up he ſtarts
Diſcover'd and ſurpris'd. As when a ſpark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun ſome magazine to ſtore
Againſt a rumour'd war, the ſmutty grain
With ſudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;
So ſtarted up in his own ſhape the fiend.
Back ſtept thoſe two fair angels, half amaz'd
So ſudden to behold the griſly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accoſt him ſoon.
Which of thoſe rebel ſpi'rits adjudg'd to hell
Com'ſt thou, eſcap'd thy priſon? and transform'd,
Why ſatt'ſt thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of theſe that ſleep?
Know ye not then, ſaid Satan, fill'd with ſcorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there ſitting where ye durſt not ſoar:
Not to know me argues yourſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng; or if ye know,
Why aſk ye, and ſuperfluous begin
Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus Zephon, anſw'ring ſcorn with ſcorn.
Think not, revolted ſpi'rit, thy ſhape the ſame,
Or undiminiſh'd brightneſs to be known,
As when thou ſtood'ſt in heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more waſt good,
Departed from thee'; and thou reſembleſt now
Thy ſin and place of doom obſcure and foul.

But come, for thou, be ſure, ſhalt give account
To him who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and theſe from harm.
So ſpake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abaſh'd the devil ſtood,
And felt how awful gooddneſs is, and ſaw
Virtue' in her ſhape how lovely; ſaw, and pin'd
His loſs; but chiefly to find here obſerv'd
His luſtre viſibly impair'd; yet ſeem'd
Undaunted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
Beſt with the beſt, the ſender not the ſent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or leſs be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid Zephon bold,
Will ſave us trial what the leaſt can do
Single againſt thee wicked, and thence weak.
The fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud ſteed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to ſtrive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not elſe diſmay'd. Now drew they nigh
The weſtern point, where thoſe half-rounding guards
Juſt met, and cloſing ſtood in ſquadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud.
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Haſting this way, and now by glimpſe diſcern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the ſhade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanor ſeems the prince of hell,
Not likely to part hence without conteſt;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He ſcarce had ended, when thoſe two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found;

How buſied, in what form and poſture couch'd.
To whom with ſtern regard thus Gabriel ſpake.
Why haſt thou, Satan, broke the bounds preſcrib'd
To thy tranſgreſſions, and diſturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to tranſgreſs
By thy example, but have pow'r and right
To queſtion thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it ſeems, to violate ſleep, and thoſe
Whoſe dwelling God hath planted here in bliſs?
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadſt in heav'n th' eſteem of wiſe,
And ſuch I held thee; but this queſtion aſk'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break looſe from hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldeſt thyſelf, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Fartheſt from pain, where thou mightſt hope to change
Torment with eaſe, and ſooneſt recompenſe
Dole with delight, which in this place I ſought;
To thee no reaſon, who know'ſt only good,
But evil haſt not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him ſurer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our ſtay
In that dark durance: thus much what was aſk'd.
The reſt is true, they found me where they ſay;
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in ſcorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Diſdainfully half ſmiling, thus reply'd.
O loſs of one in heav'n to judge of wiſe,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his priſon ſcap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wiſe
Or not, who aſk what boldneſs brought him hither
Unlicenc'd from his bounds in hell preſcrib'd;
So wiſe he judges it to fly from pain

However, and to ſcape his puniſhment.
So judge thou ſtill, preſumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'ſt by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and ſcourge that wiſdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke looſe? is pain to them
Leſs pain, leſs to be fled? or thou than they
Leſs hardy to endure? courageous chief,
The firſt in flight from pain, hadſt thou alledg'd
To thy deſerted hoſt this cauſe of flight,
Thou ſurely hadſt not come ſole fugitive.
To which the fiend thus anſwer'd, frowning ſtern.
Not that I leſs endure, or ſhrink from pain,
Inſulting angel; well thou know'ſt I ſtood
Thy fierceſt, when in battle to thy aid
The blaſting vollied thunder made all ſpeed,
And ſeconded thy elſe not dreaded ſpear.
But ſtill thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard aſſays and ill ſucceſſes paſt
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himſelf untry'd:
I therefore, I alone firſt undertook
To wing the deſolate abyſs, and ſpy
This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not ſilent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To ſettle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for poſſeſſion put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare againſt;
Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve their Lord
High up in heav'n, with ſongs to hymn his throne,
And practic'd diſtances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warrior angel ſoon reply'd,

To ſay and ſtrait unſay, pretending firſt
Wiſe to fly pain, profeſſing next the ſpy,
Argues no leader, but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldſt thou faithful add? O name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your diſcipline, and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to diſſolve,
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r ſupreme?
And thou, ſly hypocrite, who now wouldſt ſeem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervily ador'd
Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To diſpoſſeſs him, and thyſelf to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;
Fly thither whence thou fledſt: if from this hour
Within theſe hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And ſeal thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorn
The facile gates of hell too ſlightly barr'd.
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, reply'd.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub, but ere then
Far heavier load thyſelf expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heav'n's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
In progreſs through the road of heav'n ſtar-pav'd.
While thus he ſpake, th' angelic ſquadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, ſharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported ſpears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harveſt waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind

Sways them; the careful plowman doubting ſtands,
Leſt on the threſhing-floor his hopeful ſheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other ſide, Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated ſtood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
Sat Horror plum'd; nor wanted in his graſp
What ſeem'd both ſpear and ſhield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have enſu'd, nor only Paradiſe
In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements,
At leaſt had gone to wrack, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Eternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in theſe he put two weights,
The ſequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel ſpying, thus beſpake the fiend.
Satan, I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine;
Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
To boaſt what arms can do? ſince thine no more
Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celeſtial ſign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhown how light, how weak,
If thou reſiſt. The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted ſcale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

The end of the fourth book.

The ARGUMENT of Book V.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day-labours: their morning-hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

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Book 5.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

NOW morn, her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd; ſo cuſtom'd; for his ſleep
Was airy light from pure digeſtion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on every bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he, on his ſide
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus. Awake,
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever-new delight,
Awake: the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee

Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam; whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.
O ſole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night: methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou Eve? now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: heav'n wakes with all his eyes;
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd, through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood
One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from heav'n
By us oft ſeen; his dewy locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia; on that tree he alſo gaz'd;
And O fair plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load, and taſte thy ſweet,

Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envy', or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me with hold
Longer thy offer'd good; why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he taſted: me damp horror chill'd
At ſuch bold words vouch'd with a deed ſo bold.
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it ſeems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men, ſince good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou alſo; happy though thou art,
Happier thou mayſt be, worthier canſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyſelf a goddeſs, not to earth confin'd,
But ſometimes in the air, as we; ſometimes
Aſcend to heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee
What life the gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleaſant ſavoury ſmell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outſtretch'd immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep: but O how glad I wak'd,
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam anſwer'd ſad.

Beſt image of myſelf, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung, I fear:
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties, that ſerve
Reaſon as chief: among theſe Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, airy ſhapes,
Which reaſon joining or disjoining, frames
All what we' affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, when nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining ſhapes,
Wild work produces oft, and moſt in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Some ſuch reſemblances, methinks, I find
Of our laſt evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition ſtrange; yet be not ſad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in ſleep thou didſt abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt conſent to do.
Be not diſhearten'd then, nor cloud thoſe looks,
That wont to be more chearful and ſerene,
Than when fair morning firſt ſmiles on the world;
And let us to our freſh employments riſe,
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choiceſt boſom'd ſmells,
Reſerv'd from night, and kept for thee in ſtore.

So chear'd he his fair ſpouſe, and ſhe was chear'd;
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their cryſtal ſluice, he ere they fell
Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe,
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haſte.
But firſt, from under ſhady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open ſight
Of day-ſpring, and the ſun, who ſcarce up riſen,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean-brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Diſcovering in wide landſkip all the eaſt
Of Paradiſe and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their oriſons, each morning duly paid
In various ſtyle; for neither various ſtyle
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praiſe
Their Maker, in fit ſtrains pronounc'd, or ſung
Unmeditated, ſuch prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in proſe or numerous verſe,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more ſweetneſs; and they thus began.
These are thy glorious works, Parent of good
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above theſe heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,

On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts and exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecing ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living ſouls; ye birds,
That ſinging up to heaven-gate aſcend,

Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd ſoon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haſte,
Among ſweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r, th' adopted cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity heav'n's high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the ſociable ſpi'rit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſev'ntimes-wedded maid.
Raphael, ſaid he, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on earth
Satan, from hell ſcap'd through the darkſome gulf,
Hath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how diſturb'd
This night the human pair, how he deſigns
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converſe with Adam, in what bow'r or ſhade
Thou find'ſt him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To reſpite his day-labour with repaſt,
Or with repoſe; and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,

As may adviſe him of his happy ſtate,
Happineſs in his pow'r left free to will,
Left to his own free will; his will though free,
Yet mutable: whence warn him to beware
He ſwerve not too ſecure. Tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himſelf from heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs:
By violence? no, for that ſhall be withſtood;
But by deceit and lies: this let him know,
Leſt wilfully tranſgreſſing he pretend
Surpriſal, unadmoniſh'd, unforewarn'd.
So ſpake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All juſtice: nor delay'd the winged ſaint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thouſand celeſtial Ardors, where he ſtood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up ſpringing light
Flew through the midſt of heav'n; th' angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſov'reign Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obſtruct his ſight,
Star interpos'd, however ſmall, he ſees,
Not unconform to other ſhining globes,
Earth, and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glaſs
Of Galileo, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidſt the Cyclades,
Delos or Samos firſt appearing, kens
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt ethereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with ſteddy wing

Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till within ſoar
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he ſeems
A Phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that ſole bird,
When to inſhrine his reliques in the ſun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns,
A Seraph wing'd: ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waiſt, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dipt in heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high, in honour riſe;
For on ſome meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
Their glitt'ring tents he paſs'd, and now is come
Into the bliſsful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odours, caſſia, nard, and balm;
A wilderneſs of ſweets; for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliſs.
Him through the ſpicy foreſt onward come
Adam diſcern'd, as in the door he ſat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted ſun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmoſt womb, more warmth than Adam needs;
And Eve within, due at her hour, prepar'd

For dinner ſavoury fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt
Of nectar'ous draughts between, from milky ſtream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.
Haſte hither Eve, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſome great beheſt from heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchſafe
This day to be our gueſt. But go with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heav'nly ſtranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by diſburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.
To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mold,
Of God inſpir'd, ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore,
All ſeaſons, ripe for uſe hangs on the ſtalk;
Save what by frugal ſtoring firmneſs gains
To nouriſh, and ſuperfluous moiſt conſumes:
But I will haſte, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and jucieſt gourd, will pluck ſuch choice
To entertain our angel-gueſt, as he
Beholding ſhall confeſs, that here on earth
God hath diſpens'd his bounties as in heav'n.
So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuſe for delicacy beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix
Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change;
Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields

In India East or West, or middle shore,
In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where,
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry', and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strows the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unsum'd.
Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet
His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own compleat
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam, though not aw'd,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to' a superior nature, bowing low,
Thus said. Native of heav'n, for other place
None can than heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us
Two' only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.
Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,

As may not oft invite, though ſpi'rits of heav'n
To viſit thee: lead on then where thy bower
O'erſhades; for theſe mid-hours, till evening riſe,
I have at will. So to the ſylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour ſmil'd,
With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant ſmells; but Eve
Undeck'd ſave with herſelf, more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph, or the faireſt goddeſs feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked ſtrove,
Stood to' entertain her gueſt from heav'n; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail
Beſtow'd, the holy ſalutation us'd
Long after to bleſs'd Mary, ſecond Eve.

Hail mother of mankind, whoſe fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy ſons,
Than with theſe various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of graſſy turf
Their table was, and moſſy ſeats had round;
And on her ample ſquare from ſide to ſide
All autumn pil'd, though ſpring and autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while diſcourſe they hold;
No fear leſt dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly ſtranger, pleaſe to taſte
Theſe bounties, which our Nouriſher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeaſur'd out, deſcends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The earth to yield; unſavoury food perhaps
To ſpiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celeſtial Father gives to all.

To whom the angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whoſe praiſe be ever ſung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of pureſt ſpi'rits be found
No' ingrateful food: and food alike thoſe pure
Intelligential ſubſtances require,

As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of ſenſe, whereby they hear, ſee, ſmell, touch, taſte,
Taſting concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be ſuſtain'd and fed: of elements,
The groſſer feeds the purer, earth the ſea,
Earth and the ſea feed air, the air thoſe fires
Ethereal, and as loweſt, firſt the moon;
Whence in her viſage round thoſe ſpots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her ſubſtance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nouriſhment exhale
From her moiſt continent to higher orbs.
The ſun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompenſe,
In humid exhalations, and at ev'n
Sups with the ocean. Though in heav'n the trees
Of life ambroſial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We bruſh melliſluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain; yet God hath here
Varied his bounty ſo with new delights,
As may compare with heaven; and to taſte
Think not I ſhall be nice. So down they ſat,
And to their viands fell: nor ſeemingly
The angel, nor in miſt, the common gloſs
Of Theologians; but with keen diſpatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To tranſubſtantiate: what redounds, tranſpires
Through ſpi'rits with eaſe; nor wonder; if by fire
Of ſooty coal th' empiric alchemiſt
Can turn, or holds it poſſible to turn,
Metals of droſſieſt ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve

Miniſter'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleaſant liquors crown'd. O innocence
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the ſons of God excuſe to' have been
Enamour'd at that ſight; but in thoſe hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealouſy
Was underſtood, the injur'd lover's hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had ſuffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In Adam, not to let th' occaſion paſs
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their be'ing
Who dwell in heav'n, whoſe excellence he ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo far, whoſe radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whoſe high pow'r ſo far
Exceeded human: and his wary ſpeech
Thus to th' empyreal miniſter he fram'd.
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man;
Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt vouchſaf'd
To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food not of angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At heav'n's high feaſts to' have fed: yet what compare
To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good; created all
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,
Endu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
Each in their ſeveral active ſpheres aſſign'd,
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds

Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green ſtalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, laſt the bright conſummate flow'r
Spirits odorous breathes: flow'rs, and their fruit,
Man's nouriſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd,
To vital ſpi'rits aſpire, to animal,
To intellectual: give both life and ſenſe,
Fancy and underſtanding; whence the ſoul
Reaſon receives, and reaſon is her being,
Diſcurſive, or intuitive: diſcourſe
Is oſteſt yours, the latter moſt is ours,
Diff'ring but in degree, of kind the ſame.
Wonder not then, what God for you ſaw good
If I refuſe not, but convert, as you,
To proper ſubſtance. Time may come, when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient di'et, nor too light fare;
And from theſe corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at laſt turn all to ſpirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd aſcend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradiſes dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whoſe progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happineſs this happy ſtate
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.
O favourable ſpi'rit, propitious gueſt,
Well haſt thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the ſcale of nature ſet
From center to circumference, whereon,
In contemplation of created things,
By ſteps we may aſcend to God. But ſay,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found

Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or poſſibly his love deſert,
Who form'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmoſt meaſure of what bliſs
Human deſires can ſeek or apprehend?
To whom the angel. Son of heav'n and earth,
Attend. That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continu'ſt ſuch, owe to thyſelf,
That is, to thy obedience; therein ſtand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to perſevere
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſity:
Our voluntary ſervice he requires,
Not our neceſſitated; ſuch with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they ſerve
Willing or no, who will but what they muſt
By deſtiny, and can no other chuſe?
Myſelf, and all th' angelic hoſt, that ſtand
In ſight of God enthron'd, our happy ſtate
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other ſurety none: freely we ſerve,
Becauſe we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we ſtand or fall:
And ſome are fall'n, to diſobedience fall'n,
And ſo from heav'n to deepeſt hell; O fall
From what high ſtate of bliſs into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine inſtructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic ſongs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal muſic ſend: nor knew I not

To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never ſhall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whoſe command
Single is yet ſo juſt, my conſtant thoughts
Aſſur'd me', and ſtill aſſure: though what thou tell'ſt
Hath paſs'd in heav'n, ſome doubt within me move,
But more deſire to hear, if thou conſent,
The full relation; which muſt needs be ſtrange,
Worthy of ſacred ſilence to be heard:
And we have yet large day; for ſcarce the ſun
Hath finiſh'd half his journey', and ſcarce begins
His other half in the great zone of heav'n.
Thus Adam made requeſt; and Raphaël,
After ſhort pauſe aſſenting, thus began.
High matter thou injoin'ſt me', O prime of men,
Sad taſk, and hard: for how ſhall I relate
To human ſenſe th' inviſible exploits
Of warring ſpirits? how without remorſe
The ruin of ſo many glorious once
And perfect while they ſtood? how laſt unfold
The ſecrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good
This is diſpens'd; and what ſurmounts the reach
Of human ſenſe, I ſhall delineate ſo,
By likening ſpiritual to corporal forms,
As may expreſs them beſt; though what if earth
Be but the ſhadow' of heav'n, and things therein
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild [reſts
Reign'd where theſe heav'ns now roll, where earth now
Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd
To motion, meaſures all things durable
By preſent, paſt, and future) on ſuch day
As heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal hoſt

Of angels, by imperial ſummons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
Forthwith, from all the ends of heav'n, appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thouſand thouſand enſigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for diſtinction ſerve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glitt'ring tiſſues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliſs imboſom'd ſat the Son,
Amidſt as from a flaming mount, whoſe top
Brightneſs had made inviſible, thus ſpake.
Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, pow'rs,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd ſhall ſtand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myſelf have ſworn, to him ſhall bow
All knees in heav'n, and ſhall confeſs him Lord:
Under his great vicegerent reign abide
United as one individual ſoul,
For ever happy: him who diſobeys,
Me diſobeys, breaks union, and that day
Caſt out from God and bleſſed viſion, falls
Into' utter darkneſs, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.
So ſpake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All ſeem'd well pleas'd; all ſeem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other ſolemn days, they ſpent

In ſong and dance about the ſacred hill;
Myſtical dance, which yonder ſtarry ſphere
Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels
Reſembles neareſt, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So ſmooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Liſtens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd,
(For we have alſo' our ev'ning and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need);
Forthwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
Deſirous; all in circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
With angels food, and rubied nectar flows,
In pearl, in diamond, and maſſy gold;
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n.
On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality and joy, ſecure
Of ſurfeit, where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs, before th' all-bounteous King, who ſhow'r'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambroſial night, with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and ſhade
Spring both, the face of brighteſt heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there
In darker veil), and roſeate dews diſpos'd
All but th' unſleeping eyes of God to reſt;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outſpread,
(Such are the courts of God), th' angelic throng,
Diſpers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living ſtreams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden rear'd,

Celeſtial tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool winds; ſave thoſe who, in their courſe,
Melodious hymns about the ſov'reign throne
Alternate all night long. But not ſo wak'd
Satan; ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heav'n; he of the firſt,
If not the firſt Arch-angel, great in pow'r,
In favour and præeminence, yet fraught
With envy' againſt the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Meſſiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that ſight, and thought himſelf impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving, and diſdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duſky hour,
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipp'd, unobey'd, the throne ſupreme,
Contemptuous; and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.
Sleep'ſt thou, companion dear, what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eyelids? and remember'ſt what decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſs'd the lips
Of heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Waſt wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy ſleep diſſent? New laws thou ſeeſt impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raiſe
In us who ſerve, new counſels to debate
What doubtful may enſue: more in this place
To utter is not ſafe. Aſſemble thou
Of all thoſe myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
Her ſhadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haſte,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward, with flying march, where we poſſeſs

The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King,
The great Meſſiah, and his new commands,
Who ſpeedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to paſs triumphant, and give laws.
So ſpake the falſe Arch-angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breaſt
Of his aſſociate: he together calls,
Or ſeveral one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the Moſt High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had diſincumber'd heav'n,
The great hierarchal ſtandard was to move;
Tells the ſuggeſted cauſe, and caſts between
Ambiguous words and jealouſies, to ſound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted ſignal, and ſuperior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heav'n;
His count'nance, as the morning-ſtar that guides
The ſtarry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's hoſt.
Mean while th' eternal eye, whoſe ſight diſcerns
Abſtruſeſt thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, ſaw, without their light,
Rebellion riſing; ſaw in whom, how ſpread
Among the ſons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppoſe his high decree;
And ſmiling to his only Son thus ſaid.
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full reſplendence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be ſure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim

Of deity or empire: ſuch a foe
Is riſing, who intends to' erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the ſpacious north;
Nor ſo content, hath in his thought to try
In battle, what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us adviſe, and to this hazard draw
With ſpeed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence; leſt unawares we loſe
This our high place, our ſanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son with calm aſpect, and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, ſerene,
Made anſwer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Juſtly haſt in deriſion, and ſecure
Laugh'ſt at their vain deſigns and tumults vain;
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illuſtrates, when they ſee all regal pow'r
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to ſubdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worſt in heav'n.
So ſpake the Son; but Satan, with his pow'rs,
Far was advanc'd on winged ſpeed, an hoſt
Innumerable as the ſtars of night,
Or ſtars of morning, dew-drops, which the ſun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they paſs'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,
In their triple degrees; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the ſea, from one entire globoſe
Stretch'd into longitude; which having paſs'd,
At length into the limits of the north
They came; and Satan to his royal ſeat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs

From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (ſo call
That ſtructure in the dialect of men
Interpreted), which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Meſſiah was declar'd in ſight of heav'n,
The mountain of the congregation call'd;
For thither he aſſembled all his train,
Pretending ſo commanded to conſult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come; and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, pow'rs,
If theſe magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, ſince by decree
Another now hath to himſelf ingroſs'd
All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed: for whom all this haſte
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to conſult how we may beſt,
With what may be devis'd of honours new,
Receive him, coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, proſtration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counſels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to caſt off this yoke?
Will ye ſubmit your necks, and chuſe to bend
The ſupple knee? Ye will not, if I truſt
To know ye right, or if ye know yourſelves
Natives and ſons of heav'n poſſeſs'd before
By none; and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well conſiſt.

Who can in reaſon then, or right, aſſume
Monarchy over ſuch as live by right
His equals, if in pow'r and ſplendor leſs,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much leſs for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to th' abuſe
Of thoſe imperial titles, which aſſert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to ſerve.
  Thus far his bold diſcourſe without controll
Had audience; when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal ſevere
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
  O argument blaſphemous, falſe and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in heav'n
Expected, leaſt of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyſelf ſo high above thy peers.
Canſt thou with impious obloquy condemn
The juſt decree of God, pronounced and ſworn,
That to his only Son, by right endu'd
With regal ſcepter, every ſoul in heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confeſs him rightful King? Unjuſt, thou ſay'ſt,
Flatly unjuſt, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unſucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God, ſhalt thou diſpute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of heav'n
Such as he pleas'd, and circumſcrib'd their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is; how far from thought

To make us leſs, bent rather to exalt
Our happy ſtate, under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjuſt,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyſelf, though great and glorious, doſt thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom,
As by his Word, the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee; and all the ſpi'rits of heav'n
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, pow'rs,
Eſſential pow'rs; nor by his reign obſcur'd,
But more illuſtrious made; ſince he the head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Ceaſe then this impious rage,
And tempt not theſe; but haſten to appeaſe
Th' incenſed Father, and th' incenſed Son,
While pardon may be found in time beſought.
So ſpake the fervent Angel; but his zeal
None ſeconded, as out of ſeaſon judg'd,
Or ſingular and raſh: whereat rejoic'd
Th' apoſtate, and more haughty thus reply'd.
That we were form'd then ſay'ſt thou? and the work
Of ſecondary hands, by taſk transferr'd
From Father to his Son? Strange point, and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who ſaw
When this creation was? remember'ſt thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, ſelf-begot, ſelf-rais'd
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal courſe
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native heav'n, ethereal ſons.

Our puiſſance is our own; our own right hand
Shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou ſhalt behold
Whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begirt th' almighty throne
Beſeeching or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings carry to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He ſaid, and, as the ſound of waters deep,
Hoarſe murmur echo'd to his words applauſe
Through the infinite hoſt; nor leſs for that
The flaming Seraph fearleſs, though alone
Incompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O ſpi'rit accurs'd,
Forſaken of all good; I ſee thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpread
Both of thy crime and puniſhment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Meſſiah; thoſe indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchſaf'd; other decrees
Againſt thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden ſcepter, which thou didſt reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruiſe and break
Thy diſobedience. Well thou didſt adviſe;
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
Theſe wicked tents devoted, leſt the wrath
Impendent, raging into ſudden flame
Diſtinguiſh not: for ſoon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou ſhalt know.

So ſpake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,

Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;
And with retorted ſcorn his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud tow'rs to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

The end of the fifth book.

The ARGUMENT of Book VI.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were ſent forth to battle againſt Satan and his angels. The firſt fight deſcrib'd: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents deviliſh engines, which in the ſecond day's fight put Michael and his angels to ſome diſorder; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not ſo ending, God on the third day ſends Meſſiah his Son, for whom he had reſerv'd the glory of that victory: he in the power of his Father coming to the place, and cauſing all his legions to ſtand ſtill on either ſide, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midſt of his enemies, purſues them, unable to reſiſt, towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confuſion into the place of puniſhment prepared for them in the deep: Meſſiah returns with triumph to his Father.

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Book 6.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

ALL night the dreadleſs angel, unpurſu'd,
Through heav'n's wide champain held his way; till morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, faſt by his throne,
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through heav'n
Graceful viciſſitude, like day and night;
Light iſſues forth, and at the other door
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her hour
To veil the heav'n, though darkneſs there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn
Such as in higheſt heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vaniſh'd night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick imbattled ſquadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery ſteeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view.
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct; and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among thoſe friendly pow'rs, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,

That of ſo many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not loſt. On to the ſacred hill
They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the ſeat ſupreme; from whence a voice,
From midſt a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.
Servant of God, well done, well haſt thou fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintain'd
Againſt revolted multitudes the cauſe
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the teſtimony' of truth hath borne
Univerſal reproach, far worſe to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverſe. The eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
Than ſcorn'd thou didſt depart; and to ſubdue
By force, who reaſon for their law refuſe,
Right reaſon for their law, and for their King
Meſſiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celeſtial armies prince;
And thou in military proweſs next,
Gabriel, lead forth to battle theſe my ſons
Invincible, lead forth my armed ſaints,
By thouſands and by millions, rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that godleſs crew
Rebellious: them with fire and hoſtile arms
Fearleſs aſſault; and to the brow of heav'n
Purſuing, drive them out from God and bliſs,
Into their place of puniſhment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.
So ſpake the ſov'reign voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and ſmoke to roll
In duſky wreaths, reluctant flames, the ſign

Of wrath awak'd; nor with leſs dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command the powers militant,
That ſtood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irreſiſtible, mov'd on
In ſilence their bright legions, to the ſound
Of inſtrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds,
Under their god-like leaders, in the cauſe
Of God and his Meſſiah. On they move
Indiſſolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor ſtrait'ning vale, nor wood, nor ſtream divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the paſſive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came ſummon'd over Eden, to receive
Their names of thee; ſo over many a tract
Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at laſt
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From ſkirt to ſkirt a fiery region, ſtretch'd
In battalions aſpect, and nearer view
Briſtled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid ſpears, and helmets throng'd, and ſhields
Various, with boaſtful argument portray'd,
The banded pow'rs of Satan haſting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That ſelf-ſame day, by fight, or by ſurpriſe,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To ſet the envier of his ſtate, the proud
Aſpirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid-way: though ſtrange to us it ſeem'd
At firſt, that Angel ſhould with Angel war,
And in fierce hoſting meet, who wont to meet

So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great sire,
Hymning th' eternal Father: but the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God
Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and reality
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd
Unsound and false; nor is it ought but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contést, and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met

His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus ſecurely him defy'd.
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The height of thy aſpiring unoppos'd
The throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in arms;
Who out of ſmalleſt things could, without end,
Have rais'd inceſſant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
Unaided could have finiſh'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkneſs; but thou ſeeſt
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not viſible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to diſſent
From all: my ſect thou ſeeſt; now learn too late
How few ſometimes may know, when thouſands err.
Whom the grand foe, with ſcornful eye aſkance,
Thus anſwer'd. Ill for thee, but in wiſh'd hour
Of my revenge, firſt ſought for thou return'ſt
From flight, ſeditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the firſt aſſay
Of this right hand provok'd, ſince firſt that tongue,
Inſpir'd with contradiction, durſt oppoſe
A third part of the Gods, in ſynod met
Their deities to aſſert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'ſt
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me ſome plume, that thy ſucceſs may ſhow
Deſtruction to the reſt: this pauſe between
(Unanſwer'd leſt thou boaſt) to let thee know;

At firſt I thought that liberty and heav'n
To heav'nly ſouls had been all one; but now
I ſee that moſt through ſloth had rather ſerve,
Miniſt'ring ſpi'rits, train'd up in feaſt and ſong;
Such haſt thou arm'd, the minſtrelſy of heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day ſhall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel ſtern reply'd.
Apoſtate, ſtill thou err'ſt, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou deprav'ſt it with the name
Of ſervitude, to ſerve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the ſame,
When he who rules is worthieſt, and excells
Them whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th' unwiſe, or him who hath rebell'd
Againſt his worthier, as thine now ſerve thee,
Thyſelf not free, but to thyſelf inthrall'd:
Yet lewdly dar'ſt our miniſt'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me ſerve
In heav'n God ever bleſt, and his divine
Behеſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd;
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious creſt receive.
So ſay'ing, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud creſt of Satan, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his ſhield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſy ſpear upſtay'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had puſh'd a mountain from his ſeat,
Half ſunk with all his pines. Amazement ſeiz'd

The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to ſee
Thus foil'd their mightieſt; ours joy fill'd, and ſhout,
Preſage of victory, and fierce deſire
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid ſound
Th' Arch-angel trumpet; through the vaſt of heav'n
It ſounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hoſannah to the High'eſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe legions, nor leſs hideous join'd
The horrid ſhock. Now ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamour ſuch as heard in heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire,
So under fiery cope together ruſh'd
Both battles main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage: all heav'n
Reſounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her center ſhook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could wield
Theſe elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
Army' againſt army numberleſs to raiſe
Dreadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, their happy native ſeat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent,
From his ſtrong hold of heav'n, high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd ſuch
As each divided legion might have ſeem'd
A numerous hoſt, in ſtrength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight, yet leader ſeem'd
Each warrior ſingle as in chief, expert

When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of battle, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himſelf rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was ſpread
That war, and various, ſometimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air ſeem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even ſcale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had ſhown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the ſword of Michael ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſh'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample ſhield,
A vaſt circumference. At his approach
The great Arch-angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Inteſtine war in heav'n, th' arch-foe ſubdu'd
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hoſtile frown
And viſage all inflam'd firſt thus began.

Author of ev'il, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, as thou ſeeſt
Theſe acts of hateful ſtrife, hateful to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thyſelf,
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'n's bleſſed peace, and into nature brought
Miſery, uncreated till the crime

Of thy rebellion? how haſt thou inſtill'd
Thy malice into thouſands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd falſe? But think not here
To trouble holy reſt; heav'n caſts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n, the ſeat of bliſs,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offſpring, to the place of evil, hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging ſword begin thy doom,
Or ſome more ſudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
So ſpake the Prince of angels; to whom thus
The adverſary. Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canſt not. Haſt thou turn'd the leaſt of theſe
To flight, or if to fall, but that they riſe
Unvanquiſh'd, eaſier to tranſact with me
That thou ſhouldſt hope, imperious, and with threats
To chaſe me hence? Err not, that ſo ſhall end
The ſtrife which thou call'ſt evil, but we ſtyle
The ſtrife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this heav'n itſelf into the hell
Thou fableſt; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmoſt force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have ſought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addreſs'd for fight
Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch height
Of Godlike pow'r? for likeſt gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.

Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſite, while Expectation ſtood
In horror: from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion; ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets, ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition, in mid ſky,
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound.
Together both, with next to' almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention: but the ſword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was giv'n him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of Satan, with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer; nor ſtay'd,
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep ent'ring, ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then Satan firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him: but th' ethereal ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of necta'rous humour iſſuing flow'd
Sanguine, ſuch as celeſtial ſpi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd, ere while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run
By Angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defence; while others bore him on their ſhields
Back to his chariot, where it ſtood retir'd

From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet soon he heal'd; for spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In intrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air;
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Uriel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names

Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from heav'n and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominy; yet to glory aspires,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
Then first with fear surpris'd, and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise th' inviolable saints,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd.

Now night her course began, and over heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war:

Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughten field
Michaël and his Angels prevalent
Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part,
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd; and void of rest,
His potentates to council call by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpow'rd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What heav'n's Lord had pow'rfullest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endur'd, and pain,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve

Unhurt our minds, and underſtanding ſound,
Due ſearch and conſultation will diſcloſe.
He ſat; and in th' aſſembly next upſtood
Niſroch, of principalities the prime;
As one he ſtood eſcap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havock hewn,
And cloudy in aſpect thus anſw'ring ſpake.
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find,
Againſt unequal arms to fight in pain,
Againſt unpain'd, impaſſive; from which evil
Ruin muſt needs enſue; for what avails
Valour or ſtrength, though matchleſs, quell'd with pain
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
Of mightieſt? Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmeſt life:
But pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
Of evils; and exceſſive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourſelves with like defence, to me deſerves
No leſs than for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'ſt ſo main to our ſucceſs, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright ſurface
Of this ethereous mold whereon we ſtand,
This continent of ſpacious heav'n, adorn'd,
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambroſial, gems and gold;
Whoſe eye ſo ſuperficially ſurveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,

Of ſpiritous and fiery ſpume, till touch'd
With heav'n's ray, and temper'd, they ſhoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
Theſe in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
Which into hollow engines, long and round,
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, ſhall ſend forth
From far, with thund'ring noiſe, among our foes
Such implements of miſchief, as ſhall daſh
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever ſtands
Adverſe, that they ſhall fear we have diſarm'd
The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long ſhall be our labour; yet ere dawn,
Effect ſhall end our wiſh. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to ſtrength and counſel join'd
Think nothing hard, much leſs to be deſpair'd.
He ended, and his words their drooping chear
Enlighten'd, and their languiſh'd hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miſs'd; ſo eaſy' it ſeem'd
Once found, which yet unfound moſt would have thought
Impoſſible. Yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice ſhould abound,
Some one intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
With dev'liſh machination, might deviſe
Like inſtrument to plague the ſons of men
For ſin, on war and mutual ſlaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
None arguing ſtood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celeſtial ſoil, and ſaw beneath
Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception; ſulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with ſubtle art,

Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Intrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespy'd.

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution, and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbid shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling show'r,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;

Instant without disturb they took alarm
And onward move imbattled: when behold
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginery, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt; however witness heaven,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd:
Not long; for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd

With niceſt touch. Immediate in a flame
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoke, all heav'n appear'd,
From thoſe deep-throated engines belch'd, whoſe roar
Imbowel'd with outrageous noiſe the air,
And all her entrails tore, diſgorging foul
Their deviliſh glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor hoſt
Level'd, with ſuch impetuous fury ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might ſtand,
Though ſtanding elſe as rocks, but down they fell
By thouſands. Angel on Arch-angel roll'd;
The ſooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have eaſily, as ſpi'rits evaded ſwift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul diſſipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor ſerv'd it to relax their ſerried files.
What ſhould they do? if on they ruſh'd, repulſe
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubl'd, would render them yet more deſpis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In poſture to diſplode their ſecond tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worſe abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.

O friends, why come not on theſe victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breaſt, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe,
If our propoſals once again were heard,

We ſhould compel them to a quick reſult.
To whom thus Belial in like gameſome mood:
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhow us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſy', and of his thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble: but they ſtood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to' oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill and dale);
Light as the light'ning glimpſe they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the ſeated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be ſure, and terror, ſeiz'd the rebel hoſt,
When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on thoſe curſed engines triple-row
They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads

Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſs'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, cruſh'd in and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long ſtruggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of ſuch pris'n, though ſpi'rits of pureſt light,
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe; war ſeem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heap'd
Upon confuſion roſe. And now all heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overſpread;
Had not th' almighty Father, where he ſits
Shrin'd in his ſanctuary of heav'n ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him tranſferr'd: whence to his Son,
Th' aſſeſſor of his throne, he thus began.
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son in whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, what by deity I am,
And in whoſe hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are paſt,
Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient: ſore hath been their fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch foes met arm'd;

For to themſelves I left them; and thou know'ſt,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what ſin hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly, for I ſuſpend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd; which makes
Wild work in heav'n, and dange'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore paſt, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have ſuffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, ſince none but thou
Can end it. Into thee ſuch virtue' and grace
Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know
In heav'n and hell thy pow'r above compare;
And this perverſe commotion govern'd thus,
To manifeſt thee worthieſt to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir, and to be King
By ſacred unction, thy deſerved right.
Go then, thou mightieſt, in thy Father's might,
Aſcend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake heav'n's baſis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and ſword upon thy puiſſant thigh;
Purſue theſe ſons of darkneſs, drive them out
From all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
God and Meſſiah his anointed King.
He ſaid, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full expreſs'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the filial Godhead anſw'ring ſpake.
O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,

First, Higheſt, Holieſt, Beſt; thou always ſeek'ſt
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is moſt juſt: this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'ſt thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliſs.
Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I aſſume;
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'ſt:
But whom thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildneſs on,
Image of thee in all things; and ſhall ſoon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of theſe rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill manſion driven down,
To chains of darkneſs, and th' undying worm,
That from thy juſt obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall thy ſaints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far ſeparate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeign'd Halleluiahs to thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief.
So ſaid, he o'er his ſceptre bowing, roſe
From the right hand of glory where he ſat;
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine, [ſound
Dawning through heav'n. Forth ruſh'd with whirlwind
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with ſpirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic ſhapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with ſtars, their bodies all
And wings, were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and carcering fires between;
Over their heads a cryſtal firmament,
Whereon a ſaphir throne, inlaid with pure

Amber, and colours of the ſhow'ry arch.
He in celeſtial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beſide him hung his bow,
And quiver with three-bolted thunder ſtor'd;
And from about him fierce effuſion roll'd
Of ſmoke, and bick'ring flame, and ſparkles dire.
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand ſaints,
He onward came, far off his coming ſhone;
And twenty thouſand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were ſeen.
He on the wings of Cherub rode ſublime
On the cryſtálline ſky, in ſaphir thron'd,
Illuſtrious far and wide; but by his own
Firſt ſeen: them unexpected joy ſurpriz'd,
When the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd
Aloft by Angels borne, his ſign in heav'n;
Under whoſe conduct Michael ſoon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head imbodied all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obſequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with freſh flow'rets hill and valley ſmil'd.
This ſaw his hapleſs foes, but ſtood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Inſenſate, hope conceiving from deſpair.
In heav'nly ſpi'rits could ſuch perverſeneſs dwell?
But to convince the proud what ſigns avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They harden'd more by what might moſt reclaim,
Grieving to ſee his glory, at the ſight
Took envy; and aſpiring to his height,

Stood reimbattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to proſper, and at length prevail
Againſt God and Meſſiah, or to fall
In univerſal ruin laſt; and now
To final battle drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his hoſt on either hand thus ſpake.

Stand ſtill in bright array, ye Saints, here ſtand,
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battle reſt;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous cauſe;
And as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done
Invincibly: but of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; ſtand only, and behold
God's indignation on theſe godleſs pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have deſpis'd,
Yet envied; againſt me is all their rage,
Becauſe the Father, t' whom in heav'n ſupreme
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath aſſign'd;
That they may have their wiſh, to try with me
In battle which the ſtronger proves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe.

So ſpake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four ſpread out their ſtarry wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs

Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt empyréan ſhook throughout,
All but the throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues: they aſtoniſh'd all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down their idol weapons dropt:
O'er ſhields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim proſtráte,
That wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd Four
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One ſpirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of heav'n;
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-ſtruck, purſu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And cryſtal wall of heav'n; which op'ning wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful deep: the monſtrous ſight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worſe

Urg'd them behind: headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of heav'n; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.
Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe, hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict Fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confuſion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and pain.
Diſburden'd heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulſion of his foes
Meſſiah his triumphal chariot turn'd;
To meet him all his ſaints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye-witneſſes of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him ſung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthieſt to reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of bliſs.
Thus meaſuring things in heav'n by things on earth,
At thy requeſt, and that thou may'ſt beware
By what is paſt, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have elſe to human race been hid;
The diſcord which befel, and war in heav'n
Among th' angelic pow'rs, and the deep fall

Of thoſe too high aſpiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy ſtate,
Who now is plotting how he may ſeduce
Thee alſo from obedience, that, with him
Bereav'd of happineſs, thou may'ſt partake
His puniſhment, eternal miſery;
Which would be all his ſolace and revenge,
As a deſpite done againſt the Moſt High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But liſten not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to' have heard
By terrible example the reward
Of diſobedience; firm they might have ſtood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to tranſgreſs.

The end of the ſixth book.

The ARGUMENT of Book

Raphael, at the requeſt of Adam, relates ho
wherefore this world was firſt created; tha
after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out
heaven, declared his pleaſure to create another wor
and other creatures to dwell therein; ſends his S
with glory and attendance of Angels to perform
work of creation in ſix days: the angels celebra
with hymns the performance thereof, and his
aſcenſion into heaven.

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Book 7.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

DEscend from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element:
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),
Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd

To hoarſe or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude; yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the eaſt: ſtill govern thou my ſong,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous diſſonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian hard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the ſavage clamor drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nly, ſhe an empty dream.
Say, goddeſs, what enſued when Raphaël,
The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apoſtaſy, by what befell in Heav'n
To thoſe apoſtates, leſt the like befall
In Paradiſe to Adam, or his race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they tranſgreſs, and ſlight that ſole command,
So eaſily obey'd, amid the choice
Of all taſtes elſe to pleaſe their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He with his conſorted Eve
The ſtory hear'd attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muſe, to hear
Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And war ſo near the peace of God in bliſs,
With ſuch confuſion: but the evil ſoon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on thoſe
From whom it ſprung, impoſſible to mix
With bleſſedneſs. Whence Adam ſoon repeal'd

The doubts that in his heart aroſe: and now
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this world
Of Heav'n and Earth conſpicuous firſt began,
When, and whereof created, for what cauſe,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memory, as one whoſe drouth
Yet ſcarce allay'd ſtill eyes the current ſtream,
Whoſe liquid murmur heard new thirſt excites,
Proceeded thus to aſk his heav'nly gueſt.
Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far diff'ring from this world, thou haſt reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favour ſent
Down from the empyréan to forewarn
Us timely' of what might elſe have been our loſs,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admoniſhment
Receive with ſolemn purpoſe to obſerve
Immutably his ſov'reign will, the end
Of what we are. But ſince thou haſt vouchſaf'd
Gently for our inſtruction to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to higheſt wiſdom ſeem'd,
Deign to deſcend now lower, and relate
What may no leſs perhaps avail us known,
How firſt began this Heav'n, which we behold
Diſtant ſo high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable; and this which yields or fills
All ſpace, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid earth; what cauſe
Mov'd the Creator, in his holy reſt
Through all eternity, ſo late to build
In Chaos; and the work begun, how ſoon
Abſolv'd; if unforbid thou may'ſt unfold

What we, not to explore the ſecrets aſk
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though ſteep; ſuſpenſe in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the riſing birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the ſtar of evening and the moon
Haſte to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and ſleep liſt'ning to thee will watch;
Or we can bid his abſence, till thy ſong
End, and diſmiſs thee ere the morning ſhine.
  Thus Adam his illuſtrious gueſt beſought;
And thus the Godlike Angel anſwer'd mild.
  This alſo thy requeſt with caution aſk'd
Obtain: though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can ſuffice,
Or heart of man ſuffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canſt attain, which beſt may ſerve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee alſo happier, ſhall not be with-held
Thy hearing; ſuch commiſſion from above
I have receiv'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abſtain
To aſk, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible King,
Only omniſcient, hath ſuppreſs'd in night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n:
Enough is left beſides to ſearch and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In meaſure what the mind may well contain;
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns

Wiſdom to folly', as nouriſhment to wind.
Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidſt the hoſt
Of Angels, than that ſtar the ſtars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus ſpake.
At leaſt our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
This inacceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
Of deity ſupreme, us diſpoſſeſs'd,
He truſted to have ſeiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more:
Yet far the greater part have kept, I ſee,
Their ſtation, Heav'n yet populous retains
Number ſufficient to poſſeſs her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With miniſteries due and ſolemn rites:
But leſt his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have diſpeopled Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if ſuch it be, to loſe
Self-loſt; and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here; till by degrees of merit rais'd,
They open to themſelves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd;
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n;
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; ſpeak thou, and be it done;

My overſhadowing Spi'rit and might with thee
I ſend along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundleſs the deep, becauſe I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the ſpace.
Though I uncircumſcrib'd myſelf retire,
And put not forth my goodneſs, which is free
To act or not, neceſſity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
So ſpake th' Almighty, and to what he ſpake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more ſwift
Than time or motion; but to human ears
Cannot without proceſs of ſpeech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n,
When ſuch was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will:
Glory they ſung to the moſt High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whoſe juſt avenging ire
Had driv'n out th' ungodly from his ſight,
And th' habitations of the juſt; to him
Glory and praiſe, whoſe wiſdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, inſtead
Of Spi'rits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuſe
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
So ſang the Hierarchies. Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd

From th' armoury of God; where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them ſpirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs,
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtay'd; but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O world.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' abyſs: but on the watry calm

His brooding wings the Spi'rit of God outſpread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs; but downward purg'd
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,
And Earth ſelf-balanc'd on her center hung.
  Let there be light, ſaid God; and forthwith light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native eaſt
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the ſun
Was not; ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw the light was good;
And light from darkneſs by the hemiſphere
Divided: light the day, and darkneſs night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt day ev'n and morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the celeſtial quires, when orient light
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of heav'n and earth; with joy and ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works; Creator him they ſung,
Both when firſt ev'ning was, and when firſt morn.
  Again, God ſaid, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanſe of liquid, pure,
Tranſparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great round: partition firm and ſure,
The waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing: for as earth, ſo he the world

Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Cryſtalline ocean, and the loud miſrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, leſt fierce extremes
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame:
And heav'n he nam'd the firmament: ſo ev'n
And morning chorus ſung the ſecond day.
The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour ſoft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moiſture; when God ſaid,
Be gather'd now ye waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on duſt conglobing from the dry;
Part riſe in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to their ſtandard, ſo the watry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft ebbing; nor withſtood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With ſerpent-error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the waſhy ooſe deep channels wore;
Eaſy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,

All but within thoſe banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd ſeas:
And ſaw that it was good; and ſaid, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant graſs, herb yielding ſeed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whoſe ſeed is in herſelf upon the earth.
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare earth, till then
Deſert and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her univerſal face with pleaſant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flow'r'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet: and theſe ſcarce blown,
Forth flouriſh'd thick the cluſt'ring vine, forth crept
The ſmelling gourd, up ſtood the corny reed
Imbattled in her field; and th' humble ſhrub,
And buſh with frizzled hair implicit: laſt
Roſe as in dance the ſtately trees, and ſpread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their bloſſoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-ſide,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to heav'n, a ſeat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her ſacred ſhades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy miſt
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth,
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green ſtem; God ſaw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty ſpake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanſe of Heav'n, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for ſigns,
For ſeaſons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n,
To give light on the Earth; and it was ſo.
And God made two great lights, great for their uſe
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The leſs by night altern; and made the ſtars,
And ſet them in the firmament of Heav'n,
To' illuminate the Earth; and rule the day
In their viciſſitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkneſs to divide. God ſaw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celeſtial bodies firſt the ſun
A mighty ſphere he fram'd, unlightſome firſt,
Though of ethereal mold: then form'd the moon
Globoſe, and every magnitude of ſtars,
And ſow'd with ſtars the Heav'n thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and plac'd
In the ſun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other ſtars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,

Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the moon,
But oppoſite in levell'd weſt was ſet,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect; and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night, then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemiſphere: then firſt adorn'd
With their bright luminaries, that ſet and roſe,
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
And God ſaid, Let the waters generate
Reptile with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Diſplay on th' open firmament of heav'n.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas,
And lakes, and running ſtreams, the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the ſounds and ſeas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable ſwarm, and ſhoals
Of fiſh, that with their fins and ſhining ſcales
Glide under the green wave, in ſculls that oft
Bank the mid ſea: part ſingle or with mate
Graze the ſea-weed their paſture, and through groves
Of coral ſtray; or ſporting with quick glance,
Show to the ſun their wav'd coats dropt with gold;
Or in their pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend
Moiſt nutriment; or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on ſmooth the ſeal,

And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gate,
Tempeſt the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugeſt of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, ſleeps or ſwims,
And ſeems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out a ſea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and ſhores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that ſoon
Burſting with kindly rupture forth diſclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd ſoon and fledge
They ſumm'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime,
With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In proſpect; there the eagle and the ſtork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build:
Part looſely wing the region, part more wiſe
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Their airy caravan high over ſeas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Eaſing their flight; ſo ſteers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Flotes, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the ſmaller birds with ſong
Solac'd the woods, and ſpread their painted wings
Till ev'n; nor then the ſolemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays:
Others on ſilver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breaſt; the ſwan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her ſtate with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and riſing on ſtiff pennons, tower
The mid aereal ſky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the creſted cock, whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours; and th' other, whoſe gay train

Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and ſtarry' eyes. The waters thus
With fiſh repleniſh'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn ſolemniz'd the fifth day.
The ſixth, and of creation laſt, aroſe
With ev'ning harps and matin; when God ſaid,
Let th' earth bring forth ſoul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beaſt of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and ſtrait
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up roſe,
As from his lair, the wild beaſt where he wons
In foreſt wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they roſe, they walk'd;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitary, theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad herds upſprung.
The graſſy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the ſwift ſtag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarce from his mold
Behemoth, biggeſt born of earth, upheav'd
His vaſtneſs; fleec'd the flocks and bleating roſe,
As plants: ambiguous between ſea and land
The river-horſe and ſcaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or worm: thoſe wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and ſmalleſt lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of ſummer's pride,
With ſpots of gold and purple, azure and green:

These as a line their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the sixth-day yet remain'd:
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore

And worſhip God ſupreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Preſent?) thus to his Son audibly ſpake.
Let us make now man in our image, man
In our ſimilitude, and let them rule
Over the fiſh and fowl of ſea and air,
Beaſt of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This ſaid, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Duſt of the ground, and in thy noſtrils breath'd
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Expreſs, and thou becam'ſt a living ſoul.
Male he created thee, but thy conſort
Female for race; then bleſs'd mankind, and ſaid,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fiſh of the ſea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name, thence, as thou know'ſt,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taſte;
And freely all their pleaſant fruit for food
Gave thee; all ſorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which taſted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'ſt not; in the day thou eat'ſt, thou dy'ſt;
Death is the penalty impos'd; beware,
And govern well thy appetite, leſt Sin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finiſh'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;

So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day;
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it ſhow'd
In proſpect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Anſwering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation, and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heardſt)
The heav'ns and all the conſtellations rung,
The planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days a work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To viſit oft the dwellings of juſt men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourſe
Thither will ſend his winged meſſengers
On errands of ſupernal grace. So ſung
The glorious train aſcending. He through heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal houſe direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whoſe duſt is gold,
And pavement ſtars, as ſtars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou ſeeſt
Powder'd with ſtars. And now on earth the ſeventh
Ev'ning aroſe in Eden; for the ſun
Was ſet, and twilight from the eaſt came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount

Of Heav'n's high-ſeated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and ſure,
The filial Pow'r arriv'd, and ſat him down
With his great Father; for he alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtay'd, (ſuch privilege
Hath Omnipreſence) and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things; and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallow'd the ſev'nth day,
As reſting on that day from all his work,
But not in ſilence holy kept; the harp
Had work, and reſted not; the ſolemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire
Temper'd ſoft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or uniſon: of incenſe clouds,
Fuming from golden cenſers, hid the mount.
Creation and the ſix days acts they ſung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy pow'r; what thought can meaſure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant-angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? Eaſily the proud attempt
Of ſpi'rits apoſtate, and their counſels vain,
Thou haſt repell'd, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhippers. Who ſeeks
To leſſen thee, againſt his purpoſe ſerves
To manifeſt the more thy might: his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-made world, another heav'n,
From heav'n gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glaſſy ſea;

Of amplitude almoſt immenſe, with ſtars
Numerous, and every ſtar perhaps a world
Of deſtin'd habitation; but thou know'ſt
Their ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their preſent dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
And ſons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his image, there to dwell,
And worſhip him; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in ſea, or air;
And multiply a race of worſhippers,
Holy and juſt: thrice happy, if they know
Their happineſs, and perſevere upright.
So ſung they, and the empyréan rung,
With Halleluiahs: Thus was ſabbath kept.
And thy requeſt think now fulfill'd, that aſk'd
How firſt this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that poſterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know: if elſe thou ſeek'ſt
Aught, not ſurpaſſing human meaſure, ſay.

The end of the ſeventh book.

The ARGUMENT of Book VIII.

Adam inquires concerning celeſtial motions; is doubtfully anſwered, and exhorted to ſearch rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam aſſents; and ſtill deſirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered ſince his own creation, his placing in Paradiſe, his talk with God concerning ſolitude and fit ſociety, his firſt meeting and nuptials with Eve; his diſcourſe with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

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Book 8.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear:
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.
What thanks ſufficient, or what recompenſe
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Hiſtorian, who thus largely haſt allay'd
The thirſt I had of knowledge, and vouchſaf'd
This friendly condeſcenſion to relate
Things elſe by me unſearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy ſolution can reſolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
Of Heav'n and Earth conſiſting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this earth a ſpot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd,
And all her number'd ſtars, that ſeem to roll
Spaces incomprehenſible, (for ſuch
Their diſtance argues, and their ſwift return
Diurnal), merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual ſpot,
One day and night, in all their vaſt ſurvey

Uſeleſs beſides; reaſoning I oft admire,
How nature wiſe and frugal could commit
Such diſproportions, with ſuperfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater ſo manifold, to this one uſe,
For ought appears, and on their orbs impoſe
Such reſtleſs revolution day by day
Repeated, while the ſedentary earth,
That better might with far leſs compaſs move,
Serv'd by more noble than herſelf, attains
Her end without leaſt motion, and receives,
As tribute, ſuch a ſumleſs journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to deſcribe whoſe ſwiftneſs number fails.

So ſpake our ſire, and by his count'nance ſeem'd
Ent'ring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe; which Eve
Perceiving, where ſhe ſat retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtic from her ſeat,
And grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nurſery; they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs;
Her huſband the relator ſhe preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to aſk
Choſe rather; he, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?
goddeſs-like demeanour forth ſhe went;

Not unattended; for on her, as queen,
A pomp of winning graces waited ſtill,
And from about her ſhot darts of deſire
Into all eyes, to wiſh her ſtill in ſight.
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facile thus reply'd.
To aſk or ſearch I blame thee not; for Heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee ſet,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His ſeaſons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
This to attain, whether Heav'n move, or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the reſt
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wiſely to conceal, and not divulge
His ſecrets to be ſcann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they liſt to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heav'ns
Had left to their diſputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n,
And calculate the ſtars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To ſave appearances, how gird the ſphere
With centric and eccentric ſcribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.
Already by thy reaſoning this I gueſs,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and ſuppoſeſt
That bodies bright and greater ſhould not ſerve
The leſs not bright, nor heav'n ſuch journeys run,
Earth ſitting ſtill, when ſhe alone receives
The benefit. Conſider firſt, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth
Though in compariſon of heav'n, ſo ſmall,
Nor gliſt'ring, may of ſolid good contain
More plenty than the ſun that barren ſhines,

Whoſe virtue on itſelf works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth; there firſt receiv'd
His beams unactive elſe, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are thoſe bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.
And for the Heav'n's wide circuit let it ſpeak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So ſpacious, and his line ſtretch'd out ſo far;
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition, and the reſt
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.
The ſwiftneſs of thoſe circles attribúte,
Though numberleſs, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal ſubſtances could add
Speed almoſt ſpiritual; me thou think'ſt not ſlow,
Who ſince the morning-hour ſet out from Heav'n,
Where God reſides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden; diſtance inexpreſſible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heav'n's, to ſhow
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I ſo affirm, though ſo it ſeem
To thee who haſt thy dwelling here on earth.
God, to remove his ways from human ſenſe,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth ſo far, that earthly ſight,
If it preſume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the ſun
Be center to the world, and other ſtars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wand'ring courſe now high, now low, then hid,
Progreſſive, retrograde, or ſtanding ſtill,
In ſix thou ſeeſt; and what if ſev'nth to theſe
The planet earth, ſo ſtedfaſt though ſhe ſeem,

Inſenſibly three different motions move?
Which elſe to ſeveral ſpheres thou muſt aſcribe,
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;
Or ſave the ſun his labour, and that ſwift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb ſuppos'd,
Inviſible elſe above all ſtars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If earth induſtrious of herſelf fetch day
Travelling eaſt, and with her part averſe
From the ſun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
Sent from her through the wide tranſpicuous air,
To the terreſtrial moon be as a ſtar
Enlight'ning her by day, as ſhe by night
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: her ſpots thou ſeeſt
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her ſoften'd ſoil, for ſome to eat
Allotted there; and other ſuns perhaps,
With their attendant moons, thou wilt deſcry
Communicating male and female light;
Which two great ſexes animate the world,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with ſome that live.
For ſuch vaſt room in nature unpoſſeſs'd
By living ſoul, deſert and deſolate,
Only to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribúte
Each orb a glimpſe of light, convey'd ſo far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.
But whether thus theſe things, or whether not;
Whether the ſun predominant in heav'n
Riſe on the earth, or earth riſe on the ſun;
He from the eaſt his flaming road begin,
Or ſhe from weſt her ſilent courſe advance
With inoffenſive pace, that ſpinning ſleeps

On her ſoft axle, while ſhe paces even,
And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth air along;
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to God above, him ſerve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleaſes beſt,
Wherever plac'd, let him diſpoſe: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradiſe,
And thy fair Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high
To know what paſſes there; be lowly wiſe:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what ſtate, condition, or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
Not of earth only, but of higheſt Heav'n.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
How fully haſt thou ſatisfy'd me, pure
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel ſerene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
The eaſieſt way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the ſweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not moleſt us, unleſs we ourſelves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, ſhe learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure and ſubtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wiſdom: what is more, is ſume,
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence,
And renders us, in things that moſt concern,
Unpractic'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us deſcend
A lower flight, and ſpeak of things at hand

Useful, whence haply mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask,
By suff'rance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
And day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasanteſt to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at th' hour
Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.
To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd,
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;
Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man:
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
On man his equal love. Say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion tow'ard the gates of hell;
Squar'd in full legion, (such command we had)
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work;

Left he incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt;
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sov'reign King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long ere our approaching, heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
Ere Sabbath-ev'ning: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.
So spake the Godlike Pow'r, and thus our sire.
For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:

But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou ſun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in pow'r præeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light; when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank profuſe of flowers
Penſive I ſat me down; there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd. One came, methought, of ſhape divine,
And ſaid, Thy manſion wants thee, Adam, riſe,
Firſt man, of men innumerable ordain'd
Firſt father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
So ſaying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
A woody mountain; whoſe high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodlieſt trees

Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I ſaw
Of earth before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each tree
Loaden with faireſt fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Preſence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiſs: he rear'd me', and whom thou ſought'ſt I am,
Said mildly, Author of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whoſe operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have ſet
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, ſhun to taſte,
And ſhun the bitter conſequence; for know,
The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
Tranſgreſs'd, inevitably thou ſhalt die,
From that day mortal; and this happy ſtate
Shalt loſe, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and ſorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his clear aſpect
Return'd, and gracious purpoſe thus renew'd.
Not only theſe fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords

Poſſeſs it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in ſea, or air, beaſt, fiſh, and fowl.
In ſign whereof each bird and beaſt behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee feälty
With low ſubjection; underſtand the ſame
Of fiſh within their watry reſidence,
Not hither ſummon'd, ſince they cannot change
Their element, to draw the thinner air.
As thus he ſpake, each bird and beaſt behold
Approaching two and two, theſe cowring low
With blandiſhment, each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Their nature, with ſuch knowledge God endu'd
My ſudden apprehenſion. But in theſe
I found not what methought I wanted ſtill;
And to the heav'nly viſion thus preſum'd.
O by what name, for thou above all theſe,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this univerſe,
And all this good to man? for whoſe well-being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal,
Thou haſt provided all things: but with me
I ſee not who partakes. In ſolitude
What happineſs, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.
What call'ſt thou ſolitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air,
Repleniſh'd, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'ſt thou not
Their language and their ways? they alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe

Find paſtime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So ſpake the univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ord'ring. I, with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferior far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparity
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs,
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape;
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd, not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſubtle happineſs I ſee
Thou to thyſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, Adam, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my ſtate?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſs'd
Of happineſs, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me, or like; equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe,
Save with the creatures which I made, and theſe

To me inferior, infinite deſcents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
He ceas'd; I lowly anſwer'd. To attain
The heighth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come ſhort, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyſelf art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found: not ſo is man,
But in degree, the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation with his like to help,
Or ſolace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldſt propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers abſolute, though one:
But man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity.
Thou in thy ſecrecy although alone,
Beſt with thyſelf accompanied, ſeek'ſt not
Social communication; yet ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe thy creature to what heighth thou wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd:
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I imbolden'd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found; which gain'd
This anſwer from the gracious voice divine.
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd;
And find thee knowing, not of beaſts alone,
Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thyſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpi'rit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute;
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike;
And be ſo minded ſtill: I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,

Knew it not good for man to be alone;
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To ſee how thou couldſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy heart's deſire.
He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrain'd to the heighth
In that celeſtial colloquy ſublime,
As with an object that excels the ſenſe
Dazzled and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid; and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a trance methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood;
Who ſtooping open'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,
And life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up, and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different ſex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpi'rit of love, and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore

Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable: on ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial ſanctity and marriage-rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf
Before me: woman is her name, of man
Extracted; for this cauſe he ſhall forego
Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature herſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd:
I follow'd her; ſhe what was honour knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the nuptial bow'r
I led her bluſhing like the morn: all heav'n,
And happy conſtellations on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;

Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odours from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the ev'ning-ſtar
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.
Thus have I told thee all my ſtate, and brought
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy; and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire; theſe delicacies
I mean of taſte, ſight, ſmell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch; here paſſion firſt I felt;
Commotion ſtrange, in all enjoyments elſe
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Againſt the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain;
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward ſhow
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
For well I underſtand in the prime end
Of nature her th' inferior; in the mind
And inward faculties, which moſt excel;
In outward alſo her reſembling leſs
His image who made both, and leſs expreſſing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures: yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,

Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded, wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcount'nanc'd, and like folly ſhows;
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs, their ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.
Accuſe not nature, ſhe hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wiſdom, ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou need'ſt her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Leſs excellent, as thou thyſelf perceiv'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo,
An outſide? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy ſubjection. Weigh with her thyſelf;
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
Than ſelf-eſteem, grounded on juſt and right
Well manag'd; of that ſkill the more thou know'ſt,
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her ſhows:
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou may'ſt love
Thy mate, who ſees when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.
But if the ſenſe of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other, think the ſame vouchſaf'd
To cattle and each beaſt; which would not be
To them made common, and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue

The ſoul of man, or paſſion in him move.
What high'er in her ſociety thou find'ſt
Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill;
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not,
Wherein true love conſiſts not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his ſeat
In reas'on, and is judicious, is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly love thou mayſt aſcend,
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure, for which cauſe
Among the beaſts no mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half abaſh'd Adam reply'd.
Neither her outſide form'd ſo fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious ſound to th' ear.
Yet theſe ſubject not: I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel; not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'ſt me not; for love thou ſay'ſt
Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide:
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk:
Love not the heav'nly ſpirits, and how their love
Expreſs they, by looks only', or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the angel, with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſy red, love's proper hue,
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt

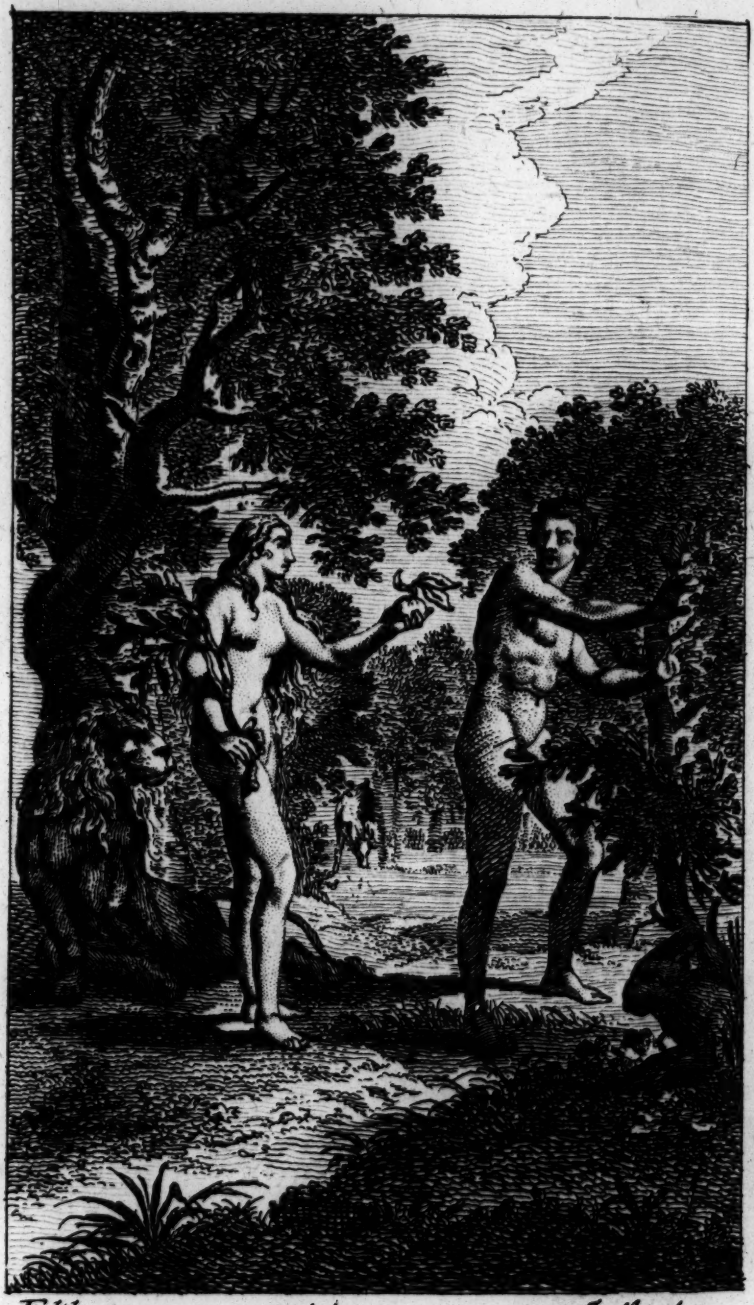
Us happy', and without love no happineſs.
Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'ſt,
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, excluſive bars:
Eaſier than air with air, if ſpi'rits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Deſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need,
As fleſh to mix with fleſh, or ſoul with ſoul.
But I can now no more; the parting ſun
Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant iſles
Heſperian ſets, my ſignal to depart.
Be ſtrong, live happy', and love; but firſt of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed leſt paſſion ſway
Thy judgment to do ought, which elſe free will
Would not admit; thine, and of all thy ſons,
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
I in thy perſevering ſhall rejoice,
And all the bleſs'd: ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require:
And all temptation to tranſgreſs repel.
So ſaying, he aroſe; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go heav'nly gueſt, ethereal meſſenger,
Sent from whoſe ſov'reign goodneſs I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condeſcenſion, and ſhall be' honour'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly ſtill, and oft return.
So parted they; the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick ſhade, and Adam to his bow'r.

The end of the eighth book.

The ARGUMENT of Book IX.

Satan having compaſſed the earth, with meditated guile returns as a miſt by night into Paradiſe, and enters into the ſerpent ſleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours; which Eve propoſes to divide in ſeveral places, each labouring apart: Adam conſents not, alledging the danger, leſt that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, ſhould attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumſpect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather deſirous to make trial of her ſtrength; Adam at laſt yields. The ſerpent finds her alone; his ſubtle approach, firſt gazing, then ſpeaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the ſerpent ſpeak, aſks how he attained to human ſpeech and ſuch underſtanding not till now; the ſerpent anſwers, that by taſting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to ſpeech and reaſon, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: The ſerpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; ſhe, pleas'd with the taſte, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at laſt brings him of the fruit, relates what perſuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at firſt amazed, but perceiving her loſt, reſolves through vehemence of love to periſh with her; and extenuating the treſpaſs, eats alſo of the fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they ſeek to cover their nakedneſs; then fall to variance, and accuſation of one another.

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Book 9.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

NO more of talk where God or Angel gueſt
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To ſit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repaſt, permitting him the while
Venial diſcourſe unblam'd: I now muſt change
Thoſe notes to tragic; foul diſtruſt, and breach
Diſloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And diſobedience; on the part of Heaven
Now alienated, diſtance and diſtaſte,
Anger and juſt rebuke, and judgment given,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin, and her ſhadow Death, and Miſery
Death's harbinger: Sad taſk, yet argument
Not leſs, but more heroic than the wrath
Of ſtern Achilles on his foe purſu'd
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia diſeſpous'd;
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that ſo long
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's ſon;
If anſwerable ſtyle I can obtain
Of my celeſtial patroneſs, who deigns
Her nightly viſitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me ſlumb'ring, or inſpires
Eaſy my unpremeditated verſe:

Since firſt this ſubject for heroic ſong
Pleas'd me, long chuſing, and beginning late;
Not ſedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd, chief maſt'ry to diſſect
With long and tedious havock fabled knights
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unſung; or to deſcribe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, imblazon'd ſhields,
Impreſſes quaint, capariſons, and ſteeds;
Baſes and tinſel trappings, gorgeous knights
At jouſt and torneament; then marſhall'd feaſt
Serv'd up in hall, with ſewers, and ſeneſhals;
The ſkill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which juſtly gives heroic name
To perſon, or to poem. Me of theſe
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious, higher argument
Remains, ſufficient of itſelf to raiſe
That name, unleſs an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depreſs'd; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
The ſun was ſunk, and after him the ſtar
Of Heſperus, whoſe office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, ſhort arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemiſphere had veil'd th' horizen round:
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's deſtruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himſelf, fearleſs return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compaſſing the earth, cautious of day,

Since Uriel, regent of the ſun, deſcry'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguiſh driv'n,
The ſpace of ſev'n continu'd nights he rode
With darkneſs, thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times croſs'd the car of night
From pole to pole, travérſing each colúre;
On th' eighth return'd, and on the coaſt averſe
From entrance or Cherubic watch, by ſtealth
Found unſuſpected way. There was a place,
Now not, though ſin, not time, firſt wrought the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradiſe
Into a gulf ſhot under ground, till part
Roſe up a fountain by the tree of life:
In with the river ſunk, and with it roſe
Satan, involv'd in riſing miſt; then ſought
Where to lie hid: ſea he had ſearch'd, and land,
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length
Weſt from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien, thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow ſearch, and with inſpection deep
Conſider'd ev'ry creature, which of all
Moſt opportune might ſerve his wiles, and found
The ſerpent ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field.
Him after long debate, irreſolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final ſentence choſe
Fit veſſel, fitteſt imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark ſuggeſtions hide
From ſharpeſt ſight: for in the wily ſnake,
Whatever ſleights none would ſuſpicious mark,
As from his wit and native ſubtlety
Proceeding, which in other beaſts obſerv'd

Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the ſenſe of brute.
Thus he reſolv'd, but firſt from inward grief
His burſting paſſion into plaints thus pour'd.
O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More juſtly, ſeat worthier of Gods, as built
With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worſe would build?
Terreſtrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heav'ns
That ſhine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as ſeems,
In thee concent'ring all their precious beams
Of ſacred influence! As God in Heaven
Is center, yet extends to all; ſo thou
Cent'ring receiv'ſt from all thoſe orbs; in thee
Not in themſelves, all their known virtue' appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, ſenſe, reaſon, all ſumm'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought, ſweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now ſea, and ſhores with foreſt crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of theſe
Find place or refuge; and the more I ſee
Pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me', as from the hateful ſiege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worſe would be my ſtate.
But neither here ſeek I, no nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unleſs by maſt'ring heav'n's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myſelf leſs miſerable
By what I ſeek, but others to make ſuch
As I, though thereby worſe to me redound:
For only in deſtroying I find eaſe

To my relentleſs thoughts; and him deſtroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loſs,
For whom all this was made; all this will ſoon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;
In woe then; that deſtruction wide may range:
To me ſhall be the glory ſole among
Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
What he Almighty ſtyl'd, ſix nights and days
Continu'd making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than ſince I in one night freed
From ſervitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he, to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether ſuch virtue ſpent of old now fail'd
More Angels to create, if they at leaſt
Are his created, or, to ſpite us more,
Determin'd to advance into one room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from ſo baſe original,
With heav'nly ſpoils, our ſpoils: what he decreed,
He effected; Man he made, and for him built,
Magnificent this world, and earth his ſeat,
Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his ſervice Angel wings,
And flaming miniſters to watch and tend
Their earthly charge. Of theſe the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in miſt
Of midnight-vapour glide obſcure, and pry
In every buſh and brake, where hap may find
The ſerpent ſleeping, in whoſe mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul deſcent! that I who erſt contended
With Gods to ſit the high'eſt, am now conſtrain'd

Into a beaſt, and mix'd with beſtial ſlime,
This eſſence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the heighth of deity aſpir'd.
But what will not ambition and revenge
Deſcend to? Who aſpires, muſt down as low
As high he ſoar'd, obnoxious, firſt or laſt,
To baſeſt things. Revenge, at firſt though ſweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itſelf recoils:
Let it; I reck not, ſo it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall ſhort, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favourite
Of Heav'n, this man of clay, ſon of deſpite,
Whom us the more to ſpite his Maker rais'd
From duſt: ſpite then with ſpite is beſt repaid.
So ſaying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
Like a black miſt low creeping, he held on
His midnight ſearch, where ſooneſt he might find
The ſerpent: him faſt ſleeping ſoon he found
In labyrinth of many a round ſelf-roll'd,
His head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid ſhade or diſmal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the graſſy herb
Fearleſs unfear'd he ſlept. In at his mouth
The devil enter'd, and his brutal ſenſe,
In heart or head, poſſeſſing ſoon inſpir'd
With act intelligential; but his ſleep
Diſturb'd not, waiting cloſe th' approach of morn.
Now when as ſacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incenſe, when all things that breathe,
From th' earth's great altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his noſtrils fill
With grateful ſmell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worſhip to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake

The ſeaſon, prime for ſweeteſt ſcents and airs:
Then commune how that day they beſt may ply
Their growing work; for much their work outgrew
The hands diſpatch of two gard'ning ſo wide,
And Eve firſt to her huſband thus began.
Adam, well may we labour ſtill to dreſs
This garden, ſtill to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,
Our pleaſant taſk injoin'd; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by reſtraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now adviſe,
Or bear what to my mind firſt thoughts preſent:
Let us divide our labours; thou where choice
Leads thee, or where moſt needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The claſping ivy where to climb; while I
In yonder ſpring of roſes intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redreſs till noon:
For while ſo near each other thus all day
Our taſk we chuſe, what wonder if ſo near
Looks intervene, and ſmiles, or object new
Caſual diſcourſe draw on, which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of ſupper comes unearn'd.
To whom mild anſwer Adam thus return'd.
Sole Eve, aſſociate ſole, to me beyond
Compare, above all living creatures dear,
Well haſt thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
How we might beſt fulfil the work which here
God hath aſſign'd us; nor of me ſhalt paſs
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſhold good,
And good works in her huſband to promote.

Yet not ſo ſtrictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreſhment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this ſweet intercourſe
Of looks and ſmiles; for ſmiles from reaſon flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food,
Love not the loweſt end of human life.
For not to irkſome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reaſon join'd.
Theſe paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Aſſiſt us. But if much converſe perhaps
Thee ſatiate, to ſhort abſence I could yield:
For ſolitude ſometimes is beſt ſociety,
And ſhort retirement urges ſweet return.
But other doubt poſſeſſes me, leſt harm
Befall thee ſever'd from me; for thou know'ſt
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envying our happineſs, and of his own
Deſpairing, ſeeks to work us woe and ſhame
By ſly aſſault; and ſomewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wiſh and beſt advantage, us aſunder;
Hopeleſs to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other ſpeedy aid might lend at need:
Whether his firſt deſign be to withdraw
Our feälty from God, or to diſturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliſs
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worſe, leave not the faithful ſide
That gave thee be'ing, ſtill ſhades thee, and protects.
The wife, where danger and diſhonour lurks,
Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her huſband ſtays,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt endures.

To whom the virgin majeſty of Eve,
As one who loves, and ſome unkindneſs meets,
With ſweet auſtere compoſure thus reply'd.
Offspring of heav'n and earth, and all earth's Lord,
That ſuch an enemy we have, who ſeeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting Angel overheard,
As in a ſhady nook I ſtood behind,
Juſt then return'd at ſhut of ev'ning-flowers.
But that thou ſhouldſt my firmneſs therefore doubt
To God or thee, becauſe we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'ſt not, being ſuch
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be ſhaken or ſeduc'd;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breaſt,
Adam, miſthought of her to thee ſo dear?
To whom with healing words Adam reply'd.
Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,
For ſuch thou art, from ſin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I diſſuade
Thy abſence from my ſight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itſelf, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, though' in vain, at leaſt aſperſes
The tempted with diſhonour foul, ſuppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Againſt temptation: thou thyſelf with ſcorn
And anger wouldſt reſent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: miſdeem not then,
If ſuch affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;

Or daring, firſt on me th' aſſault ſhall light.
Nor thou his malice and falſe guile contemn;
Subtle he needs muſt be, who could ſeduce
Angels; nor think ſuperfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Acceſs in every virtue, in thy ſight
More wiſe, more watchful, ſtronger, if need were
Of outward ſtrength; while ſhame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,
Would utmoſt vigour raiſe, and rais'd unite.
Why ſhouldſt not thou like ſenſe within thee feel
When I am preſent, and thy trial chuſe
With me, beſt witneſs of thy virtue try'd?
So ſpake domeſtic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Leſs attributed to her faith ſincere,
Thus her reply with accent ſweet renew'd.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit ſtraiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endu'd
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happy, ſtill in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not ſin: only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul eſteem
Of our integrity: his foul eſteem
Sticks no diſhonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himſelf; then wherefore ſhunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his ſurmiſe prov'd falſe; find peace within,
Favour from Heav'n, our witneſs from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue unaſſay'd
Alone, without exterior help ſuſtain'd?
Let us not then ſuſpect our happy ſtate
Left ſo imperfect by the Maker wiſe,
As not ſecure to ſingle or combin'd.

Frail is our happineſs, if this be ſo,
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.
To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd.
O woman, beſt are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them: his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created; much leſs man,
Or ought that might his happy ſtate ſecure,
Secure from outward force; within himſelf
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r:
Againſt his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reaſon, is free; and reaſon he made right,
But bid her well be ware, and ſtill erect,
Leſt by ſome fair appearing good ſurpris'd
She dictate falſe, and miſinform the will
To do what God expreſsly hath forbid.
Not then miſtruſt, but tender love, injoins,
That I ſhould mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm ye ſubſiſt, yet poſſible to ſwerve;
Since reaſon not impoſſibly may meet
Some ſpecious object by the foe ſuborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping ſtricteſt watch, as ſhe was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and moſt likely if from me
Thou ſever not: trial will come unſought.
Wouldſt thou approve thy conſtancy, approve
Firſt thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not ſeeing thee attempted, who atteſt?
But if thou think, trial unſought may find
Us both ſecurer than thus warn'd thou ſeem'ſt,
Go; for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou haſt of virtue, ſummon all,

For God tow'ards thee hath done his part, do thine.
So ſpake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Perſiſted, yet ſubmiſs, though laſt, reply'd.
With thy permiſſion then, and thus forewarn'd,
Chiefly by what thy own laſt reaſoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when leaſt ſought,
May find us both perhaps far leſs prepar'd,
The willinger I go; nor much expect
A foe ſo proud will firſt the weaker ſeek;
So bent, the more ſhall ſhame him his repulſe.
Thus ſaying, from her huſband's hand her hand
Soft ſhe withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's ſelf
In gait ſurpaſs'd, and goddeſs-like deport;
Though not, as ſhe, with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with ſuch gard'ning tools as art yet rude,
Guiltleſs of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likeſt ſhe ſeem'd, Pomona when ſhe fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proſerpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye purſu'd
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; ſhe to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs Eve,
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
Thou never from that hour in Paradiſe
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe;
Such ambuſh hid among ſweet flow'rs and ſhades,
Waited with helliſh rancour imminent

To intercept thy way, or ſend thee back
Deſpoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliſs.
For now, and ſince firſt break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere ſerpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his queſt, where likelieſt he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bow'r and field he ſought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleaſant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by ſhady rivulet
He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap might find
Eve ſeparate; he wiſh'd, but not with hope
Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd: when to his wiſh,
Beyond his hope, Eve ſeparate he ſpies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
Half ſpy'd, ſo thick the roſes buſhing round
About her glow'd; oft ſtooping to ſupport
Each flow'r of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head though gay
Carnation, purple', azure, or ſpeck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unſuſtain'd: them ſhe upſtays
Gently with myrtle band; mindleſs the while
Herſelf, though faireſt unſupported flow'r,
From her beſt prop ſo far, and ſtorm ſo nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travérs'd
Of ſtateliеſt covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now ſeen
Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than thoſe gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis; or renown'd
Alcinous, hoſt of old Laertes' ſon,
Or that, not myſtic, where the ſapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian ſpouſe.
Much he the place admir'd, the perſon more.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairy', each rural ſight, each rural ſound;
If chance, with nymphlike ſtep, fair virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd, for her now pleaſes more,
She moſt, and in her look ſums all delight:
Such pleaſure took the Serpent to behold
This flow'ry plat, the ſweet receſs of Eve
Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more ſoft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air
Of geſture, or leaſt action, overaw'd
His malice, and with rapine ſweet bereav'd
His fierceneſs of the fierce intent it brought:
That ſpace the evil one abſtracted ſtood
From his own ev'il, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmity diſarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heav'n, ſoon ended his delight;
And tortures him now more, the more he ſees
Of pleaſure not for him ordain'd: then ſoon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of miſchief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what ſweet
Compulſion thus tranſported, to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradiſe for hell, hope here to taſte
Of pleaſure, but all pleaſure to deſtroy,
Save what is in deſtroying; other joy
To me is loſt. Then let me not let paſs

Occaſion which now ſmiles. Behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts;
Her huſband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whoſe higher intellectual more I ſhun,
And ſtrength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terreſtrial mold;
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound;
I not; ſo much hath hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebled me, to what I was in Heav'n.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approach'd by ſtronger hate,
Hate ſtronger, under ſhow of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So ſpake the enemy' of mankind, inclos'd
In ſerpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
Addreſs'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as ſince, but on his rear,
Circular baſe of riſing folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a ſurging maze; his head
Creſted aloft, and carbuncle his eyes:
With burniſh'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidſt his circling ſpires, that on the graſs
Floted redundant: pleaſing was his ſhape,
And lovely: never ſince of ſerpent kind
Lovelier; not thoſe that in Illyria chang'd
Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was ſeen;
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique
At firſt, as one who ſought acceſs, but fear'd
To interrupt, ſide-long he works his way.
As when a ſhip by ſkilful ſteerſman wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind

Veers oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her ſail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in ſight of Eve,
To lure her eye. She buſied heard the ſound
Of ruſling leaves; but minded not, as us'd
To ſuch diſport before her through the field,
From every beaſt, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd diſguis'd.
He bolder now, uncall'd before her ſtood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret creſt, and ſleek enamell'd neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon ſhe trod.
His gentle dumb expreſſion turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with ſerpent tongue
Organic, or impulſe of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.
  Wonder not, ſov'reign miſtreſs, if perhaps
Thou canſt, who art ſole wonder; much leſs arm
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildneſs, with diſdain,
Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate; I thus ſingle; nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Faireſt reſemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celeſtial beauty' adore,
With raviſhment beheld, there beſt beheld
Where univerſally admir'd; but here
In this incloſure wild, theſe beaſts among,
Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who ſees thee'? (and what is one?) who ſhouldſt be ſeen
A goddeſs among gods, ador'd and ſerv'd
By Angels numberleſs, thy daily train.
  So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd;

Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length
Not unamaz'd ſhe thus in anſwer ſpake.
What may this mean? language of man pronounc'd
By tongue of brute, and human ſenſe expreſs'd?
The firſt at leaſt of theſe I thought deny'd
To beaſts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate ſound:
The latter I demur: for in their looks
Much rea'ſon, and in their actions, oft appears,
Thee, ſerpent, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and ſay,
How cam'ſt thou ſpeakable of mute, and how
To me ſo friendly grown above the reſt
Of brutal kind, that daily are in ſight:
Say, for ſuch wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd.
Empreſs of this fair world, reſplendent Eve,
Eaſy it is to me to tell thee all
What thou command'ſt, and right thou ſhouldſt be obey'd.
I was at firſt as other beaſts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low
As was my food; nor ought but food diſcern'd
Or ſex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly tree far diſtant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of faireſt colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a ſavoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my ſenſe
Than ſmell of ſweeteſt fenel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,
Unſuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To ſatisfy the ſharp deſire I had

Of taſting thoſe fair apples, I reſolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirſt at once,
Pow'rful perſuaders, quicken'd at the ſcent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me ſo keen.
About the moſſy trunk I wound me ſoon;
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmoſt reach, or Adam's: round the tree
All other beaſts that ſaw, with like deſire
Longing and envying ſtood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting ſo nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I ſpar'd not; for ſuch pleaſure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reaſon in my inward pow'rs, and ſpeech
Wanted not long, though to this ſhape retain'd.
Thenceforth to ſpeculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts; and, with capacious mind,
Conſider'd all things viſible in Heaven,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray,
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or ſecond, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worſhip thee, of right declar'd
Sov'reign of creatures, univerſal dame.
So talk'd the ſpirited ſly Snake; and Eve
Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd.
Serpent, thy overpraiſing leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee firſt prov'd,
But ſay, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradiſe, and various, yet unknown

To us; in ſuch abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater ſtore of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their proviſion, and more hands
Help to diſburden Nature of her birth.
To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad.
Empreſs, the way is ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Faſt by a fountain, one ſmall thicket paſt
Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither ſoon.
Lead then, ſaid Eve. He leading ſwiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate ſeem ſtrait,
To miſchief ſwift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his creſt; as when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenſes, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they ſay, ſome evil Spi'rit attends,
Hovering, and blazing with deluſive light,
Miſleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way,
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour far.
So gliſter'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe:
Which when ſhe ſaw, thus to her guide ſhe ſpake.
Serpent, we might have ſpar'd our coming hither,
Fruitleſs to me, though fruit be here to' exceſs;
The credit of whoſe virtue reſt with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cauſe of ſuch effects.
But of this tree we may not taſte nor touch;
God ſo commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice; the reſt, we live
Law to ourſelves, our reaſon is our law.

To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd.
Indeed? hath God then ſaid that of the fruit
Of all theſe garden-trees ye ſhall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air?
To whom thus Eve yet ſinleſs. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidſt
The garden, God hath ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat
Thereof, nor ſhall ye touch it, leſt ye die.
She ſcarce had ſaid, though brief when now more bold
The tempter, but with ſhow of zeal and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on; and as to paſſion mov'd,
Fluctuates diſturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of ſome great matter to begin.
As when of old ſome orator renown'd
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flouriſh'd, ſince mute, to ſome great cauſe addreſs'd
Stood in himſelf collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in heighth began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
So ſtanding, moving, or to heighth up grown,
The tempter all impaſſion'd thus began.
O ſacred, wiſe, and wiſdom-giving plant,
Mother of ſcience, now I feel thy pow'r
Within me clear, not only to diſcern
Things in their cauſes, but to trace the ways
Of higheſt agents, deem'd however wiſe.
Queen of this univerſe, do not believe
Thoſe rigid threats of death; ye ſhall not die:
How ſhould ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threatner? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and taſted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate

Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot.
Shall that be ſhut to man, which to the beaſt
Is open? or will God incenſe his ire
For ſuch a petty treſpaſs, and not praiſe
Rather your dauntleſs virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from atchieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how juſt? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, ſince eaſier ſhunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be juſt;
Not juſt, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itſelf of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worſhippers: he knows, that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that ſeem ſo clear,
Yet are but dim, ſhall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye ſhall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye ſhall be as Gods, ſince I as Man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute, human; ye of human, Gods.
So ye ſhall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods; death to be wiſh'd,
Though threaten'd, which no worſe than this can bring.
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating god-like food?
The gods are firſt, and that advantage uſe
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I queſtion it; for this fair earth I ſee,
Warm'd by the ſun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains

Wiſdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that Man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart againſt his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breaſts? theſe, theſe, and many more
Cauſes, import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.
He ended; and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too eaſy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the ſound
Yet rung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd
With reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with truth;
Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell
So ſavoury of that fruit, which with deſire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,
Solicited her longing eye: yet firſt
Pauſing a while, thus to herſelf ſhe mus'd.
Great are thy virtues, doubtleſs, beſt of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be' admir'd;
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for ſpeech to ſpeak thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe he alſo who forbids thy uſe,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taſte, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, ſure is not had; or had,
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wiſe?

Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Bind us with after bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we ſhall die.
How dies the ſerpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and ſpeaks, and reaſons, and diſcerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beaſts reſerv'd?
For beaſts it ſeems: yet that one beaſt which firſt
Hath taſted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, author unſuſpect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taſte,
Of virtue to make wiſe: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body' and mind?
So ſaying, her raſh hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, ſhe pluck'd, ſhe eat:
Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her ſeat,
Sighing through all her works, gave ſigns of woe,
That all was loſt. Back to the thicket ſlunk
The guilty Serpent: and well might; for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taſte, nought elſe
Regarded, ſuch delight till then, as ſeem'd,
In fruit ſhe never taſted, whether true
Or fancy'd ſo, through expectation high
Of knowledge: nor was God-head from her thought.
Greedily ſhe ingorg'd without reſtraint,
And knew not eating death. Satiate at length,
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herſelf ſhe pleaſingly began.

O ſov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradiſe, of operation bleſs'd
To ſapience, hitherto obſcur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without ſong, each morning, and due praiſe,
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden eaſe
Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods, who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Beſt guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'ſt wiſdom's way,
And giv'ſt acceſs, though ſecret ſhe retire.
And I perhaps am ſecret; Heav'n is high,
High, and remote to ſee from thence diſtinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great forbidder, ſafe with all his ſpies
About him. But to Adam in what ſort
Shall I appear? ſhall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happineſs with me; or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r
Without copartner? ſo to add what wants
In female ſex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undeſirable, ſometime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well. But what if God have ſeen,
And death enſue? then I ſhall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct?

A death to think. Confirm'd then I reſolve,
Adam ſhall ſhare with me in bliſs or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.
So ſaying, from the tree her ſtep ſhe turn'd;
But firſt low rev'rence done, as to the pow'r
That dwelt within, whoſe preſence had infus'd
Into the plant ſcientiał ſap, deriv'd
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
Waiting deſirous her return, had wove
Of choiceſt flow'rs a garland to adorn
Her treſſes, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harveſt-queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, ſo long delay'd:
Yet oft his heart, divine of ſomething ill,
Miſgave him; he the falt'ring meaſure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way ſhe took
That morn when firſt they parted. By the tree
Of knowledge he muſt paſs; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of faireſt fruit, that downy ſmil'd,
New gather'd, and ambroſial ſmell diffus'd.
To him ſhe haſted; in her face excuſe
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will ſhe thus addreſs'd.
Haſt thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my ſtay?
Thee I have miſs'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy preſence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor ſhall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what raſh untry'd I ſought,
The pain of abſence from thy ſight. But ſtrange
Hath been the cauſe, and wonderful to hear.
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger taſted, nor to' evil unknown

Op'ning the way; but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taſte;
And hath been taſted ſuch: the ſerpent wiſe,
Or not reſtrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endu'd with human voice and human ſenſe,
Reaſoning to admiration, and with me
Perſuaſively hath ſo prevail'd, that I
Have alſo taſted, and have alſo found
Th' effects to correſpond; op'ner mine eyes,
Dim erſt, dilated ſpirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I ſought, without thee can deſpiſe.
For bliſs, as thou haſt part, to me is bliſs;
Tedious, unſhar'd with thee, and odious ſoon.
Thou therefore alſo taſte, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Leſt thou not taſting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.
  Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her ſtory told;
But in her cheek diſtemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other ſide, Adam, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood, and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his ſlack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood, and pale; till thus at length
Firſt to himſelf he inward ſilence broke.
  O faireſt of creation, laſt and beſt
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!

How art thou loſt, how on a ſudden loſt,
Defac'd, deflowr'd, and now to death devote?
Rather, how haſt thou yielded to tranſgreſs
The ſtrict forbiddance, how to violate
The ſacred fruit forbidd'n? Some curſed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown;
And me with thee hath ruin'd: for with thee
Certain my reſolution is to die;
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy ſweet converſe and love ſo dearly join'd,
To live again in theſe wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: fleſh of fleſh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy ſtate
Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe.
So having ſaid, as one from ſad diſmay
Recomforted, and, after thoughts diſturb'd,
Submitting to what ſeem'd remedileſs,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.
Bold deed thou haſt preſum'd, advent'rous Eve,
And peril great provok'd, who thus haſt dar'd,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That ſacred fruit, ſacred to abſtinence,
Much more to taſte it, under ban to touch.
But paſt who can recall, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor fate: yet ſo
Perhaps thou ſhalt not die, perhaps the fact
Is not ſo hainous now, foretaſted fruit,
Profan'd firſt by the ſerpent, by him firſt
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taſte:
Not yet on him found deadly; he yet lives,
Lives, as thou ſaidſt, and gains to live, as man,
Higher degree of life; inducement ſtrong

To us, as likely taſting to attain
Proportional aſcent, which cannot be
But by the Gods, or Angels, Demi-gods.
Nor can I think, that God, Creator wiſe,
Though threat'ning, will in earneſt ſo deſtroy
Us his prime creatures, dignify'd ſo high,
Set over all his works; which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us muſt fail,
Dependent made: ſo God ſhall uncreate,
Be fruſtrate, do, undo, and labour loſe;
Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his pow'r
Creation could repeat, yet would be loath
Us to aboliſh, leſt the adverſary
Triumph, and ſay; Fickle their ſtate whom God
Moſt favours; who can pleaſe him long? Me firſt
He ruin'd, now mankind: whom will he next?
Matter of ſcorn, not to be giv'n the foe.
However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom: if death
Conſort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our ſtate cannot be ſever'd, we are one,
One fleſh; to loſe thee were to loſe myſelf.
So Adam; and thus Eve to him reply'd.
O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illuſtrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate, but ſhort
Of thy perfection, how ſhall I attain,
Adam? from whoſe dear ſide I boaſt me ſprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee ſpeak,
One heart, one ſoul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee reſolv'd,
Rather than death, or ought than death more dread,

Shall ſeparate us, link'd in love ſo dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of taſting this fair fruit;
Whoſe virtue (for of good ſtill good proceeds,
Direct, or by occaſion) hath preſented
This happy trial of thy love, which elſe
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menac'd would enſue
This my attempt, I would ſuſtain alone
The worſt, and not perſuade thee; rather die
Deſerted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace; chiefly aſſur'd
Remarkably ſo late of thy ſo true,
So faithful love unequall'd; but I feel
Far otherwiſe th' event, not death, but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taſte ſo divine, that what of ſweet before
Hath touch'd my ſenſe, flat ſeems to this, and harſh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taſte,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So ſaying, ſhe embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love
Had ſo ennobled, as of choice to' incur
Divine diſpleaſure for her ſake, or death.
In recompenſe (for ſuch compliance bad
Such recompenſe beſt merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he ſcrupled not to eat,
Againſt his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her intrails, as again
In pangs; and Nature gave a ſecond groan;
Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, ſome ſad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal ſin
Original; while Adam took no thought,

Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate
Her former treſpaſs fear'd, the more to ſooth
Him with her lov'd ſociety; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They ſwim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to ſcorn the earth. But that falſe fruit
Far other operation firſt diſplay'd,
Carnal deſire inflaming; he on Eve
Began to caſt laſcivious eyes, ſhe him
As wantonly repaid; in luſt they burn:
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
  Eve, now I ſee thou art exact of taſte,
And elegant, of ſapience no ſmall part,
Since to each meaning ſavour we apply,
And palate call judicious: I the praiſe
Yield thee, ſo well this day thou haſt purvey'd.
Much pleaſure we have loſt, while we abſtain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True reliſh, taſting; if ſuch pleaſure be
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wiſh'd,
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, ſo well refreſh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after ſuch delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo inflame my ſenſe
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
  So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent; well underſtood
Of Eve, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he ſeized, and to a ſhady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd,
He led her nothing loath; flow'rs were the couch,

Panſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of love, and love's diſport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
The ſolace of their ſin; till dewy ſleep
Oppreſs'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their ſpi'rits had play'd, and inmoſt pow'rs
Made err, was now exhal'd; and groſſer ſleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conſcious dreams
Incumber'd, now had left them; up they roſe
As from unreſt, and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil
Had ſhadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Juſt confidence, and native righteouſneſs,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty ſhame; he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So roſe the Danite ſtrong,
Herculean Samſon, from the harlot-lap
Of Philiſtéan Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his ſtrength; they deſtitute and bare
Of all their virtue: ſilent, and in face
Confounded, long they ſat, as ſtrucken mute;
Till Adam, though not leſs than Eve abaſh'd,
At length gave utterance to theſe words conſtrain'd.
O Eve, in evil hour thou didſt give ear
To that falſe worm, of whomſoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
Falſe in our promis'd riſing; ſince our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and ev'il, good loſt, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,

Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now ſoil'd and ſtain'd,
And in our faces evident the ſigns
Of foul concupiſcence; whence evil ſtore;
Ev'n ſhame, the laſt of evils; of the firſt
Be ſure then. How ſhall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, erſt with joy
And rapture ſo' oft beheld? thoſe heav'nly ſhapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Inſufferably bright. O might I here
In ſolitude live ſavage, in ſome glade
Obſcur'd, where higheſt woods impenetrable
To ſtar or ſun-light, ſpread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never ſee thee more.
But let us now, as in bad plight, deviſe
What beſt may for the preſent ſerve to hide
The parts of each from other, that ſeem moſt
To ſhame obnoxious, and unſeemlieſt ſeen;
Some tree, whoſe broad ſmooth leaves together ſow'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Thoſe middle parts, that this new comer, ſhame,
There ſit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So counſel'd he, and both together went
Into the thickeſt wood: there ſoon they choſe
The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renown'd;
But ſuch as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan, ſpreads her arms
Branching ſo broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd ſhade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;
There oft the Indian herdſman ſhunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his paſturing herds

At loopholes cut through thickeſt ſhade: thoſe leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe;
And with what ſkill they had, together ſow'd,
To gird their waiſt; vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded ſhame; O how unlike
To that firſt naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found th' American, ſo girt
With feather'd cincture, naked elſe and wild
Among the trees on iſles and woody ſhores.
Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their ſhame in part
Cover'd, but not at reſt or eaſe of mind,
They ſat them down to weep; nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worſe within
Began to riſe, high paſſions, anger, hate,
Miſtruſt, ſuſpicion, diſcord, and ſhook ſore
Their inward ſtate of mind; calm region once,
And full of peace, now toſt and turbulent:
For underſtanding rul'd not, and the will
Heard not her lore, both in ſubjection now
To ſenſual appetite, who from beneath
Uſurping, over ſov'reign reaſon claim'd
Superior ſway: from thus diſtemper'd breaſt,
Adam, eſtrang'd in look and alter'd ſtile,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.
Would thou hadſt hearken'd to my words, and ſtay'd
With me, as I beſought thee, when that ſtrange
Deſire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,
I know not whence poſſeſs'd thee; we had then
Remain'd ſtill happy, not as now, deſpoil'd
Of all our good, ſham'd, naked, miſerable.
Let none henceforth ſeek needleſs cauſe to' approve
The faith they owe; when earneſtly they ſeek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.
To whom ſoon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.
What words have paſs'd thy lips, Adam ſevere!

Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will
Of wand'ring as thou call'ſt it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyſelf perhaps? Hadſt thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldſt not have diſcern'd
Fraud in the ſerpent, ſpeaking as he ſpake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harm.
Was I to' have never parted from thy ſide?
As good have grown there ſtill a lifeleſs rib.
Being as I am, why didſt not thou the head
Command me abſolutely not to go,
Going into ſuch danger as thou ſaidſt?
Too facile then thou didſt not much gainſay,
Nay didſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.
Hadſt thou been firm and fix'd in thy diſſent,
Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with me.
  To whom then firſt incens'd Adam reply'd.
Is this the love, is this the recompenſe
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expreſs'd
Immutable, when thou wert loſt, not I;
Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliſs,
Yet willingly choſe rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cauſe
Of thy traſgreſſing? not enough ſevere,
It ſeems, in thy reſtraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admoniſh'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, ſecure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial: and perhaps
I alſo err'd in overmuch admiring
What ſeem'd in thee ſo perfect, that I thought

No evil durſt attempt thee; but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuſer. Thus it ſhall befall
Him who to worth in women overtruſting,
Lets her will rule: reſtraint ſhe will not brook;
And left to' herſelf, if evil thence enſue,
She firſt his weak indulgence will accuſe.
Thus they in mutual accuſation ſpent
The fruitleſs hours, but neither ſelf-condemning,
And of their vain conteſt appear'd no end.

The end of the ninth book.

The ARGUMENT of BOOK X.

Man's tranſgreſſion known, the guardian Angels forſak Paradiſe, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance; and are approved, GOD declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He ſends his SON to judge the tranſgreſſors; who deſcends, and gives ſentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reaſcends. Sin and Death, ſitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous ſympathy feeling the ſucceſs of Satan in this new world, and the ſin by man there committed, reſolve to ſit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their fire up to the place of man: To make the way eaſier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan firſt made; then preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his ſucceſs, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full aſſembly relates with boaſting his ſucceſs againſt man; inſtead of applauſe, is entertained with a general hiſs by all his audience, transformed with himſelf alſo ſuddenly into ſerpents, according to his doom given in Paradiſe; then deluded with a ſhow of the forbidden tree ſpringing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew duſt and bitter aſhes. The proceedings of Sin and Death: GOD foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the preſent commands his Angels to make ſeveral alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails; rejects the comdolement of Eve; ſhe perſiſts, and at length appeaſes him: then, to evade the curſe likely to fall on their offspring, propoſes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promiſe made them, that her ſeed ſhould be revenged on the ſerpent, and exhorts her with him to ſeek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and ſupplication.

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Book 10.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

MEAN while the hainous and deſpiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradiſe, and how
He in the ſerpent, had perverted Eve,
Her huſband ſhe, to taſte the fatal fruit,
Was known in heav'n; for what can 'ſcape the eye
Of God all-ſeeing, or deceive his heart
Omniſcient? who in all things wiſe and juſt,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with ſtrength entire, and free-will arm'd,
Complete to have diſcover'd and repuls'd
Whatever wiles of foe or ſeeming friend.
For ſtill they knew, and ought to' have ſtill remember'd
The high injunction not to taſte that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they leſs?) the penalty,
And manifold in ſin, deſerv'd to fall.
Up into heav'n from Paradiſe in haſte
Th' angelic guards aſcended, mute and ſad
For Man; for of his ſtate by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the ſubtle fiend had ſtol'n
Entrance unſeen. Soon as the unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd at heav'n-gate, diſpleas'd
All were who heard; dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time celeſtial viſages, yet mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliſs.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes

Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befel: they tow'ards the throne ſupreme
Accountable made haſte, to make appear
With righteous plea their utmoſt vigilance,
And eaſily approv'd: when the moſt high
Eternal Father, from his ſecret cloud,
Amidſt in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Aſſembled Angels, and ye pow'rs return'd
From unſucceſsful charge, be not diſmay'd,
Nor troubled at theſe tidings from the earth,
Which your ſincereſt care could not prevent,
Foretold ſo lately what would come to paſs,
When firſt this tempter croſs'd the gulf from hell.
I told ye then he ſhould prevail and ſpeed
On his bad errand; man ſhould be ſeduc'd
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Againſt his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to neceſſiate his fall,
Or touch with lighteſt moment of impulſe
His free will, to her own inclining left
In even ſcale. But fall'n he is, and now
What reſts, but that the mortal ſentence paſs
On his tranſgreſſion, death denounc'd that day?
Which he preſumes already vain and void,
Becauſe not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By ſome immediate ſtroke; but ſoon ſhall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Juſtice ſhall not return as bounty ſcorn'd.
But whom ſend I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd
All judgment, whether in heav'n, or earth, or hell.
Eaſy it may be ſeen that I intend
Mercy collegue with juſtice, ſending thee,
Man's friend, his mediator, his deſign'd
Both ranſom and redeemer voluntary,
And deſtin'd man himſelf to judge man fall'n.

So ſpake the Father, and unfolding bright
Tow'ard the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded deity: he full
Reſplendent all his Father manifeſt
Expreſs'd, and thus divinely anſwer'd mild.
Father eternal, thine is to decree;
Mine both in heav'n and earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd
May'ſt ever reſt well pleas'd. I go to judge
On earth theſe thy tranſgreſſors; but thou know'ſt,
Whoever judg'd, the worſt on me muſt light,
When time ſhall be; for ſo I undertook
Before thee'; and not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me deriv'd: yet I ſhall temper ſo
Juſtice with mercy', as may illuſtrate moſt
Them fully ſatisfy'd, and thee appeaſe.
Attendance none ſhall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
Thoſe two; the third beſt abſent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the ſerpent none belongs.
Thus ſaying, from his radiant ſeat he roſe
Of high collateral glory': him thrones and pow'rs
Princedoms, and dominations miniſtrant
Accompanied to heaven-gate, from whence
Eden and all the coaſt in proſpect lay.
Down he deſcended ſtrait; the ſpeed of gods
Time counts not, though with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.
Now was the ſun in weſtern cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the earth now wak'd, and uſher in
The ev'ning cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
Came, the mild judge and interceſſor both,
To ſentence man. The voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by ſoft winds

Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,
And from his preſence hid themſelves among
The thickeſt trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.
Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming ſeen far off? I miſs thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with ſolitude,
Where obvious duty' ere while appear'd unſought:
Or come I leſs conſpicuous, or what change
Abſents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though firſt
To' offend; diſcount'nanc'd both, and diſcompos'd:
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
And ſhame, and perturbation, and deſpair,
Anger, and obſtinacy', and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam faltring long, thus anſwer'd brief.
I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myſelf. To whom
The gracious judge without revile reply'd.
My voice thou oft haſt heard, and haſt not fear'd,
But ſtill rejoic'd; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou' art naked, who
Hath told thee? haſt thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou ſhouldſt not eat?
To whom thus Adam ſore beſet reply'd.
O heav'n! in evil ſtrait this day I ſtand
Before my judge, either to undergo
Myſelf the total crime, or to accuſe
My other ſelf, the partner of my life;
Whoſe failing, while her faith to me remains,
I ſhould conceal, and not expoſe to blame
By my complaint: but ſtrict neceſſity
Subdues me, and calamitous conſtraint,
Left on my head both ſin and puniſhment,
However inſupportable, be all

Devolv'd; though ſhould I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldſt eaſily detect what I conceal.
This woman, whom thou mad'ſt to be my help,
And gav'ſt me as thy perfect gift, ſo good,
So fit, ſo acceptable, ſo divine,
That from her hand I could ſuſpect no ill,
And what ſhe did, whatever in itſelf,
Her doing ſeem'd to juſtify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
To whom the Sov'reign Preſence thus reply'd.
Was ſhe thy God, that her thou didſt obey
Before his voice? or was ſhe made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didſt reſign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God ſet thee' above her, made of thee,
And for thee, whoſe perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy ſubjection; and her gifts
Were ſuch as under government well ſeem'd,
Unſeemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And perſon, hadſt thou known thyſelf aright.
So having ſaid, he thus to Eve in few.
Say, woman, what is this which thou haſt done?
To whom ſaid Eve with ſhame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confeſſing ſoon, yet not before her judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abaſh'd reply'd.
The ſerpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on the accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him inſtrument
Of miſchief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; juſtly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not man (ſince he no further knew)

Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at laſt
To Satan firſt in ſin his doom apply'd,
Though in myſterious terms, judg'd as then beſt:
And on the ſerpent thus his curſe let fall.
Becauſe thou haſt done this, thou art accurs'd
Above all cattle, each beaſt of the field;
Upon thy belly groveling thou ſhalt go,
And duſt ſhalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her ſeed;
Her ſeed ſhall bruiſe thy head, thou bruiſe his heel.
So ſpake this oracle, then verify'd
When Jeſus ſon of Mary, ſecond Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,
Prince of the air; then riſing from his grave
Spoil'd principalities and pow'rs, triumph'd
In open ſhow, and with aſcenſion bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itſelf of Satan long uſurp'd,
Whom he ſhall tread at laſt under our feet;
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruiſe,
And to the woman thus his ſentence turn'd.
Thy ſorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou ſhalt bring
In ſorrow forth; and to thy huſband's will
Thine ſhall ſubmit; he over thee ſhall rule.
On Adam laſt thus judgment he pronounc'd.
Becauſe thou' haſt hearken'd to the' voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, ſay'ing, Thou ſhalt not eat thereof:
Curs'd is the ground for thy ſake; thou in ſorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns alſo' and thiſtles it ſhall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou ſhalt eat th' herb of the field,
In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou

Out of the ground waſt taken, know thy birth,
For duſt thou art, and ſhalt to duſt return.
So judg'd he man, both judge and ſaviour ſent,
And th' inſtant ſtroke of death denounc'd that day
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they ſtood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Muſt ſuffer change, diſdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of ſervant to aſſume,
As when he waſh'd his ſervants feet, ſo now
As father of his family he clad
Their nakedneſs with ſkins of beaſts, or ſlain,
Or as the ſnake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the ſkins
Of beaſts, but inward nakedneſs, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteouſneſs,
Arraying cover'd from his Father's ſight.
To him with ſwift aſcent he up return'd,
Into his bliſsful boſom reaſſum'd
In glory as of old; to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had paſs'd with man
Recounted, mixing interceſſion ſweet.
Mean while ere thus was ſinn'd and judg'd on earth,
Within the gates of hell ſat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, ſince the fiend paſs'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.
O ſon, why ſit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier ſeat provides
For us his offſpring dear? It cannot be
But that ſucceſs attends him; if miſhap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven
By his avengers, ſince no place like this
Can fit his puniſhment, or their revenge.

Methinks I feel new ſtrength within me riſe,
Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or ſympathy, or ſome connatural force,
Pow'rful at greateſt diſtance to unite,
With ſecret amity, things of like kind,
By ſecreteſt conveyance. Thou, my ſhade
Inſeparable, muſt with me along:
For Death from Sin no pow'r can ſeparate.
But leſt the difficulty of paſſing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impaſſable, impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails, a monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal hoſt,
Eaſing their paſſage hence, for intercourſe,
Or tranſmigration, as their lot ſhall lead.
Nor can I miſs the way, ſo ſtrongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and inſtinct.
  Whom thus the meagre ſhadow anſwer'd ſoon.
Go whither fate and inclination ſtrong
Leads thee; I ſhall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading; ſuch a ſcent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taſte
The ſavour of death from all things there that live:
Nor ſhall I to the work thou enterpriſeſt
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
  So ſaying, with delight he ſnuff'd the ſmell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Againſt the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie incamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With ſcent of living carcaſes deſign'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight;

So ſcented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His noſtril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from ſo far.
Then both from out hell-gates, into the waſte
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverſe; and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or ſlimy, as in raging ſea
Toſt up and down, together crouded drove,
From each ſide ſhoaling tow'ards the mouth of hell:
As when two polar winds, blowing adverſe
Upon the Cronian ſea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that ſtop th' imagin'd way
Beyond Petſora eaſtward, to the rich
Cathaian coaſt. The aggregated ſoil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident ſmote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos floating once; the reſt his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;
And with Aſphaltic ſlime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
They faſten'd, and the mole immenſe wrought on,
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this new fenceleſs world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a paſſage broad,
Smooth, eaſy, inoffenſive, down to hell.
So, if great things to ſmall may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Suſa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the ſea, and over Helleſpont
Bridging his way, Europe with Aſia join'd,
And ſcourg'd with many a ſtroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyſs, following the track

Methinks I feel new ſtrength within me riſe,
Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or ſympathy, or ſome connatural force,
Pow'rful at greateſt diſtance to unite,
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Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
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Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
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From each ſide ſhoaling tow'ards the mouth of hell:
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Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyſs, following the track

Of Satan, to the ſelf-ſame place where he
Firſt lighted from his wing, and landed ſafe
From out of Chaos, to the outſide bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant,
And chains, they made all faſt; too faſt they made,
And durable; and now in little ſpace
The confines met of empyréan heaven,
And of this world, and on the left hand hell
With long reach interpos'd; three ſeveral ways
In ſight, to each of theſe three places led.
And now their way to earth they had deſcry'd,
To Paradiſe firſt tending; when behold
Satan, in likeneſs of an Angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion ſteering
His zenith, while the ſun in Aries roſe:
Diſguis'd he came; but thoſe his children dear
Their parent ſoon diſcern'd, though in diſguiſe.
He, after Eve ſeduc'd, unminded ſlunk
Into the wood faſt by, and changing ſhape
To' obſerve the ſequel, ſaw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, ſeconded
Upon her huſband, ſaw their ſhame that ſought
Vain covertures; but when he ſaw deſcend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
He fled, not hoping to eſcape, but ſhun
The preſent, fearing guilty what his wrath
Might ſuddenly inflict; that paſt, return'd
By night, and liſt'ning where the hapleſs pair
Sat in their ſad diſcourſe, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom; which underſtood
Not inſtant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at ſight

Of that ſtupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
Long he admiring ſtood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the ſilence broke.
O parent, theſe are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'ſt as not thine own;
Thou art their author and prime architect:
For I no ſooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a ſecret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion ſweet,
That thou on earth hadſt proſper'd, which thy looks
Now alſo evidence, but ſtrait I felt
Though diſtant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I muſt after thee with this thy ſon;
Such fatal conſequence unites us three.
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulph ſecure
Detain from following thy illuſtrious track.
Thou haſt atchiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within hell-gates till now; thou us impower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay
With this portentous bridge the dark abyſs.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue' hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy wiſdom gain'd
With odds what war hath loſt, and fully' aveng'd
Our foil in Heav'n; here thou ſhalt monarch reign,
There didſt not: there let him ſtill victor ſway,
As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or try thee now more dange'rous to his throne.
Whom thus the prince of darkneſs anſwer'd glad.
Fair daughter, and thou ſon and grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,

Antagoniſt of Heav'n's almighty King)
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that ſo near heav'n's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of eaſy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Deſcend through darkneſs, on your road with eaſe,
To my aſſociate pow'rs, them to acquaint
With theſe ſucceſſes, and with them rejoice;
You two this way, among theſe numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradiſe deſcend;
There dwell, and reign in bliſs; thence on the earth
Dominion exerciſe, and in the air,
Chiefly on Man, ſole lord of all declar'd;
Him firſt make ſure you thrall, and laſtly kill.
My ſubſtitutes I ſend ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchleſs might
Iſſuing from me: on your joint vigour now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through ſin to death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of hell
No detriment need fear; go, and be ſtrong.
So ſaying he diſmiſs'd them; they with ſpeed
Their courſe through thickeſt conſtellations held,
Spreading their bane; the blaſted ſtars look'd wan,
And planets, planet-ſtruck, real eclipſe
Then ſuffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The cauſey to hell-gate; on either ſide
Diſparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding ſurge the bars aſſail'd,
That ſcorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan paſs'd,
And all about found deſolate; for thoſe
Appointed to ſit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the reſt were all

Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud ſeat
Of Lucifer, ſo by alluſion call'd,
Of that bright ſtar to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council ſat, ſolicitous what chance
Might intercept their empe'ror ſent; ſo he
Departing gave command, and they obſerv'd.
As when the Tartar from his Ruſſian foe,
By Aſtracan, over the ſnowy plains,
Retires; or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkiſh creſcent, leaves all waſte beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Tauris or Caſbeen: ſo theſe, the late
Heav'n-baniſh'd hoſt, left deſert utmoſt hell
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the ſearch
Of foreign worlds. He through the midſt unmark'd,
In ſhow plebeian Angel militant
Of loweſt order, paſs'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, inviſible
Aſcended his high throne, which under ſtate
Of richeſt texture ſpread, at th' upper end
Was plac'd in regal luſtre. Down a while
He ſat, and round about him ſaw unſeen:
At laſt, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And ſhape ſtar-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permiſſive glory ſince his fall
Was left him, or falſe glitter. All amaz'd
At that ſo ſudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aſpect; and whom they wiſh'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim:
Forth ruſh'd in haſte the great conſulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand

Silence, and with these words attention won.
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, pow'rs,
For in possession such, not only' of right,
I call ye and declare ye now, return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to' our native heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride
Th' untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely' oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found
The new-created world, which fame in heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein man
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduc'd
From his Creator, and, the more to' increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather

Me not, but the brute ſerpent, in whoſe ſhape
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruiſe his heel;
His ſeed, when is not ſet, ſhall bruiſe my head:
A world who would not purchaſe with a bruiſe,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
But up, and enter now into full bliſs?
So having ſaid, a while he ſtood, expecting
Their univerſal ſhout and high applauſe
To fill his ear; when contrary, he hears
On all ſides, from innumerable tongues,
A diſmal univerſal hiſs, the ſound
Of public ſcorn; he wonder'd, but not long
Had leiſure, wond'ring at himſelf now more;
His viſage drawn he felt to ſharp and ſpare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intwining
Each other, till ſupplanted down he fell
A monſtrous ſerpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant; but in vain, a greater power
Now rul'd him, puniſh'd in the ſhape he ſinn'd,
According to his doom: he would have ſpoke,
But hiſs for hiſs return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
Alike, to ſerpents all, as acceſſories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hiſſing through the hall, thick ſwarming now
With complicated monſters head and tail;
Scorpion, and Aſp, and Amphiſbæna dire,
Ceraſtes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,
And Dipſas (not ſo thick ſwarm'd once the ſoil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the iſle
Ophiuſa) but ſtill greateſt he the midſt,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the ſun
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on ſlime,

Huge Python, and his pow'r no leſs he ſeem'd
Above the reſt ſtill to retain: they all
Him follow'd iſſuing forth to th' open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout
Heav'n-fall'n, in ſtation ſtood or juſt array,
Sublime with expectation when to ſee
In triumph iſſuing forth their glorious chief:
They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead, a croud
Of ugly ſerpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid ſympathy; for what they ſaw,
They felt themſelves now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both ſpear and ſhield, down they as faſt,
And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd by contagion; like in puniſhment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame
Caſt on themſelves from their own mouths. There ſtood
A grove hard by, ſprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradiſe, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange
Their earneſt eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or ſhame;
Yet parch'd with ſcalding thirſt and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them ſent, could not abſtain;
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, ſat thicker than the ſnaky locks
That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage fair to ſight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;
This more deluſive, not the touch, but taſte
Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with guſt, inſtead of fruit
Chew'd bitter aſhes, which th' offended taſte

With ſpattering noiſe rejected: oft they' aſſay'd,
Hunger and thirſt conſtraining, drug'd as oft,
With hatefulleſt diſreliſh writh'd their jaws
With ſoot and cinders fill'd: ſo oft they fell
Into the ſame illuſion; not as man, [plagu'd
Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they
And worn with famine, long and ceaſeleſs hiſs,
Till their loſt ſhape, permitted, they reſum'd;
Yearly injoin'd, ſome ſay, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To daſh their pride, and joy for man ſeduc'd.
However, ſome tradition they diſpers'd
Among the Heathen of their purchaſe got,
And fabled how the ſerpent, whom they call'd
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had firſt the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Satan driven
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Mean while in Paradiſe the helliſh pair
Too ſoon arriv'd, Sin there in pow'r before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death
Cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horſe: to whom Sin thus began.
Second of Satan ſprung, all-conqu'ring Death,
What think'ſt thou of our empire now, though earn'd
With travel difficult, not better far
Than ſtill at hell's dark threſhold to' have ſat watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyſelf half ſtarv'd?
Whom thus the Sin-born monſter anſwer'd ſoon.
To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradiſe, or Heaven,
There beſt, where moſt with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little ſeems
To ſtuff this maw, this vaſt unhide-bound corps.
To whom th' inceſtuous mother thus reply'd.

Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers
Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,
No homely morsels; and whatever thing
The scythe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd;
Till I in man residing, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.
This said, they both betook them several ways,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later: which th' Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the saints among,
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice.
See with what heat these dogs of hell advance
To waste and havock yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly' of man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me; so doth the prince of hell,
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not what I call'd and drew them thither,
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst,
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then heav'n and earth renew'd shall be made pure

To ſanctity that ſhall receive no ſtain:
Till then the curſe pronounc'd on both precedes.
He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung Halleluiah, as the ſound of ſeas,
Through multitude that ſung: Juſt are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Deſtin'd reſtorer of mankind, by whom
New heav'n and earth ſhall to the ages riſe,
Or down from heaven deſcend. Such was their ſong,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mighty Angels, gave them ſeveral charge,
As ſorted beſt with preſent things. The ſun
Had firſt his precept ſo to move, ſo ſhine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the ſouth to bring
Solſtitial ſummer's heat. To the blanc moon
Her office they preſcrib'd; to th' other five,
Their planetary motions and aſpects,
In ſextile, ſquare, and trine, and oppoſite
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In ſynod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to ſhower;
Which of them riſing with the ſun, or falling,
Should prove tempeſtuous: to the winds they ſet
Their corners, when with bluſter to confound
Sea, air, and ſhore, the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aereal hall.
Some ſay he bid his Angels turn aſcanſe
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the ſun's axle; they with labour puſh'd
Oblique the centric globe: ſome ſay the ſun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like diſtant breadth to Taurus with the ſeven
Atlantic Siſters, and the Spartan Twins,

Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of ſeaſons to each clime; elſe had the ſpring
Perpetual ſmil'd on earth with vernant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to thoſe
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted ſhone, while the low ſun
To recompenſe his diſtance, in their ſight
Had rounded ſtill th' horizon, and not known
Or eaſt or weſt, which had forbid the ſnow
From cold Eſtotiland, and ſouth as far
Beneath Magellan. At that taſted fruit
The ſun, as from Thyéſtean banquet, turn'd
His courſe intended; elſe how had the world
Inhabited, though ſinleſs, more than now,
Avoided pinching cold and ſcorching heat?
Theſe changes in the heav'ns, though ſlow, produc'd
Like change on ſea and land, ſideral blaſt,
Vapour, and miſt, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and peſtilent: now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed ſhore,
Burſting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
And ſnow, and hail, and ſtormy guſt and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argeſtes loud,
And Thraſcias, rend the woods, and ſeas upturn;
With adverſe blaſt upturns them from the ſouth
Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds
From Serraliona; thwart of theſe as fierce
Forth ruſh the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noiſe,
Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeleſs things: but Diſcord firſt
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:
Beaſt now with beaſt 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,

And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries which Adam saw
Already' in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow' abandon'd; but worse felt within,
And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.
O miserable of happy'! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings: but this will not serve;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Increase and multiply*,
Now death to hear! for what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration: so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural center light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mold me Man? did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will

Concurr'd not to my be'ing, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſirous to reſign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I ſought not. To the loſs of that,
Sufficient penalty, why haſt thou added
The ſenſe of endleſs woes? inexplicable
Thy juſtice ſeems; yet to ſay truth, too late
I thus conteſt; then ſhould have been refus'd
Thoſe terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didſt accept them; wilt thou' enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? And though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy ſon
Prove diſobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didſt thou beget me? I ſought it not:
Wouldſt thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuſe? yet him not thy election,
But natural neceſſity begot.
God made thee' of choice his own, and of his own
To ſerve him; thy reward was of his grace,
Thy puniſhment then juſtly' is at his will.
Be' it ſo, for I ſubmit; his doom is fair,
That duſt I am, and ſhall to duſt return.
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathleſs pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my ſentence, and be earth
Inſenſible, how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap? there I ſhould reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worſe
To me and to my offſpring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt

Purſues me ſtill, leſt all I cannot die;
Leſt that pure breath of life, the ſpi'rit of man,
Which God inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in ſome other diſmal place, who knows
But I ſhall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that ſinn'd; what dies but what had life
And ſin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then ſhall die: let this appeaſe
The doubt, ſince human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath alſo? be it, Man is not ſo,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exerciſe
Wrath without end on Man whom death muſt end?
Can he make deathleſs death? that were to make
Strange contradictions, which to God himſelf
Impoſſible is held, as argument
Of weakneſs, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
For anger's ſake, finite to infinite
In puniſh'd man, to ſatisfy his rigour
Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
His ſentence beyond duſt, and nature's law,
By which all cauſes elſe according ſtill
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own ſphere. But ſay
That death be not one ſtroke, as I ſuppos'd,
Bereaving ſenſe, but endleſs miſery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and ſo laſt
To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceleſs head; both Death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part ſingle, in me all
Poſterity ſtands curs'd: fair patrimony

That I must leave ye, sons; O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would ye bless
Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all disputes
Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st,
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future,
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
  Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night; not now, as ere man fell,
Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror: on the ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
The day of his offence. Why comes not death,

Said he, with one thrice acceptable ſtroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Juſtice divine not haſten to be juſt?
But Death comes not at call, Juſtice divine
Mends not her ſloweſt pace for pray'rs or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs,
With other echo late I taught your ſhades
To anſwer, and reſound far other ſong.
Whom thus afflicted when ſaid Eve beheld,
Deſolate where ſhe ſat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd:
But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.
Out of my ſight, thou ſerpent; that name beſt
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyſelf as falſe
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,
Like his, and colour ſerpentine, may ſhow
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; leſt that too heav'nly form, pretended
To helliſh falſhood, ſnare them. But for thee
I had perſiſted happy', had not thy pride
And wand'ring vanity, when leaſt was ſafe,
Rejected my forewarning, and diſdain'd
Not to be truſted; longing to be ſeen,
Though by the dev'il himſelf, him overweening
To over-reach; but with the ſerpent meeting,
Fool'd and beguil'd; by him thou, I by thee,
To truſt thee from my ſide, imagin'd wiſe,
Conſtant, mature, proof againſt all aſſaults;
And underſtood not all was but a ſhow,
Rather than ſolid virtue'; all but a rib,
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part ſiniſter, from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as ſupernumerary
To my juſt number found. O why did God,
Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt Heav'n
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt

This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature; and not fill the world at once
With Men as Angels without feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? This miſchief had not then befall'n,
And more that ſhall befall; innumerable
Diſturbances on earth through female ſnares,
And ſtrait conjunction with this ſex: for either
He never ſhall find out fit mate, but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him, or miſtake;
Or whom he wiſhes moſt ſhall ſeldom gain
Through her perverſeneſs; but ſhall ſee her gain'd
By a far worſe; or if ſhe love, with-held
By parents; or his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adverſary', his hate or ſhame:
Which infinite calamity ſhall cauſe
To human life, and houſhold-peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve
Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, beſought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forſake me not thus, Adam, witneſs Heav'n
What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy ſuppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel, in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength and ſtay: forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Againſt a foe by doom expreſs aſſign'd us,

That cruel ſerpent. On me exerciſe not
Thy hatred for this miſery befall'n,
On me already loſt, me than thyſelf
More miſerable; both have ſinn'd, but thou
Againſt God only', I againſt God and thee;
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
The ſentence from thy head remov'd, may light
On me, ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe,
Me, only me, juſt object of his ire.
She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immovable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiſeration: ſoon his heart relented
Tow'ards her, his life ſo late and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs,
Creature ſo fair his reconcilement ſeeking,
His counſel, whom ſhe had diſpleas'd, his aid;
As one diſarm'd, his anger all he loſt,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her ſoon.
Unwary', and too deſirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'ſt not, who deſir'ſt
The puniſhment all on thyſelf; alas,
Bear thine own firſt, ill able to ſuſtain
His full wrath, whoſe thou feel'ſt as yet leaſt part,
And my diſpleaſure bear'ſt ſo ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would ſpeed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be viſited,
Thy frailty and infirmer ſex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me expos'd.
But riſe, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elſewhere; but ſtrive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our ſhare of woe;
Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I ſee,

Will prove no ſudden, but a ſlow-pac'd evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our ſeed (O hapleſs ſeed!) deriv'd.
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd.
Adam, by ſad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found ſo erroneous, thence by juſt event
Found ſo unfortunate; nevertheleſs,
Reſtor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the ſole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breaſt are riſen,
Tending to ſome relief of our extremes,
Or end, though ſharp and ſad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of eaſier choice.
If care of our deſcent perplex us moſt,
Which muſt be born to certain woe, devour'd
By Death at laſt; and miſerable it is
To be to others cauſe of miſery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this curſed world a woful race,
That after wretched life muſt be at laſt
Food for ſo foul a monſter; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unbleſs'd, to be'ing yet unbegot.
Childleſs thou art, childleſs remain: ſo Death
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to ſatisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Converſing, looking, loving, to abſtain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces ſweet,
And with deſire to languiſh without hope,
Before the preſent object languiſhing
With like deſire, which would be miſery
And torment leſs than none of what we dread;

Then both ourſelves and ſeed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make ſhort,
Let us ſeek Death; or he not found, ſupply
With our own hands his office on ourſelves:
Why ſtand we longer ſhivering under fears,
That ſhow no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the ſhorteſt chuſing,
Deſtruction with deſtruction to deſtroy?
She ended here, or vehement deſpair
Broke off the reſt; ſo much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam with ſuch counſel nothing ſway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd.
Eve, thy contempt of life and pleaſure ſeems
To argue in thee ſomething more ſublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But ſelf-deſtruction therefore ſought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguiſh and regret
For loſs of life and pleaſure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmoſt end
Of miſery, ſo thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiſelier arm'd his vengeful ire than ſo
To be foreſtall'd; much more I fear leſt death
So ſnatch'd will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather ſuch acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Higheſt
To make death in us live: then let us ſeek
ome ſafer reſolution, which methinks
have in view, calling to mind with heed
art of our ſentence, that thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe
he ſerpent's head; piteous amends, unleſs
e meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
tan, who in the ſerpent hath contriv'd

Againſt us this deceit: to cruſh his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be loſt
By death brought on ourſelves; or childleſs days
Reſolv'd, as thou propoſeſt; ſo our foe
Shall 'ſcape his puniſhment ordain'd, and we
Inſtead ſhall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mentioned then of violence
Againſt ourſelves, and wilful barrenneſs,
That cuts us off from hope, and ſavours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and deſpite,
Reluctance againſt God and his juſt yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd,
Without wrath or reviling: we expected
Immediate diſſolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day; when lo, to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, ſoon recompens'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curſe aſlope
Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I muſt earn
My bread; what harm? Idleneſs had been worſe;
My labour will ſuſtain me; and leſt cold
Or heat ſhould injure us, his timely care
Hath unbeſought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd:
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity' incline,
And teach us further by what means to ſhun
Th' inclement ſeaſons, rain, ice, hail, and ſnow?
Which now the ſky with various face begins
To ſhow us in this mountain, while thē winds
Blow moiſt and keen, ſhattering the graceful locks
Of theſe fair ſpreading trees; which bids us ſeek
Some better ſhroud, ſome better warmth to cheriſh
Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal ſtar
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams

Reflected, may with matter ſere foment,
Or by colliſion of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
Juſtling or puſh'd with winds, rude in their ſhock
Tine the ſlant lightning, whoſe thwart flame driv'n down
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And ſends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might ſupply the ſun: ſuch fire to uſe,
And what may elſe be remedy or cure
To evils which our own miſdeeds have wrought,
He will inſtruct us praying, and of grace
Beſeeching him, ſo as we need not fear
To paſs commodiouſly this life, ſuſtain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In duſt, our final reſt and native home.
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, proſtrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow' unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his diſpleaſure; in whoſe look ſerene,
When angry moſt he ſeem'd and moſt ſevere,
What elſe but favour, grace, and mercy ſhone?
So ſpake our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt leſs remorſe: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

The end of the tenth book.

The ARGUMENT of Book XI.

The Son of God preſents to his Father the prayers of our firſt parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they muſt no longer abide in Paradiſe; ſends Michael with a band of Cherubim to diſpoſſeſs them; but firſt to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam ſhows to Eve certain ominous ſigns; he diſcerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but ſubmits: the Angel leads him up to a high hill, ſets before him in viſion what ſhall happen till the flood.

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Book 11.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THUS they in lowlieſt plight repentant ſtood
Praying; for from the mercy-ſeat above
Prevenient grace deſcending had remov'd
The ſtony from their hearts, and made new fleſh
Regenerate grow inſtead, that ſighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the Spi'rit of prayer
Inſpir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with ſpeedier flight
Than loudeſt oratory: yet their port
Not of mean ſuiters, nor important leſs
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair
In fables old, leſs ancient yet than theſe,
Deucalion and chaſte Pyrrha, to reſtore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the ſhrine
Of Themis ſtood devout. To Heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miſs'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or fruſtrate: in they paſs'd
Dimenſionleſs through heav'nly doors; then clad
With incenſe, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Interceſſor, came in ſight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Preſenting, thus to intercede began.
See, Father, what firſt fruits on earth are ſprung

From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I thy Priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace tow'ard mankind; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom, (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.
To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree.
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts

Created him endow'd, with happineſs
And immortality: that fondly loſt,
This other ſerv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death; ſo death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Try'd in ſharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to ſecond life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the juſt,
Reſigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.
But let us call to ſynod all the bleſs'd [hide
Through heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they ſaw,
And in their ſtate, though firm, ſtood more confirm'd.
He ended, and the Son gave ſignal high
To the bright miniſter that watch'd; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb ſince perhaps
When God deſcended, and perhaps once more
To ſound at general doom. Th' angelic blaſt
Fill'd all the regions; from their bliſsful bowers
Of amarantine ſhade, fountain or ſpring,
By the waters of life, where'er they ſat
In fellowſhips of joy, the ſons of light
Haſted, reſorting to the ſummons high,
And took their ſeats; till from his throne ſupreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his ſov'reign will.
O ſons, like one of us man is become
To know both good and evil, ſince his taſte
Of that defended fruit; but let him boaſt
His knowledge of good loſt, and evil got;
Happier, had it ſuffic'd him to have known
Good by itſelf, and evil not at all.
He ſorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain

Self-left. Left therefore his now bolder hand
Reach alſo of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at leaſt to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And ſend him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter ſoil.
Michael, this my beheſt have thou in charge;
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, leſt the fiend,
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant poſſeſſion, ſome new trouble raiſe:
Haſte thee, and from the Paradiſe of God
Without remorſe drive out the ſinful pair,
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual baniſhment. Yet leſt they faint
At the ſad ſentence rigorouſly urg'd,
For I behold them ſoften'd, and with tears
Bewailing their exceſs, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Diſmiſs them not diſconſolate; reveal
To Adam what ſhall come in future days,
As I ſhall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the woman's ſeed renew'd;
So ſend them forth, though ſorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the eaſt ſide of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden eaſieſt climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a ſword the flame
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all paſſage to the tree of life;
Leſt Paradiſe a receptacle prove
To ſpirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whoſe ſtol'n fruit man once more to delude.
He ceas'd; and the archangelic pow'r prepar'd
For ſwift deſcent; with him the cohort bright

Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their ſhape
Spangled with eyes, more numerous than thoſe
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drouſe,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the paſt'ral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while
To reſalute the world with ſacred light,
Leucothea wak'd, and with freſh dews imbalm'd
The earth; when Adam, and firſt matron Eve,
Had ended now their oriſons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to ſpring
Out of deſpair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.
Eve, eaſily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n deſcends;
But that from us ought ſhould aſcend to Heaven,
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-bleſs'd, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may ſeem; yet this will prayer
Or one ſhort ſigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the ſeat of God. For ſince I ſought
By pray'r th' offended Deity to' appeaſe,
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart,
Methought I ſaw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; perſuaſion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breaſt, and to my memory
His promiſe, that thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe our foe;
Which then not minded in diſmay, yet now
Aſſures me that the bitterneſs of death
Is paſt, and we ſhall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, ſince by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.
To whom thus Eve with ſad demeanour meek.

Ill worthy I ſuch title ſhould belong
To me tranſgreſſor, who for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy ſnare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, diſtruſt, and all diſpraiſe:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who firſt brought death on all, am grac'd
The ſource of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to' intitle me vouchſaf'ſt,
Far other name deſerving. But the field
To labour calls us now with ſweat impos'd,
Though after ſleepleſs night; for ſee the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unreſt, begins
Her roſy progreſs ſmiling: let us forth;
I never from thy ſide henceforth to ſtray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now injoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilſome in theſe pleaſant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n ſtate, content.
So ſpake, ſo wiſh'd much-humbled Eve, but fate
Subſcrib'd not; Nature firſt gave ſigns, impreſs'd
On bird, beaſt, air, air ſuddenly eclips'd
After ſhort bluſh of morn; nigh in her ſight,
The bird of Jove, ſtoop'd from his airy tour,
Two birds of gayeſt plume before him drove:
Down from a hill the beaſt that reigns in woods,
Firſt hunter then, purſu'd a gentle brace,
Goodlieſt of all the foreſt, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eaſtern gate was bent their flight.
Adam obſerv'd, and with his eye the chaſe
Purſuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus ſpake.
O Eve, ſome further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by theſe mute ſigns in nature ſhows,
Forerunners of his purpoſe, or to warn
Us haply too ſecure of our diſcharge
From penalty, becauſe from death releas'd

Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are duſt,
And thither muſt return, and be no more?
Why elſe this double object in our ſight,
Of flight purſu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
One way the ſelf-ſame hour? why in the eaſt
Darkneſs ere day's mid-courſe, and morning-light
More orient in yon weſtern cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And ſlow deſcends, with ſomething heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not; for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a ſky of jaſper lighted now
In Paradiſe, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he ſaw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Againſt the Syrian king, who to ſurpriſe
One man, aſſaſſin-like, had levy'd war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch
In their bright ſtand there left his pow'rs to ſeize
Poſſeſſion of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam ſhelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great viſitant approach'd, thus ſpake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will ſoon determine, or impoſe
New laws to be obſerv'd; for I deſcry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heav'nly hoſt, and by his gate
None of the meaneſt, ſome great potentate
Or of the Thrones above, ſuch majeſty

Inveſts him coming; yet not terrible,
That I ſhould fear; nor ſociably mild,
As Raphaël, that I ſhould much confide;
But ſolemn and ſublime, whom not to' offend,
With reverence I muſt meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th' Arch-angel ſoon drew nigh,
Not in his ſhape celeſtial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military veſt of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dip'd the woof;
His ſtarry helm unbuckled ſhow'd him prime
In manhood, where youth ended; by his ſide,
As in a gliſt'ring zodiac, hung the ſword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the ſpear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his ſtate
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.
Adam, Heav'n's high beheſt no preface needs;
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,
Then due by ſentence when thou didſt tranſgreſs,
Defeated of his ſeizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'ſt repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayſt cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradiſe to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And ſend thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou waſt taken, fitter ſoil.
He added not; for Adam at the news
Heart-ſtruck with chilling gripe of ſorrow ſtood,
That all his ſenſes bound: Eve, who unſeen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Diſcover'd ſoon the place of her retire.

O unexpected ſtroke, worſe than of death!
Muſt I thus leave thee, Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee, native ſoil, theſe happy walks and ſhades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to ſpend,
Quiet though ſad, the reſpite of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early viſitation, and my laſt
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt op'ning bud, and gave ye names,
Who now ſhall rear ye to the ſun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambroſial fount?
Thee laſtly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet; from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obſcure
And wild? how ſhall we breathe in other air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?
Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently reſign
What juſtly thou haſt loſt; nor ſet thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy huſband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native ſoil.
Adam by this from the cold ſudden damp
Recovering, and his ſcatter'd ſpi'rits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words addreſs'd.
Celeſtial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the high'eſt, for ſuch of ſhape may ſeem
Prince above princes, gently thou haſt told
Thy meſſage, which might elſe in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what beſides
Of ſorrow, and dejection, and deſpair,
Our frailty can ſuſtain, thy tidings bring,

Departure from this happy place, our ſweet
Receſs, and only conſolation left
Familiar to our eyes; all places elſe
Inhoſpitable' appear and deſolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Inceſſant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not ceaſe
To weary him with my aſſiduous cries:
But pray'r againſt his abſolute decree
No more avails than breath againſt the wind,
Blown ſtifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I ſubmit.
This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
His bleſſed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worſhip place by place where he vouchſaf'd
Preſence divine, and to my ſons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood viſible, among theſe pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of graſſy turf, and pile up every ſtone
Of luſtre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet ſmelling gums, and fruits, and flowers:
In yonder nether world where ſhall I ſeek
His bright appearances, or footſteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmoſt ſkirts
Of glory, and far off his ſteps adore.
  To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
Adam, thou know'ſt Heav'n his, and all the earth
Not this rock only'; his omnipreſence fills
Land, ſea, and air, and every kind that lives,

Fomented by his virtual pow'r and warm'd:
All th' earth he gave thee to poſſeſs and rule,
No deſpicable gift; ſurmiſe not then
His preſence to theſe narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradiſe or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital ſeat, from whence had ſpread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou' haſt loſt, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy ſons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike
Preſent, and of his preſence many a ſign
Still following thee, ſtill compaſſing thee round
With goodneſs and paternal love, his face
Expreſs, and of his ſteps the track divine.
Which that thou may'ſt believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am ſent
To ſhow thee what ſhall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, ſupernal grace contending
With ſinfulneſs of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious ſorrow, equally inur'd
By moderation either ſtate to bear,
Proſperous or adverſe: ſo ſhalt thou lead
Safeſt thy life, and beſt prepar'd endure
Thy mortal paſſage when it comes. Aſcend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here ſleep below, while thou to foreſight wak'ſt;
As once thou ſlept'ſt, while ſhe to life was form'd.
To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.
Aſcend, I follow thee, ſafe guide, the path
Thou lead'ſt me', and to the hand of Heav'n ſubmit,

However chaſt'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breaſt, arming to overcome
By ſuffering, and earn reſt from labour won,
If ſo I may attain. So both aſcend
In the viſions of God. It was a hill
Of Paradiſe the higheſt, from whoſe top
The hemiſphere of earth in cleareſt ken
Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſpect lay.
Not high'er that hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cauſe the tempter ſet
Our ſecond Adam in the wilderneſs,
To ſhew him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever ſtood
City of old or modern fame, the ſeat
Of mightieſt empire, from the deſtin'd walls
Of Cambalu, ſeat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Cherſoneſe, or where
The Perſian in Ecbatan ſat, or ſince
In Hiſpahan, or where the Ruſſian Kſar
In Moſco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turcheſtan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmoſt port
Ercoco, and the leſs maritime kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola fartheſt ſouth;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almanſor, Fez and Sus,
Marocco and Algiers, and Tremiſen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to ſway
The world: in ſpi'rit perhaps he alſo ſaw
Rich Mexico the ſeat of Montezume,

And Cuſco in Peru, the richer ſeat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unſpoil'd
Guiana, whoſe great city Geryon's ſons
Call El Dorado. But to nobler ſights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that falſe fruit that promis'd clearer ſight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphraſy and rue
The viſual nerve, for he had much to ſee;
And from the well of life three drops inſtill'd.
So deep the pow'r of theſe ingredients pierc'd,
Even to the inmoſt ſeat of mental ſight,
That Adam, now inforc'd to cloſe his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his ſpirits became intranc'd;
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.
Adam, now ope thine eyes, and firſt behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In ſome to ſpring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted tree, nor with the ſnake conſpir'd,
Nor ſinn'd thy ſin, yet from that ſin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.
His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were ſheaves
New reap'd; the other part ſheep-walks and folds;
I' th' midſt an altar as the land-mark ſtood,
Ruſtic, of graſſy ſord; thither anon
A ſweaty reaper from his tillage brought
Firſt fruits, the green ear, and the yellow ſheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a ſhepherd next,
More meek, came with the firſtlings of his flock
Choiceſt and beſt; then ſacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incenſe ſtrow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
His offering ſoon propitious fire from Heaven
Conſum'd with nimble glance, and grateful ſteam;

The other's not, for his was not ſincere:
Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a ſtone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out his ſoul with guſhing blood effus'd.
Much at that ſight was Adam in his heart
Diſmay'd, and thus in haſte to th' Angel cry'd.
O teacher, ſome great miſchief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had ſacrific'd;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?
T' whom Michael thus, he alſo mov'd, reply'd.
Theſe two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; th' unjuſt the juſt hath ſlain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd
Loſe no reward, though here thou ſee him die,
Rolling in duſt and gore. To which our ſire.
Alas, both for the deed and for the cauſe!
But have I now ſeen Death? Is this the way
I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus Michaël. Death thou haſt ſeen
In his firſt ſhape on man; but many ſhapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all diſmal; yet to ſenſe
More terrible at th' entrance than within.
Some, as thou ſaw'ſt, by violent ſtroke ſhall die,
By fire, flood, famine; by intemp'rance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth ſhall bring
Diſeaſes dire, of which a monſtrous crew
Before thee ſhall appear; that thou mayſt know
What miſery th' inabſtinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place

Before his eyes appear'd, ſad, noiſome, dark,
A lazar-houſe it ſeem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diſeas'd, all maladies
Of ghaſtly ſpaſm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-ſick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulſions, epilepſies, fierce catarrhs,
Inteſtine ſtone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-ſtruck madneſs, pining atrophy,
Maraſmus, and wide-waſting peſtilence,
Dropſies, and aſthma's, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans; Deſpair
Tended the ſick buſieſt from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight ſo deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of man, and gave him up to tears
A ſpace, till firmer thoughts reſtrain'd exceſs;
And ſcarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
O miſerable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched ſtate reſerv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wreſted from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or ſoon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be ſo diſmiſs'd in peace. Can thus
Th' image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty ſince,
To ſuch unſightly ſufferings be debas'd
Under inhuman pains? Why ſhould not man,
Retaining ſtill divine ſimilitude

In part, from ſuch deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image ſake exempt?
Their Maker's image, anſwer'd Michael, then
Forſook them, when themſelves they vilify'd
To ſerve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His image whom they ſerv'd, a brutiſh vice,
Inductive mainly to the ſin of Eve.
Therefore ſo abject is their puniſhment,
Disfiguring not God's likeneſs, but their own,
Or if his likeneſs, by themſelves defac'd,
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
To loathſome ſickneſs, worthily, ſince they
God's image did not reverence in themſelves.
I yield it juſt, ſaid Adam, and ſubmit.
But is there yet no other way, beſides
Theſe painful paſſages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural duſt?
There is, ſaid Michael, if thou well obſerve
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,
In what thou eat'ſt and drink'ſt, ſeeking from thence
Due nouriſhment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'ſt thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with eaſe
Gather'd, not harſhly pluck'd, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou muſt outlive
Thy youth, thy ſtrength, thy beauty, which will chang
To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy ſenſes then
Obtuſe, all taſte of pleaſure muſt forgo,
To what thou haſt; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and chearful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy ſpirits down, and laſt conſume
The balm of life. To whom our anceſtor.
Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong

Life much; bent rather how I may be quit
Faireſt and eaſieſt of this cumbrous charge;
Which I muſt keep till my appointed day
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My diſſolution. Michaël reply'd.
Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'ſt,
Live well; how long or ſhort, permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another ſight.
He look'd, and ſaw a ſpacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue: by ſome were herds
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the ſound
Of inſtruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ: and who mov'd
Their ſtops and chords, was ſeen; his volant touch
Inſtinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled, and purſu'd tranſverſe the reſonant fugue.
In other part ſtood one who at the forge
Lab'ring, two maſſy clods of ir'on and braſs
Had melted, (whether found where caſual fire
Had waſted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To ſome cave's mouth, or whether waſh'd by ſtream
From underground) the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit molds prepar'd; from which he form'd
Firſt his own tools; then, what might elſe be wrought
Fuſil or grav'n in metal. After theſe,
But on the hither ſide, a different ſort
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their ſeat,
Down to the plain deſcended: by their guiſe
Juſt men they ſeem'd, and all their ſtudy bent
To worſhip God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor thoſe things laſt which might preſerve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay

In gems and wanton dreſs; to th' harp they ſung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
Faſt caught, they lik'd, and each his liking choſe:
And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning-ſtar,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then firſt to marriage-rites invok'd:
With feaſt and muſic all the tents reſound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not loſt, ſongs, garlands, flowers,
And charming ſymphonies, attach'd the heart
Of Adam, ſoon inclin'd t' admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus expreſs'd.
  True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel bleſt,
Much better ſeems this viſion, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than thoſe two paſt:
Thoſe were of hate and death, or pain much worſe;
Here nature ſeems fulfill'd in all her ends.
  To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is beſt
By pleaſure, though to nature ſeeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end,
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Thoſe tents thou ſaw'ſt ſo pleaſant, were the tents
Of wickedneſs, wherein ſhall dwell his race
Who ſlew his brother; ſtudious they appear
Of arts that poliſh life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring ſhall beget:
For that fair female troop thou ſaw'ſt, that ſeem'd
Of goddeſſes, ſo blithe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein conſiſts
Woman's domeſtic honour and chief praiſe;

Bred only and completed to the taſte
Of luſtful appetence, to ſing, to dance,
To dreſs, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
To theſe, that rober race of men, whoſe lives
Religious titled them the ſons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the ſmiles
Of theſe fair atheiſts, and now ſwim in joy,
Erelong to ſwim at large; and laugh, for which
The world erelong a world of tears muſt weep.
To whom thus Adam, of ſhort joy bereft.
O pity' and ſhame, that they who to live well
Enter'd ſo fair, ſhould turn aſide to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid-way faint!
But ſtill I ſee the tenor of Man's woe
Holds on the ſame, from Woman to begin.
From man's effeminate ſlackneſs it begins,
ſaid th' Angel, who ſhould better hold his place
y wiſdom, and ſuperior gifts receiv'd.
ut now prepare thee for another ſcene.
He look'd, and ſaw wide territory ſpread
efore him, towns, and rural works between,
ities of men with loſty gates and towers,
oncourſe in arms, fierce faces threatning war,
iants of mighty bone, and bold empriſe:
rt wield their arms, part curb the foaming ſteed,
ingle or in array of battle rang'd
th horſe and foot, nor idly muſt'ring ſtood;
e way a band ſelect from forage drives
herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
om a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
es and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
eir booty; ſcarce with life the ſhepherd fly,
call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
th cruel torneament the ſquadrons join;

Where cattle paſtur'd late, now ſcatter'd lies
With carcaſes and arms th' inſanguin'd field.
Deſerted: others to a city ſtrong
Lay ſiege, incamp'd; by battery, ſcale, and mine,
Aſſaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, ſtones and ſulphurous fire;
On each hand ſlaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other parts the ſcepter'd heralds call
To council in the city-gates; anon
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Aſſemble, and harangues are heard, but ſoon
In factious oppoſition; till at laſt
Of middle age one riſing, eminent
In wiſe deport, ſpake much of right and wrong,
Of juſtice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had ſeiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud deſcending ſnatch'd him thence
Unſeen amid the throng: ſo violence
Proceeded, and oppreſſion, and ſword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full ſad; O what are theſe,
Death's miniſters, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thouſandfold the ſin of him who ſlew
His brother: for of whom ſuch maſſacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
But who was that juſt man, whom had not Heaven
Reſcu'd, had in his righteouſneſs been loſt?
To whom thus Michael. Theſe are the product
Of thoſe ill-mated marriages thou ſaw'ſt;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themſelve
Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd,
Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.

Such were theſe giants, men of high renown;
For in thoſe days might only ſhall be' admir'd,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd;
To overcome in battle, and ſubdue
Nations, and bring home ſpoils with infinite
Man-ſlaughter, ſhall be held the higheſt pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be ſtyl'd great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and ſons of gods;
Deſtroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame ſhall be atchiev'd, renown on earth,
And what moſt merits fame in ſilence hid.
But he, the ſev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldſt
The only righteous in a world perverſe,
And therefore hated, therefore ſo beſet
With foes, for daring ſingle to be juſt,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his ſaints: him the Moſt High
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged ſteeds
Did, as thou ſaw'ſt, receive, to walk with God
High in ſalvation, and the climes of bliſs,
Exempt from death; to ſhow thee what reward
Awaits the good, the reſt what puniſhment;
Which now direct thine eyes, and ſoon behold.
He look'd, and ſaw the face of things quite chang'd:
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feaſt and dance,
Marrying or proſtituting, as befel,
Rape or adultery, where paſſing fair
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend ſire among them came,
And of their doings great diſlike declar'd,
And teſtify'd againſt their ways; he oft
Frequented their aſſemblies, whereſo met,

Triumphs or feſtivals, and to them preach'd
Converſion and repentance, as to ſouls
In priſon under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he ſaw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a veſſel of huge bulk;
Meaſur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth;
Smear'd round with pitch; and in the ſide a door
Contriv'd; and of proviſions laid in large
For man and beaſt: when lo, a wonder ſtrange!
Of every beaſt, and bird, and inſect ſmall
Came ſev'n, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: laſt the ſire, and his three ſons,
With their four wives; and God made faſt the door.
Mean while the ſouth-wind roſe, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the hills to their ſupply
Vapour, and exhalation duſk and moiſt,
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd ſky
Like a dark cieling ſtood; down ruſh'd the rain
Impetuous, and continu'd, till the earth
No more was ſeen: the floating veſſel ſwum
Uplifted, and ſecure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves: all dwellings elſe
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; ſea cover'd ſea,
Sea without ſhore; and in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd, ſea-monſters whelp'd
And ſtabled; of mankind, ſo numerous late,
All left, in one ſmall bottom ſwum imbark'd.
How didſt thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end ſo ſad,
Depopulation? thee another flood,
Of tears and ſorrow' a flood, thee alſo drown'd,

And ſunk thee as thy ſons; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou ſtood'ſt at laſt,
Though comfortleſs, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view deſtroy'd at once;
And ſcarce to th' Angel utter'd thus thy plaint.
O viſions ill foreſeen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, ſo had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear; thoſe now, that were diſpens'd
The burd'n of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they muſt be. Let no man ſeek
Henceforth to be foretold what ſhall befall
Him or his children; evil he may be ſure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil ſhall no leſs
In apprehenſion than in ſubſtance feel,
Grievous to bear: but that care now is paſt,
Man is not whom to warn: thoſe few eſcap'd
Famine and anguiſh will at laſt conſume,
Wand'ring that watry deſert. I had hope,
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,
All would have then gone well, peace would have crown'd
With length of happy days the race of man:
But I was far deceiv'd; for now I ſee
Peace to corrupt no leſs than war to waſte.
How comes it thus? unfold, celeſtial guide,
And whether here the race of man would end.
To whom thus Michael. Thoſe whom laſt thou ſaw'ſt
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
Firſt ſeen in acts of proweſs eminent,
And great exploits, but of true virtue void:
Who having ſpilt much blood, and done much waſte
Subduing nations, and atchiev'd thereby

Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their courſe to pleaſure, eaſe, and ſloth,
Surfeit, and luſt, till wantonneſs and pride
Raiſe out of friendſhip hoſtile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd alſo, and inſlav'd by war,
Shall, with their freedom loſt, all virtue loſe,
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In ſharp conteſt of battle found no aid
Againſt invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth ſhall practiſe how to live ſecure,
Worldly or diſſolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' earth ſhall bear
More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd:
So all ſhall turn degenerate, all deprav'd;
Juſtice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot:
One man except, the only ſon of light
In a dark age, againſt example good,
Againſt allurement, cuſtom, and a world
Offended; fearleſs of reproach and ſcorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admoniſh, and before them ſet
The paths of righteouſneſs, how much more ſafe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and ſhall return
Of them derided, but of God obſerv'd
The one juſt man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldſt,
To ſave himſelf and houſhold from amidſt
A world devote to univerſal wrack.
No ſooner he, with them of man and beaſt
Select for life, ſhall in the ark be lodg'd,
And ſhelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of Heav'n ſet open on the earth ſhall pour
Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
Broke up, ſhall heave the ocean to uſurp

Beyond all bounds, till inundation riſe
Above the higheſt hills: then ſhall this mount
Of Paradiſe by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, puſh'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulph,
And there take root, an iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of ſeals, and orcs, and ſea-mews clang:
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No ſanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further ſhall enſue, behold.
He look'd, and ſaw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated: for the clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear ſun on his wide watry glaſs
Gaz'd hot, and of the freſh wave largely drew,
As after thirſt, which made their flowing ſhrink
From ſtanding lake to tripping ebb, that ſtole
With ſoft foot tow'ards the deep, who now had ſtopt
His ſluces, as the heav'n his windows ſhut.
The ark no more now flotes, but ſeems on ground,
Faſt on the top of ſome high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Tow'ards the retreating ſea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him, the ſurer meſſenger,
A dove ſent forth once and again to ſpy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The ſecond time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific ſign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient ſire deſcends with all his train;

Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conſpicuous, with three liſted colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erſt ſo ſad
Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou who future things canſt repreſent
As preſent, heav'nly Inſtructor, I revive
At this laſt ſight, aſſur'd that Man ſhall live
With all the creatures, and their ſeed preſerve.
Far leſs I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked ſons deſtroy'd, than I rejoice
For one Man found ſo perfect and ſo juſt,
That God vouchſafes to raiſe another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But ſay, what mean thoſe colour'd ſtreaks in Heaven,
Diſtended as the brow of God appeas'd;
Or ſerve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid ſkirts of that ſame watry cloud,
Leſt it again diſſolve, and ſhow'r the earth?
To whom th' Arch-angel. Dextrouſly thou aim'ſt;
So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he ſaw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all fleſh
Corrupting each their way; yet thoſe remov'd,
Such grace ſhall one juſt man find in his ſight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to deſtroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the ſea
Surpaſs his bounds, nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beaſt; but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein ſet
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,

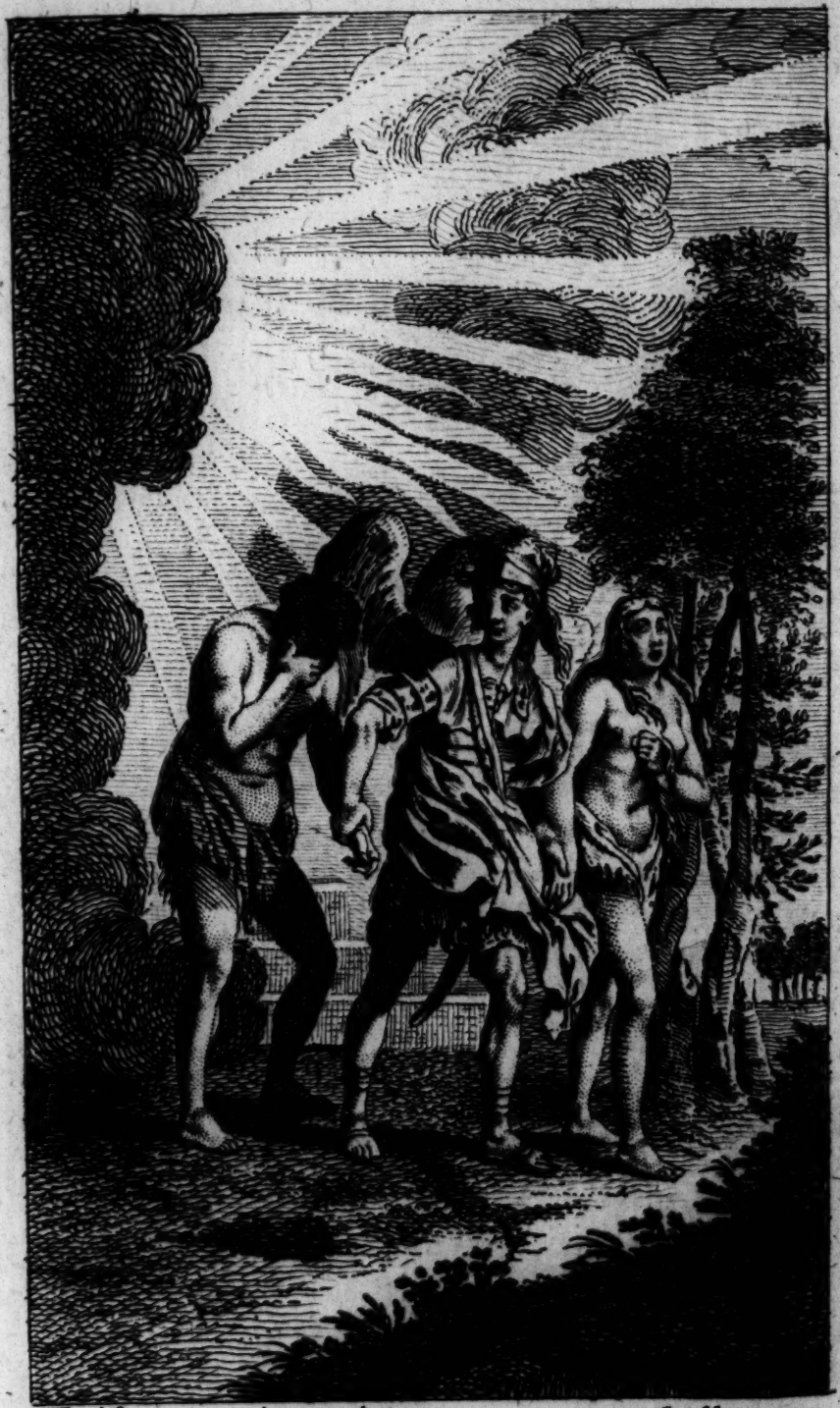
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
Seed-time and harveſt, heat and hoary froſt
Shall hold their courſe, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell.

The end of the eleventh book.

The ARGUMENT of Book XII.

The Angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what ſhall ſucceed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that ſeed of the woman ſhall be, which was promiſed Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, reſurrection, and aſcenſion; the ſtate of the church till his ſecond coming. Adam greatly ſatisfied and recomforted by theſe relations and promiſes, deſcends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had ſlept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietneſs of mind and ſubmiſſion. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradiſe, the fiery ſword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their ſtations to guard the place.

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Book 12.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

AS one who in his journey baits at noon, [paus'd
Though bent on ſpeed; ſo here the Arch-angel
Betwixt the world deſtroy'd and world reſtor'd,
If Adam ought perhaps might interpoſe;
Then with tranſition ſweet new ſpeech reſumes.
Thus thou haſt ſeen one world begin and end;
And Man as from a ſecond ſtock proceed.
Much thou haſt yet to ſee, but I perceive
Thy mortal ſight to fail; objects divine
Muſt needs impair and weary human ſenſe:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This ſecond ſource of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment paſt remains
Freſh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With ſome regard to what is juſt and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
Lab'ring the ſoil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock,
Oft ſacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and ſacred feaſt,
Shall ſpend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule: till one ſhall riſe

Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal ſtate,
Will arrogate dominion undeſerv'd
Over his brethren, and quite diſpoſſeſs
Concord and law of nature from the earth,
Hunting (and men, not beaſts, ſhall be his game)
With war and hoſtile ſnare ſuch as refuſe
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter thence he ſhall be ſtyl'd
Before the Lord, as in deſpite of Heaven,
Or from Heav'n claiming ſecond ſovreignty;
And from rebellion ſhall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuſe.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden tow'ards the weſt, ſhall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell:
Of brick, and of that ſtuff, they caſt to build
A city' and tow'r, whoſe top may reach to Heaven;
And get themſelves a name, leſt far diſpers'd
In foreign lands, their memory be loſt,
Regardleſs whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft deſcends to viſit men
Unſeen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding ſoon,
Comes down to ſee their city, ere the tower
Obſtruct Heav'n-tow'rs, and in deriſion ſets
Upon their tongues a various ſpi'rit, to raſe
Quite out their native language, and inſtead
To ſow a jangling noiſe of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble riſes loud
Among the builders; each to other calls
Not underſtood, till hoarſe, and all in rage,
As mock'd they ſtorm; great laughter was in Heaven

And looking down, to ſee the hubbub ſtrange,
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confuſion nam'd.
Whereto thus Adam fatherly diſpleas'd,
O execrable ſon ſo to aſpire
Above his brethren, to himſelf aſſuming
Authority uſurp'd, from God not given:
He gave us only over beaſt, fiſh, fowl,
Dominion abſolute; that right we hold
By his donation: but man over men
He made not lord; ſuch title to himſelf
Reſerving, human left from human free.
But this uſurper his incroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends
Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to ſuſtain
Himſelf and his raſh army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his intrails groſs,
And famiſh him of breath, if not of bread?
To whom thus Michael. Juſtly thou abhorr'ſt
That ſon, who on the quiet ſtate of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to ſubdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapſe, true liberty
Is loſt, which always with right reaſon dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reaſon in man obſcur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate deſires
And upſtart paſſions catch the government
From reaſon, and to ſervitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore, ſince he permits
Within himſelf unworthy pow'rs to reign
Over free reaſon, God in judgment juſt,
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeſervedly inthrall

His outward freedom: tyranny muſt be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuſe.
Yet ſometimes nations will decline ſo low
From virtue, which is reaſon, that no wrong,
But juſtice, and ſome fatal curſe annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward loſt: witneſs th' irreverent ſon
Of him who built the ark, who, for the ſhame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curſe,
Servant of ſervants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worſe, till God at laſt,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His preſence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; reſolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to ſelect
From all the reſt, of whom to be invok'd,
A nation from one faithful man to ſpring:
Him on this ſide Euphrates yet reſiding,
Bred up in idol-worſhip; O that men
(Canſt thou believe?) ſhould be ſo ſtupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who ſcap'd the flood,
As to forſake the living God, and fall
To worſhip their own work in wood and ſtone
For gods! yet him God the Moſt High vouchſafes
To call by viſion from his father's houſe,
His kindred and falſe gods, into a land
Which he will ſhow him, and from him will raiſe
A mighty nation, and upon him ſhower
His benediction ſo, that in his ſeed
All nations ſhall be bleſs'd; he ſtrait obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I ſee him, but thou canſt not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native ſoil

Ur of Chaldæa, paſſing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous ſervitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but truſting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I ſee his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh; there by promiſe he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the deſert ſouth,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)
From Hermon eaſt to the great weſtern ſea;
Mount Hermon, yonder ſea, each place behold
In proſpect, as I point them; on the ſhore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted ſtream
Jordan, true limit eaſtward; but his ſons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his ſeed be bleſſed: by that ſeed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who ſhall bruiſe
The ſerpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier ſhall be reveal'd. This patriarch bleſs'd,
Whom faithful Abraham due time ſhall call,
A ſon, and of his ſon a grandchild leaves,
Like him in faith, in wiſdom, and renown.
The grandchild with twelve ſons increas'd, departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile:
See where it flows, diſgorging at ſev'n mouths
Into the ſea; to ſojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger ſon
In time of dearth; a ſon whoſe worthy deeds
Raiſe him to be the ſecond in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown

Suſpected to a ſequent king, who ſeeks
To ſtop their overgrowth, as inmate gueſts
Too numerous; whence of gueſts he makes them ſlaves
Inhoſpitably', and kills their infant males:
Till by two brethren (thoſe two brethren call
Moſes and Aaron) ſent from God to claim
His people from inthralment, they return
With glory' and ſpoil back to their promis'd land.
But firſt the lawleſs tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or meſſage to regard,
Muſt be compell'd by ſigns and judgments dire;
To blood unſhed the rivers muſt be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies muſt all his palace fill
With loath'd intruſion, and fill all the land;
His cattle muſt of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains muſt all his fleſh imboſs,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, muſt rend th' Egyptian ſky,
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darkſome cloud of locuſts ſwarming down
Muſt eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkneſs muſt overſhadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkneſs, and blot out three days;
Laſt, with one midnight-ſtroke, all the firſt-born
Of Egypt muſt lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length ſubmits
To let his ſojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his ſtubborn heart; but ſtill as ice
More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
Purſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the ſea
Swallows him with his hoſt; but them lets paſs
As on dry land between two cryſtal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moſes ſo to ſtand
Divided, till his reſcued gain their ſhore:

Such wondrous pow'r God to his ſaint will lend,
Though preſent in his Angel, who ſhall go
Before them in a cloud, and pill'ar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate king purſues:
All night he will purſue, but his approach
Darkneſs defends between till morning-watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his hoſt,
And craze their chariot-wheels; when by command
Moſes once more his potent rod extends
Over the ſea; the ſea his rod obeys;
On their imbattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war. The race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the ſhore advance
Through the wild deſert, not the readieſt way,
Leſt entring on the Canaanite alarm'd,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, chuſing rather
Inglorious life with ſervitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more ſweet
Untrain'd in arms, where raſhneſs leads not on.
This alſo ſhall they gain by their delay
In the wild wilderneſs, there they ſhall found
Their government, and their great ſenate chuſe
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
God from the mount of Sinai, whoſe gray top
Shall tremble, he deſcending, will himſelf
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets ſound,
Ordain them laws; part ſuch as appertain
To civil juſtice, part religious rites
Of ſacrifice, informing them, by types
And ſhadows, of that deſtin'd Seed to bruiſe
The ſerpent, by what means he ſhall atchieve

Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beſeech
That Moſes might report to them his will,
And terror ceaſe; he grants what they beſought,
Inſtructed that to God is no acceſs
Without mediator, whoſe high office now
Moſes in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whoſe day he ſhall foretel,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Meſſi'ah ſhall ſing. Thus laws and rites
Eſtabliſh'd, ſuch delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchſafes
Among them to ſet up his tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal men to dwell.
By his preſcript a ſanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the ark his teſtimony,
The records of his covenant; over theſe
A mercy-ſeat of gold between the wings
Of two bright cherubim; before him burn
Sev'n lamps, as in a zodiac repreſenting
The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall reſt by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come,
Conducted by his Angel, to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his ſeed. The reſt
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
How many kings deſtroy'd, and kingdoms won;
Or how the Sun ſhall in mid Heav'n ſtand ſtill
A day entire, and night's due courſe adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon ſtand,
And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,
Till Iſrael overcome: ſo call the third
From Abraham, ſon of Iſaac, and from him
His whole deſcent, who thus ſhall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpoſed. O ſent from Heaven,
Inlightner of my darkneſs, gracious things
Thou haſt reveal'd, thoſe chiefly which concern
Juſt Abraham and his ſeed: now firſt I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd,
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind; but now I ſee
His day, in whom all nations ſhall be bleſs'd,
Favour unmerited by me, who ſought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to thoſe
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
So many and ſo various laws are given;
So many laws argue ſo many ſins
Among them; how can God with ſuch reſide?
To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that ſin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law giv'n them to evince
Their natural pravity, by ſtirring up
Sin againſt law to fight: that when they ſee
Law can diſcover ſin, but not remove,
Save by thoſe ſhadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious muſt be paid for man,
Juſt for unjuſt; that in ſuch righteouſneſs
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Juſtification towards God, and peace
Of conſcience; which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appeaſe, nor man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but given
With purpoſe to reſign them in full time
Up to a better covenant, diſciplin'd
From ſhadowy types to truth, from fleſh to ſpirit,
From impoſition of ſtrict laws to free

Acceptance of large grace, from ſervile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore ſhall not Moſes, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the miniſter
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joſhua, whom the Gentiles Jeſus call,
His name and office bearing, who ſhall quell
The adverſary ſerpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderneſs long wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradiſe of reſt.
Mean while they in their earthly Canaan plac'd,
Long time ſhall dwell and proſper; but when ſins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raiſe them enemies;
From whom as oft he ſaves them penitent
By judges firſt, then under kings; of whom
The ſecond, both for piety renown'd
And puiſſant deeds, a promiſe ſhall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever ſhall endure; the like ſhall ſing
All prophecy, that of the royal ſtock
Of David (ſo I name this king) ſhall riſe
A ſon, the woman's ſeed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom ſhall truſt
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The laſt, for of his reign ſhall be no end.
But firſt a long ſucceſſion muſt enſue;
And his next ſon, for wealth and wiſdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand'ring, ſhall in a glorious temple' inſhrine.
Such follow him as ſhall be regiſter'd
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer ſcroll;
Whoſe foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular ſum, will ſo incenſe
God, as to leave them, and expoſe their land,

Their city', his temple, and his holy ark,
With all his ſacred things, a ſcorn and prey
To that proud city, whoſe high walls thou ſaw'ſt
Left in confuſion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The ſpace of ſev'nty years, then brings them back,
Remembring mercy, and his covenant ſworn
To David, ſtabliſh'd as the days of Heaven.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God diſpos'd, the houſe of God
They firſt re-edify, and for a while
In mean eſtate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But firſt among the prieſts diſſenſion ſprings,
Men who attend the altar, and ſhould moſt
Endeavour peace: their ſtrife pollution brings
Upon the temple' itſelf: at laſt they ſeize
The ſcepter, and regard not David's ſons;
Then loſe it to a ſtranger, that the true
Anointed king Meſſiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a ſtar,
Unſeen before in heav'n, proclaims him come,
And guides the eaſtern ſages, who inquire
His place, to offer incenſe, myrrh, and gold;
His place of birth a ſolemn Angel tells
To ſimple ſhepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haſte, and by a quire
Of ſquadron'd Angels hear his carol ſung,
A virgin is his mother, but his ſire
The pow'r of the Moſt High; he ſhall aſcend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens.

He ceas'd, diſcerning Adam with ſuch joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which theſe he breath'd.

O prophet of glad tidings, finiſher
Of utmoſt hope! now clear I underſtand
What oft my ſteddieſt thoughts have ſearch'd in vain;
Why our great expectation ſhould be call'd
The ſeed of woman: Virgin Mother hail,
High in the love of Heav'n; yet from my loins
Thou ſhalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God moſt high; ſo God with man unites.
Needs muſt the ſerpent now his capital bruiſe
Expect with mortal pain: ſay where and when
Their fight, what ſtroke ſhall bruiſe the victor's heel.
To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more ſtrength to foil
Thy enemy; nor ſo is overcome
Satan, whoſe fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruiſe,
Diſabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, ſhall recure,
Not by deſtroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy ſeed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didſt want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and ſuffering death,
The penalty to thy tranſgreſſion due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high juſtice reſt appaid.
The law of God exact he ſhall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy puniſhment
He ſhall endure by coming in the fleſh
To a reproachful life and curſed death,
Proclaiming life to all who ſhall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits

To ſave them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he ſhall live hated, be blaſphem'd,
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd,
A ſhameful and accurs'd; nail'd to the croſs
By his own nation; ſlain for bringing life;
But to the croſs he nails thy enemies,
The law that is againſt thee, and the ſins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly truſt
In this his ſatisfaction. So he dies,
But ſoon revives; death over him no pow'r
Shall long uſurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the ſtars of morn ſhall ſee him riſe
Out of his grave, freſh as the dawning light,
Thy ranſom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou ſhouldſt have dy'd,
In ſin for ever loſt from life; this act
Shall bruiſe the head of Satan, cruſh his ſtrength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms;
And fix far deeper in his head their ſtings,
Than temp'ral death ſhall bruiſe the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like ſleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after reſurrection ſhall he ſtay
Longer on earth, than certain times to' appear
To his diſciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them ſhall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd,
And his ſalvation, them who ſhall believe
Baptizing in the profluent ſtream, the ſign
Of waſhing them from guilt of ſin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if ſo befall,

For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.
All nations they ſhall teach: for from that day
Not only to the ſon's of Abraham's loins
Salvation ſhall be preach'd, but to the ſons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his ſeed all nations ſhall be bleſs'd.
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he ſhall aſcend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there ſhall ſurpriſe
The ſerpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and reſume
His ſeat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence ſhall come,
When this world's diſſolution ſhall be ripe,
With glory' and pow'r to judge both quick and dead;
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliſs,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth; for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradiſe, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.
So ſpake th' Arch-angel Michaël, then paus'd,
As at the world's great period; and our ſire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd.
O Goodneſs infinite, Goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation firſt brought forth
Light out of darkneſs! Full of doubt I ſtand,
Whether I ſhould repent me now of ſin
By me done and occaſion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof ſhall ſpring;
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace ſhall abound.
But ſay, if our Deliverer up to Heaven

Muſt reaſcend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? who then ſhall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worſe with his followers than with him they dealt?
Be ſure they will, ſaid th' Angel; but from Heaven
He to his own a Comforter will ſend,
The promiſe of the Father, who ſhall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love, upon their hearts ſhall write,
To guide them in all truth, and alſo arm
With ſpiritual armour, able to reſiſt
Satan's aſſaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do againſt them, not afraid,
Though to the death, againſt ſuch cruelties
With inward conſolations recompens'd,
And oft ſupported ſo as ſhall amaze
Their proudeſt perſecutors: for the Spirit
Pour'd firſt on his Apoſtles, whom he ſends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, ſhall them with wondrous gifts endue,
To ſpeak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length,
Their miniſtry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their ſtory written left,
They die. But in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves ſhall ſucceed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the ſacred myſteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages ſhall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With ſuperſtitions and traditions taint,
Left only in thoſe written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit underſtood.

Then ſhall they ſeek to' avail themſelves of names,
Places, and titles, and with theſe to join
Secular pow'r, though feigning ſtill to act
By ſpiritual, to themſelves appropriating
The Spi'rit of God, promis'd alike and given
To all believers; and from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r ſhall force
On every conſcience; laws which none ſhall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spi'rit within
Shall on the heart ingrave. What will they then
But force the Spi'rit of grace itſelf, and bind
His conſort liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to ſtand,
Their own faith, not another's? for on earth
Who againſt faith and conſcience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will preſume:
Whence heavy perſecution ſhall ariſe
On all who in the worſhip perſevere
Of ſpi'rit and truth; the reſt, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and ſpecious forms
Religion ſatisfy'd; truth ſhall retire
Beſtuck with ſland'rous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: ſo ſhall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of reſpiration to the juſt,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him ſo lately promis'd to thy aid,
The woman's ſeed, obſcurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Laſt in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to diſſolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raiſe
From the conflagrant maſs, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endleſs date

Founded in righteouſneſs, and peace, and love,
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliſs.
He ended; and thus Adam laſt reply'd.
How ſoon hath thy prediction, Seer bleſt,
Meaſur'd this tranſient world, the race of time,
Till time ſtand fix'd? beyond is all abyſs,
Eternity, whoſe end no eye can reach.
Greatly inſtructed I ſhall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this veſſel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aſpire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is beſt,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his preſence, ever to obſerve
His providence, and on him ſole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by ſmall
Accompliſhing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly ſtrong, and worldly wiſe
By ſimply meek; that ſuffering for truth's ſake
Is fortitude to higheſt victory,
And, to the faithful, death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bleſs'd
To whom thus alſo th' Angel laſt reply'd.
This having learn'd, thou haſt attain'd the ſum
Of wiſdom; hope no high'er, though all the ſtars
Thou knew'ſt by name, and all th' ethereal pow'rs,
All ſecrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or ſea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dſt,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge anſwerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the ſoul

Of all the reſt: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradiſe, but ſhalt poſſeſs
A Paradiſe within thee, happier far.
Let us deſcend now therefore from this top
Of ſpeculation; for the hour preciſe
Exacts our parting hence; and ſee the guards,
By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whoſe front a flaming ſword,
In ſignal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer ſtay: go, waken Eve;
Her alſo I with gentle dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her ſpi'rits compos'd
To meek ſubmiſſion: thou at ſeaſon fit
Let her with thee partake what thou haſt heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
(The great deliverance by her ſeed to come
For by the Woman's ſeed) on all mankind:
That we may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous though ſad,
With cauſe for evils paſt, yet much more chear'd
With meditation on the happy end.
He ended, and they both deſcend the hill;
Deſcended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve
Lay ſleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not ſad ſhe him receiv'd.
Whence thou return'ſt, and whither went'ſt, I know;
For God is alſo' in ſleep, and dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow' and heart's diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh'd hence.

This further conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by me is loſt,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchſaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed ſhall all reſtore.
So ſpake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Arch-angel ſtood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array,
The Cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening-miſt
Ris'n from a river o'er the mariſh glides,
And gathers ground faſt at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandiſh'd ſword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air aduſt,
Began to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat
In either hand the haſt'ning Angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eaſtern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as faſt
To the ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eaſtern ſide beheld
Of Paradiſe, ſo late their happy ſeat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them ſoon;
The world was all before them, where to chooſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand, with wand'ring ſteps and ſlow,
Through Eden took their ſolitary way.

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